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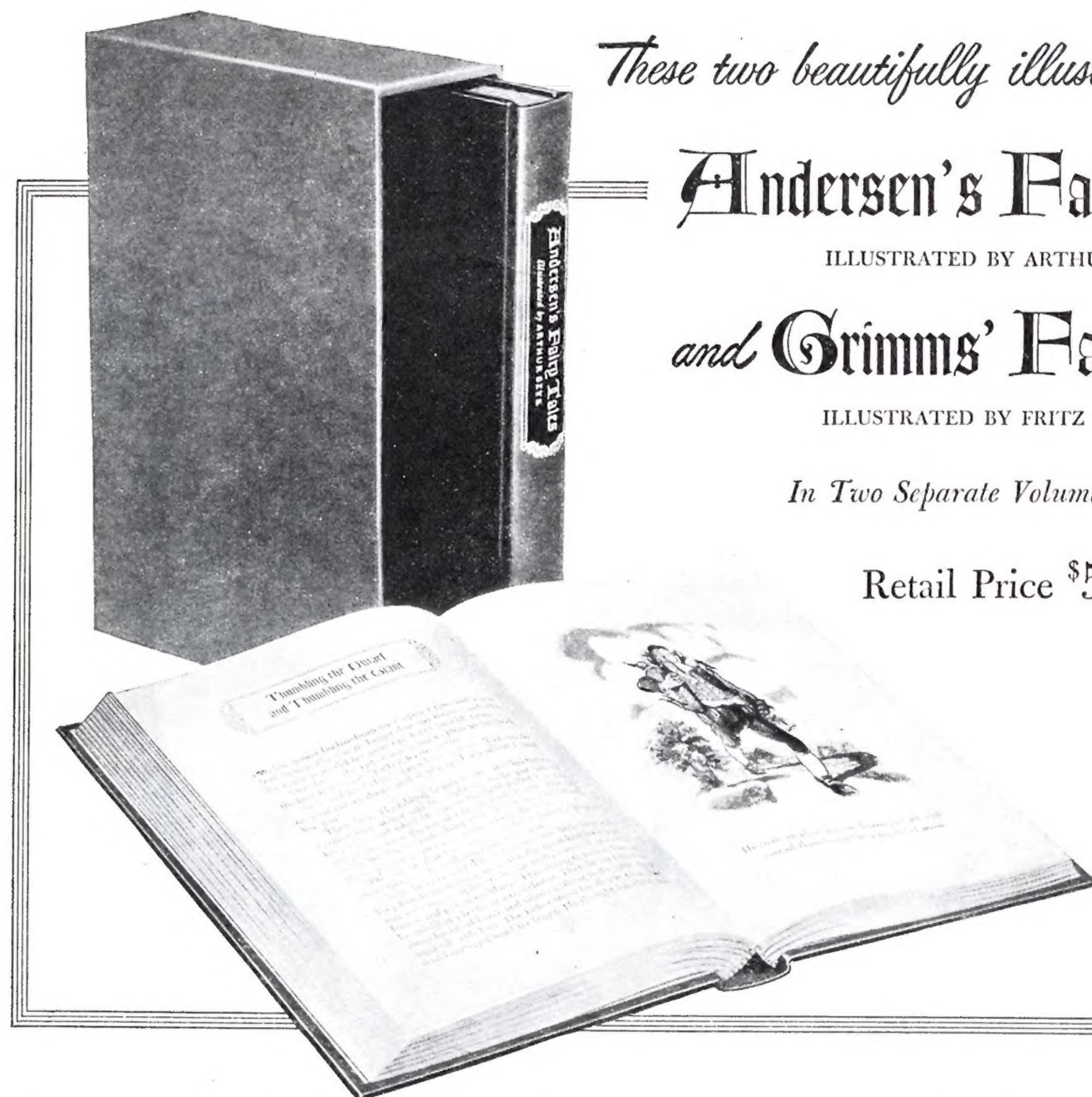
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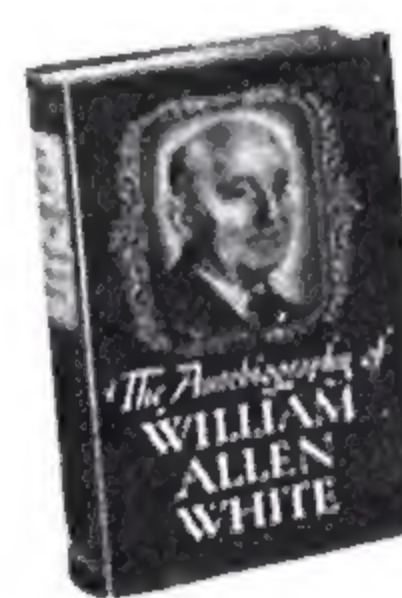
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Premiere Showing

The Esquire Gallery opens in this issue, and I think that the event has excited us just about as much as it will our readers. This is just a start, you know. The Gallery will run in every issue to come, always presenting new paintings and new artists.

I wish you could have been in the Esquire office each time that another of these magnificent works came in. From the stock room to the publisher's desk there was an impromptu showing that pulled people away from typewriters, adding machines, and even primping mirrors. The artists themselves have shown almost the same spirit, a spirit I could call almost an amateur spirit if these were not the most successful people in the publishing world. They simply ate up this assignment to do a completely original painting, unhampered by direction or plot, for a star spot in our Esquire Gallery.

The result, we feel sincerely and proudly, is an offering you could have only approached a month ago by buying the many magazines on a newsstand in which all this talent appeared. You have seen their brushwork on many a cover, and with many a famous author's work in other publications. Now you find them in Esquire, together and wholly on their own for a creative spree in these pages.

We hope you'll keep looking for the Esquire Gallery, month by month. As for us, there are more ordered, and we can't wait to see each one of them, the day it arrives.—D. A. S.

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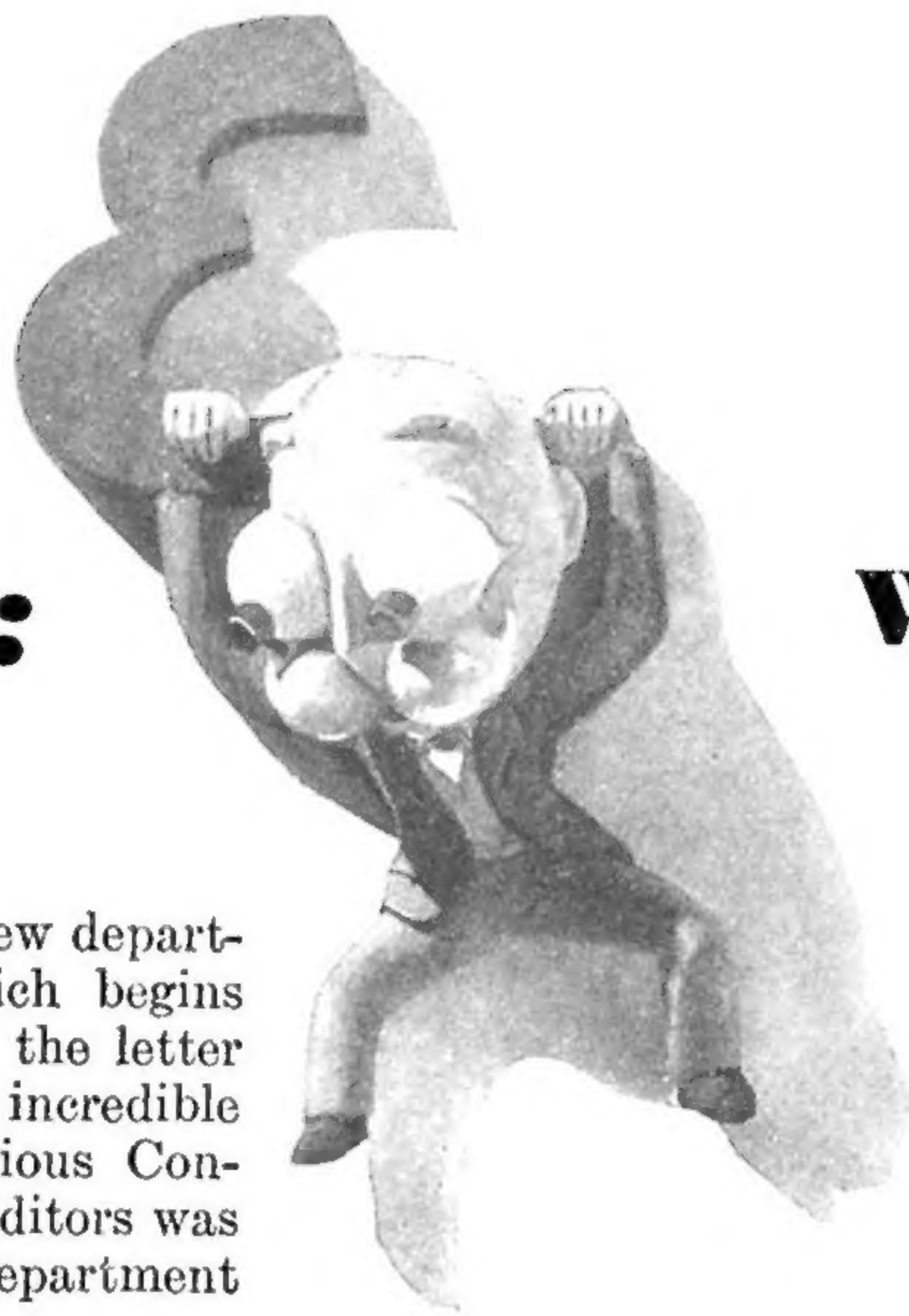
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Editorial:

What in the World . . .



WHEN Esky heard about Esquire's new department, WHAT IN THE WORLD, which begins on page 39, he climbed right down off the letter "E", straightened his tie, twirled his incredible mustache, walked into Esquire's luxurious Conference Rooms where a Conference of Editors was in full flower, and said: "That's a department I'd like to run!"

"Why?" said the editors, dubiously, sharpening their blue pencils.

"It's not that being on the cover isn't wonderful," Esky said.

"My life on Esquire's cover is a champagne existence—champagne and titillation. I wouldn't change it for the world—not even for WHAT IN THE WORLD. But of late months I've taken to cogitation, despite the dissimilarity between the letter 'E' and an ivory tower. Believe it or not, it's extra work I'm asking for. This WHAT IN THE WORLD project rings a bell. It—er—sends me."

"In what way?" said the editors.

"I've come to feel strongly about certain things," Esky said.

"More and more so as this battered old globe sinks deeper into the quicksands of peace. WHAT IN THE WORLD, were I its barker, would give me a forum, or at least a soapbox, from which to sound off. WHAT is an all-inclusive pronoun, THE WORLD a vast enough compound to suit anybody.

"I could dip my pen in irony and tell about a headline I saw: 'AMERICA TO HITCH UP BELT AND FEED EUROPE'S STARVING.' That headline was inspired by a plan to decrease America's bread-eating, per meal, from two slices to one. A brave hitching-up of the national belt! Luncheon, let us say, of Ravioli au Gratin, cold Vichyssoise, Escalopine de Veau au Marsala with Epinard Crème, topping off with a Coupe Panache or possibly a Banana Split—and one, not two, slices of bread! 'Why this sudden trend back to wartime food pinches?' moaned the altruistic, unselfish New York *Daily News*."

"That's sarcasm," warned the editors.

"Irony, on second thought, is too pale," said Esky. "A *Daily News* correspondent cabled as follows: 'Italy is a veritable land of plenty, with steaks, eggs, fruit, and other delicacies'—to be found in black market restaurants, the dispatch finally made clear. Europe's official daily ration, you see, is around 1,200 calories, and going down. America's unofficial daily ration hovers around 4,000. Tens of thousands of Esquire's ex-servicemen readers will remember how the gaunt children of France, Belgium, Holland, and Italy used to stand gratefully at the far end of our chow lines to receive, and eat, our garbage. It is well-known and well-documented that that situation has been getting worse. So much for what the *Daily News* calls the 'gross exaggeration' of Europe's hunger. So much for our noble belt-hitching: one slice, not two, at America's groaning board. You will note I haven't even mentioned Poland or Greece or the Philippines—nor the famine that faces China and India. India hasn't a prayer of getting any UNRRA grain, either. Frankly, the Broadway expression 'from hunger' doesn't amuse me any more. Words were never less amusing, damn it! The United Nations' interpretation of the words 'situation' and 'dispute' is of more importance to the future of this planet than atoms themselves.

"Speaking of the UN, I could dip my pen in wariness, if not exactly suspicion, and outline my plan for installing the cafeteria bong in the UN meeting hall."

"The what?" said the editors.

"The cafeteria bong," said Esky. "Standard equipment in America's cafeterias is a wise and implacable machine, out of which you pluck your meal check. As you pluck the check, the machine goes 'Bong!' It is a loud and resonant 'Bong!', which exposes a frowziness

of the human spirit. Its purpose is to announce to the jury of other diners, themselves already bonged, that John Q. Doakes has just plucked his check and had best not try to pluck another. It's an old skin game of cafeteria patrons, you may remember, to get hold of two checks, eat a full meal on one, a cup of coffee on the other, and, at the cashier's desk, pay only the latter.

The bong machine is a sad but realistic commentary on human nature. National nature is, on occasion, equally fallible.

"My idea—it will take some tall working out—is to wire the principle of the cafeteria bong into the main UN meeting room, or long house, be it in the Bronx, Lake Success, Westchester, or San Francisco. The parallel won't be exact, because the UN bong will be psychic, not mechanical; it will search out and proclaim the devious intention, not the shabby act. However, here is the payoff:

"A big, burly nation and a small, shivering nation stand side by side before the United Nations Security Council. 'Take our dispute—or situation—off the agenda,' roars the burly nation, glaring at the shivering nation, 'because we have already settled it between ourselves!' Bong! The case will stay on the agenda. The big nation, which had really wanted the spotlight turned off so it could extend a boundary, will slink, blushing, to its seat. 'Our regime will never lead to international friction nor endanger international peace,' announces a medium-sized, unscrupulous nation as it masses troops or prepares to fix an election or pack a Parliament. Bong! Yes, I think it would work."

"You're asking for considerable latitude," said the editors.

"Longitude is what I'm really after," said Esky. "This is an incredible era. Recently a man went out of his way to impersonate James Caesar Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians. That man, I tell you, *wanted* to be taken for Petrillo. Alexander P. de Seversky authored the following sentence about atom bombs, in a *Reader's Digest* article: 'If dropped on New York or Chicago, one of those bombs would have done no more damage than a ten-ton blockbuster.' Major de Seversky apparently believes that; which reminds me that I must look up the meaning of the words 'auto-intoxication' and 'self-hypnosis.' Parties unknown, but obviously suffering from tertiary Fascism, stole Mussolini's body from its appropriate grave in a Milan potters' field, leaving a note stating that Il Duce would be placed 'in a grave worthy of his accomplishments.' Gentlemen, if those ghouls are really as good as their word, I'd travel ten thousand miles by dog sled to see that grave!

"To sum up, WHAT IN THE WORLD's range could hardly be more catholic. It would permit me, for example, to examine the fauna of the Congo one day, the fauna of 52nd Street the next. Both tasks would be congenial to me, nor are they unrelated. Well, what is your verdict?"

"We'll see," said the editors.

It was finally decided that Esky would be given a few inches, with a stern warning about ells. The idea, more or less, is that Esky, for all his eagerness, will not "run" WHAT IN THE WORLD but will step in and out of it, as its subject matter and his other duties permit. His almost abnormal curiosity and his zest for people and ideas will be utilized, within reason. His opinions will be permitted sometimes, on pain of his promise to keep his voice down. Esky assented rather grumpily to this vague arrangement but soon his better nature prevailed and he shook hands all around and took off for Hartford, Connecticut, to investigate the sensational "Sugar Chile" Robinson, seven-year-old Maestro of Boogie-Woogie. Esky's on-the-spot interview with Sugar Chile is set down on page 39. ##



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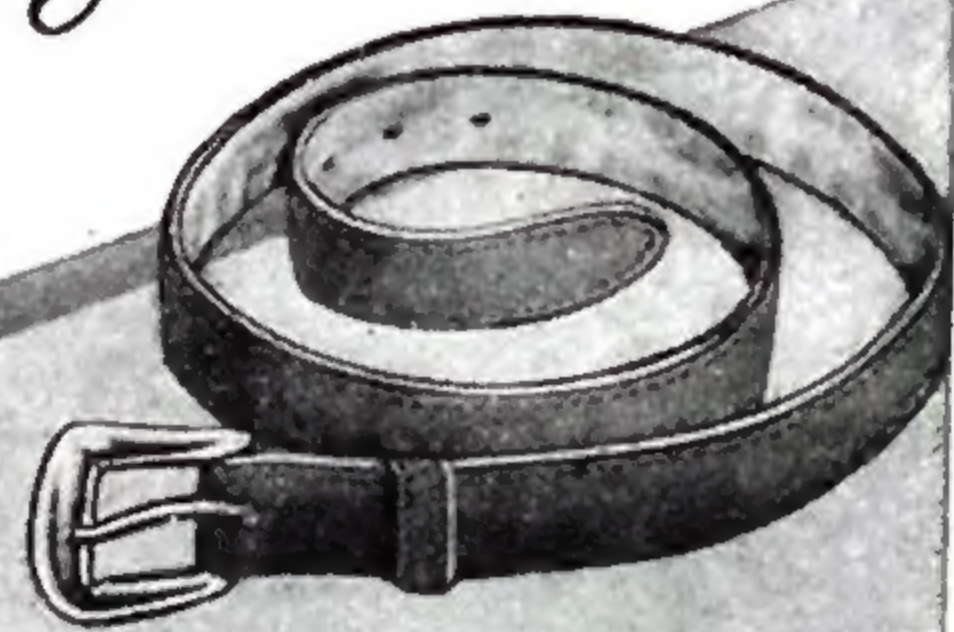
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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

The Sound and the Fury

card tricks of a P.O.W.

I was a prisoner of war for three years and six months, in the Philippines and Japan. It was a rough 3½ years to be sure. However, it had its compensations.

At the start of my prison life, I had two decks of your Esquire cards with me. I did not realize their value until several Japanese had tried to buy,

swap, or steal them from me. Soon, I found I had a potential gold mine in those two decks of cards. From then on, I believe every Japanese that came in contact with me had one of those cards as a souvenir, and I had either some rice to eat, or cigarettes to smoke. The cards (two decks) lasted for about 18 months, at which time the last card, and I do remember that last one, (Ace of Spades), went for a pack of cigarettes, and at that time, cigarettes were unobtainable for the P.O.W.'s. All in all, that card deal was a lucky one.

R. E. STRAHL,
Chief Yeoman, U.S.N.
Portland 1, Oregon

they order it gayer in France

I have been reading your magazine for the last six or eight months, since the end of the war, and I am singularly pleased with the material you feature. I had never realized what good writing you printed. And the advertisements are a big attraction too.

In the June issue, I happened just by chance to catch Bernard Glemser's story, *They Were So Happy*. And how glad I am that I didn't miss it. That fellow writes one of the most delightful tales I've seen in a long while. You can feel the emotion and gaiety of the French all the way through his writing. How about some more?

H. C. NAJARIAN
Columbia, Missouri

literary lend-lease

I am a steady reader of Esquire and find difficulty in obtaining books that are advertised in your magazine. Could you find me an American reader who would be willing to exchange books by post? There are many English books that I am sure the average American would like to read, just as there are many American books that I would like to read so very much and which are almost unobtainable over here. As for instance *The Well of Loneliness* by Radclyffe Hall, also Ernest Hemingway's *Men Without Women*, which have never been published in the English press. Over here we have

Norah Loft's fine book called *Jassy* and her equally good book *To See A Fine Lady* and Gerald Kersh's *The Weak and the Strong*. All these and more I would be willing to exchange by post to anyone who is interested in literature.

JOHN J. GAMBRILL
Walthamstow, England

P. S.—The books that I would send would be new and the very latest from the publishers.

and alackaday

After reading Elliot Paul's lament in the July issue, I simply must beat out the praises of Gertrude on the Smith-Corona in what I call a Stein Song, or to be more lyrical, To Izza Rose: Gert is a rude is a rue is a stein is a Rhine is a nein!

Verse is a curse is a hearse
is a nertz is a purse
is a terse is a worse . . .

. . . (Say "Ah!") . . .
Rhyme is a dime is a mime
is a time is a crime . . .

. . . (!TNIAP TEW) . . .
Peace is a grease is a Lease
is a cease is a War is a bore
is a door is a Four is a gore
is a more is a roar is a sore . . .

. . . (!REGNAD) . . .
Boyohboyohboyohboy, Ho Yob!
lesslessly Cupidstupid-dupéd
and they lived veryveryvery
never afterwords . . .

. . . (!TEIUQ) . . .
A rabbit is white is a dove
is whitewhitewhitedark
is whitewhiteblackbored
kiddiekiddie, cetettera . . .

. . . (NEMOW) . . .
Yoursmineoursverysomebody's
truly whose,
C. B. DIFFENBAUGH
Lancaster, Pa.

open house in Boulogne

I have the numbers of Esquire for January, '45, July, '45, February, '46 and May, '46, and wish to say that it is the best magazine for men I have ever seen.

These copies were given to me by officers of Liberty ships which have come to our port. Whenever one of them is reported as having tied up to our wharf, I climb the gangplank and introduce myself—and I am generally well received on the strength of my long familiarity with American life, manners and modes of thought. You see, I have constituted myself into a sort of Franco-Allied Goodwill Committee of which I am the president and the whole membership; and, if Esquire has any friends coming to Boulogne I wish they would look me up. Yours for a better understanding between our countries.

ETIENNE DELAVAUULT
Boulogne, France

good-will Esky

I have noticed here a voiced interest in Esquire by a multitude of Egyptians, almost surpassing American enthusiasm for the periodical; they are even well informed of your freedom of the press controversy, and pleased at the outcome. I have seen many of the saucy pinups, including F. Smith drawings, prominently displayed and appropriately cherished in all sorts of places, including shops in the native bazaars. "Quise?" they say, "Shufti bent" (meaning "beautiful babe") and point knowingly. From Americans, thanks for the free overseas editions of Esquire for servicemen.

ANTHONY H. BRACKETT
Cairo, Egypt

hard-a-lee, Howard

How does Howard Baer manage to keep the boom on your July frontpiece from flopping down plump in the middle of that not plump back? Or is the smell



of the sea so heady it makes him forget such matters? He also leaves his heroine in an awful predicament. When she tries to raise that mains'l she's going to skin her knees shinnying the mast. She'd also better have some needle and thread handy to sew it to the—oh hell, Baer wouldn't know what it is either.

DAN O'SULLIVAN
Rye, N. Y.

a question for Lucius Goose

In the *Esquire Sports Poll on Fishing*, the probable chance of throwing a hook into water where a fish would be waiting for it is given as one in 6,249,484,000,000,000,000. May I point out the remarkable similarity to this figure of another, equally painstakingly arrived at, i.e., the number of electrons in a coulomb, given as 6,280,000,000,000,000,000 or 6.28×10^{18} . No doubt this has some hidden meaning of vital importance to all fishermen, which, in the absence of a congressional investigating committee, I leave to Mr. Graffis to uncover.

SEYMOUR SACK
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Brill grills the prophet

Due to the housing shortage, it has been my lot and that of my family to live in a trailer for the past two years, so of course your little article, *Roam Sweet Home* in June Esquire caught my eye at once. I have never seen quite

such an ill-conceived abortion as the one de Sakhnoffsky depicts.

Why a hallway? Hallways serve only to get from one room to another, yet more space is devoted to it here than to all the rest of the trailer combined.

You ecstatically point out "the ingenious use of space" in the bathroom. Better to say an insane waste of space! Why not place the bathtub parallel with and against the partition? You might that way gain enough space for the refrigerator you forgot to put in the kitchen. By the way, where do you get hot water for the tub? I suggest putting the tub in the lounge. Surely the sun, shining through "the clear, plastic nose, reminiscent of a bomber" would heat water to just the right temperature.

You take great pride in the "extra long, extra wide" bed, which, according to Mr. de Sakhnoffsky's quaint floor plan is 3x8x6 feet. Now, a bed three feet wide could not by any wild flight of the imagination be called extra wide except possibly by a pair of newlyweds but I must admit that it is of gargantuan proportions (at least on one side) in length.

No doubt the wheels are placed in the extreme rear, in order to throw the entire 4000 lbs. such a trailer would weigh on the car pulling it, thus making it ride smoother. I'd be afraid my fenders would scrape on the ground! Incidentally, how is the thing attached to a car anyway, by a rope? And what holds the front end up when it's parked?

RICHARD C. BRILL
1st Lt., Air Corps
McLelland Field, Calif.

Two views of V-2's

Alan B. Crawley, who writes so knowingly about rockets in the Sound and Fury section, surprises me! Living in London, as I assume he does, he probably experienced a number of air raids during the war, yet he is doubtful when a correspondent says that a V-2 falling in High Holborn would be able to do any damage at the Savoy, some 903 yards away. It may be of interest to Mr. Crawley, that while I was stationed at Antwerp in October, 1944, the town was a V-1 and V-2 target. One particular V-2 which fell at a main crossroads (Keiseola and Frankryklei), and incidentally killed some hundred and fifty people, broke windows over a mile away—also there were densely built and substantial buildings.

DAVID FISHER
R.A.F., Germany

Continued on page 191



Forecast: Cold and Frosty

WHAT a surprise for the weather man! (He'd normally be predicting "hot and sultry.")

And what a wonderful surprise for you . . . if you'll follow our suggestion and make one of these green-and-silver triumphs for yourself!

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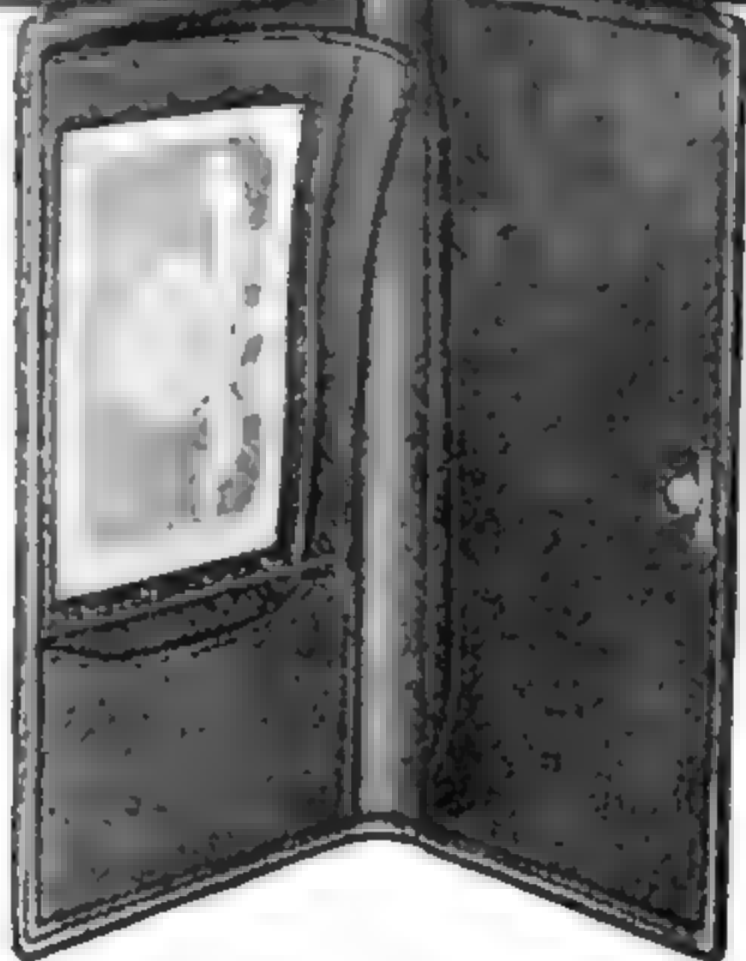
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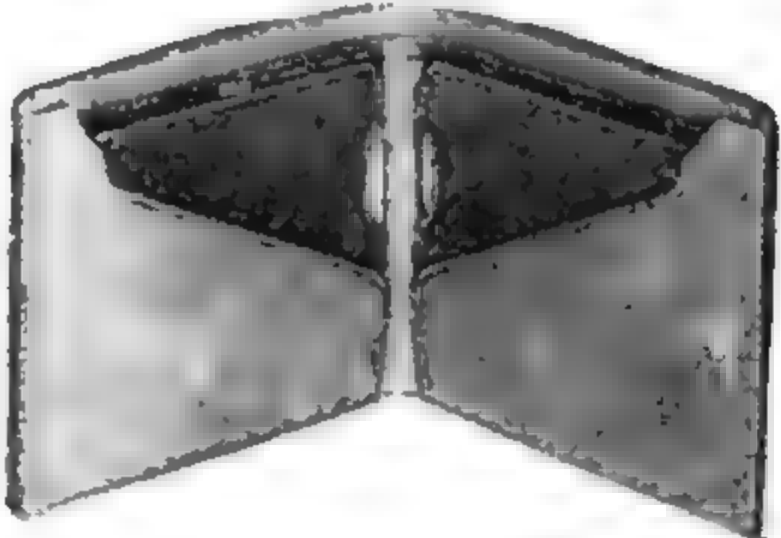


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Talking Shop with Esquire

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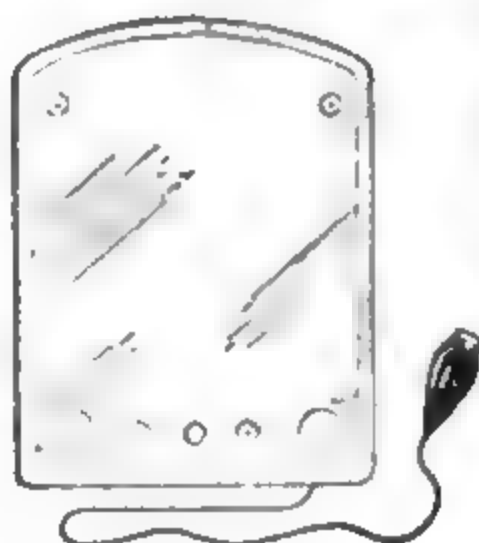
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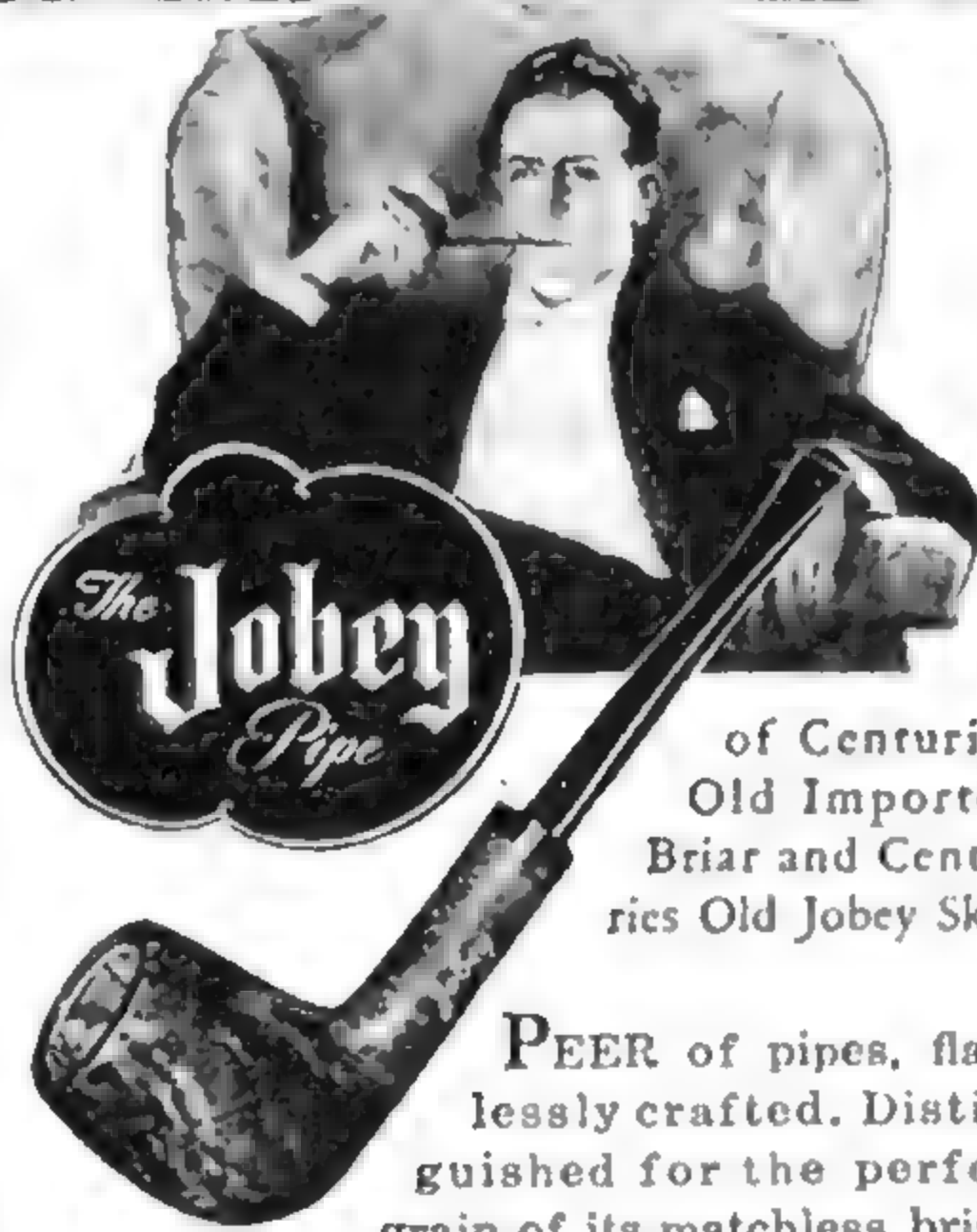
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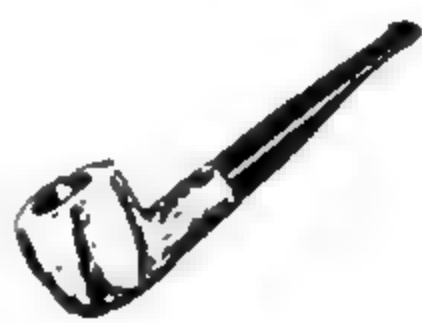
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Talking Shop with Esquire



BENCHMADE PIPES. It doesn't do to give a pipe connoisseur just any pipe picked at random. Something custom built is in order. A bench-made job means that each pipe is individually cut, rubbed and polished. It means a bowl, tooled by hand from briar that's carefully selected, aged and seasoned. It means distinctive packaging, such as two massive beauties, handsomely boxed in a clear lucite case to further enhance them. Here are some ideas for your man.



CHAIN PIPE-SMOKERS will go for a new pipe which requires no break-in or rest period between smokes! The tobacco is burned in the stainless steel bowl which is heat dammed so that a cake is not even formed under normal smoking conditions. The special double bowl outlet is resistant to clogging, and moisture and goo are trapped in the body of the pipe below the bowl to prevent passage to the smoker's mouth. Overall weight... one ounce. He'll surely appreciate this little number.



LAMINATED LEATHER. If you've just been made a V.P. and want to impress your business associates, why not decorate your desk with a set of smoking articles made of the new laminated leather? Tobacco jar, lighter, good sized ash tray all in suntan leather with a very high polish that looks expensive. You'll be the envy of both the little and big, big shots.



GOGGLES FOR MERMEN. Spear fishermen, underwater swimmers and the like, can now get eye and nose protection via goggles designed by no less than Tarzan himself. Made of plastic and neoprene, goggles fit the face snugly, watertight fashion. There's a separate, detachable rubber nose protector which comes with them too. Swell to keep sinuses free from irritation. Outfit gives you a Superman appearance that gets a goggle ogle from the dames. Say you don't lend... or you won't get them back.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

NEW!
1-2-3
FIRE EXTINGUISHER

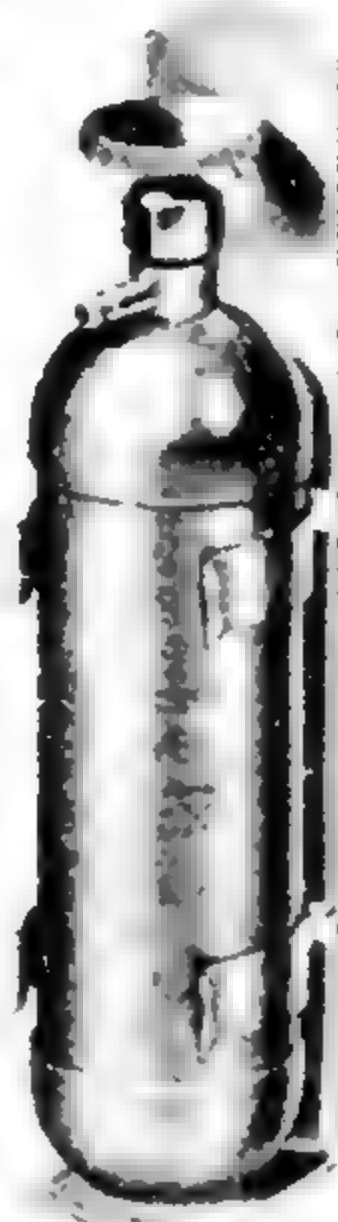
\$595
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WEIGHS ONLY 1 LB.
PUTS OUT FIRES INSTANTLY
FOR CAR or BOAT
FOR THE GARAGE
FOR THE HOME
FOR THE OFFICE

This handy 1-2-3 Fire Extinguisher puts out a fire within a few seconds. Acts faster than extinguishers 10 times its size! Only 6 1/2" tall, solid brass construction, tuck it away anywhere or hang inconspicuously (comes with brackets) on the wall **READY FOR ACTION!**

Tested and approved for accurate efficiency by the U. S. Testing Bureau.
No C. O. D.'s please.

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Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing 2400 authentic items. Typical values:

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Original styling gives these Concord "Heathers" outstanding smartness and eye-appeal. The hand sewn moccasin pattern is expertly crafted of imported tan Scotch Heather Grain leather. Heavy double leather soles and new saw-tooth welting provide the rugged, he-man touch of distinction. Quality insured by 45 years of fine shoe-making. Order Model E9 today. State exact shoe size and width. Available NOW sizes 6 to 12, A to E. \$9.50. Add 25c for mailing.

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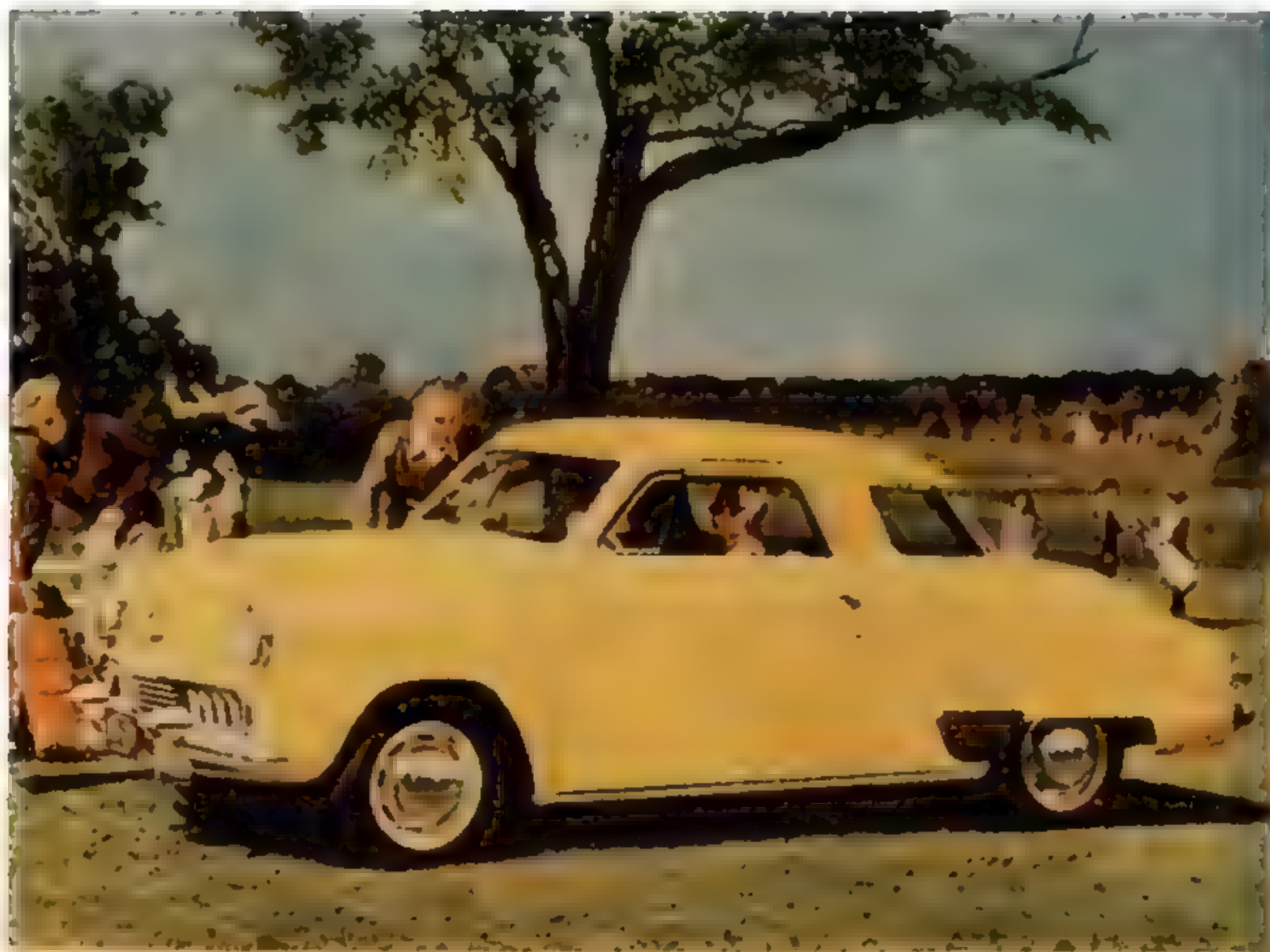
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Ideal body rub and massage, too. (Effective "he-man" deodorant.)
Popular \$1 size.

Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc., N. Y. 5



Actual color photograph of new 1947 Studebaker Commander Regal De Luxe 4-door Sedan

Styled to step up your spirits...
distinctive new 1947 Studebaker



Nothing else like it! Rear windows run clear around! The actual color photograph above shows you the dramatically different new 1947 Studebaker 5-passenger Regal De Luxe coupe. Available in both Champion and Commander models in gay, exciting color—richly upholstered in soft, harmonizing fabric. This is just one of 23 distinctive new 1947 bodystyles that Studebaker offers you.

YOU may be an unpretentious person about most other things. But you're sure to like the envious attention your car receives everywhere you go in a smart new 1947 Studebaker.

It's a showpiece in the same way an attractive home is a showplace. There hasn't been anything like the distinction of its beauty in any new motor car for years.

It rides and handles like a dream. And almost anywhere you look, you find your safety and convenience served by such unexpected postwar innovations as self-adjusting brakes—"black light" instrument dials—windshields and rear windows so large you see "everything."

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the automobile industry's finest working force, more and more new 1947 Champions and Commanders are steadily coming off the Studebaker production lines.

Don't deny yourself the deep-down satisfaction of owning this first genuine, fully tested postwar car. It's quite possible you can proudly drive your own beautiful new 1947 Studebaker sooner than you hoped.

See your nearby Studebaker dealer at once and make arrangements.

STUDEBAKER
*First by far with a
postwar car*

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Van Heusen scores top marks in every subject on the men's wear style curriculum. It's no secret why Van Heusen is the alma mater of style-loving men. Plenty of imagination in design and color. Only the finest in fabrics and seamanship. And to make sure of the quality, every product is pre-tested in the laboratory. We bathe it, shrink it, stretch it, pound it, pull it, even x-ray it to make sure it gives you tops in wear and satisfaction.

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Talking Shop with Esquire



THAT RACY LOOK. Having difficulty getting rubber white-walled tires? If so, don't despair. You can make your old car look pretty sharp by installing those new steel and plastic white-wall discs. Not only do they make wheels and tires look larger, but they can't be scraped or scuffed on curbs, and can be restored to pristine whiteness with a once-over lightly with a damp cloth. As the makers say (in large type) "Give added beauty and distinction to even the most distinguished cars..." to coin a phrase.



LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING. Out of the war comes a direct reading compass, so simple, a child of six couldn't get lost. There's a small side window captioned "you are looking" ... and big round letters show at a glance the direction you're facing. Compass is set in small plastic cylinder, with waterproof compartment for matches and a fire-producing flint molded right into the case. Mechanism of the compass, built according to Army-Navy specifications, is said to withstand a drop of six feet, and to operate in any extreme temperatures.



BAR BUTLER. If you're operating your home bar in limited space, you'll appreciate a new gadget that does four things in one. It's a hefty ice mallet for ice crushing, its wide cap-lifter takes off bottle tops of either beverages or jars; the pointed end serves as an ice pick ... and the whole contrivance can be used as a muddler. Comes in solid bronze, weight, 3/4 lb.



PRELAX, OLD BOY, PRELAX. Next time you order a suit of clothes, tell the clerk you want "a pre-laxed suit with balanced tailoring". All of which, freely translated, means: a big woolen manufacturer makes cloth that dispels weight when you put it on. A special weaving method called "prelaxing" distributes the weight of yarn so evenly that the fabric seems weightless. No bearing down feeling on the shoulders. Free as the air in a heated office. All this and blended tailoring, too. (Blending molds hand tailoring for flexibility with machine sewing for sturdiness.)



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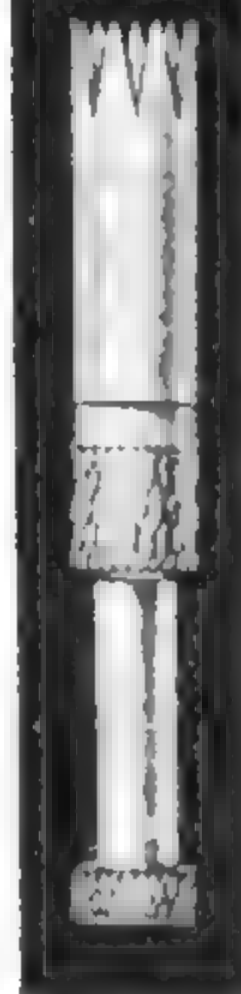
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Caused by Scissors or Tweezers

Use the **KLIPETTE**
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NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors or tweezers is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove superfluous hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Cannot cut or prick the skin. SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently.



\$1 Made from fine Surgical Steel, Chromium plated —also in 24 Kt. Gold Plate in smart leather case at \$3.50 (plus 70c Federal Tax)—a perfect gift for any special occasion.

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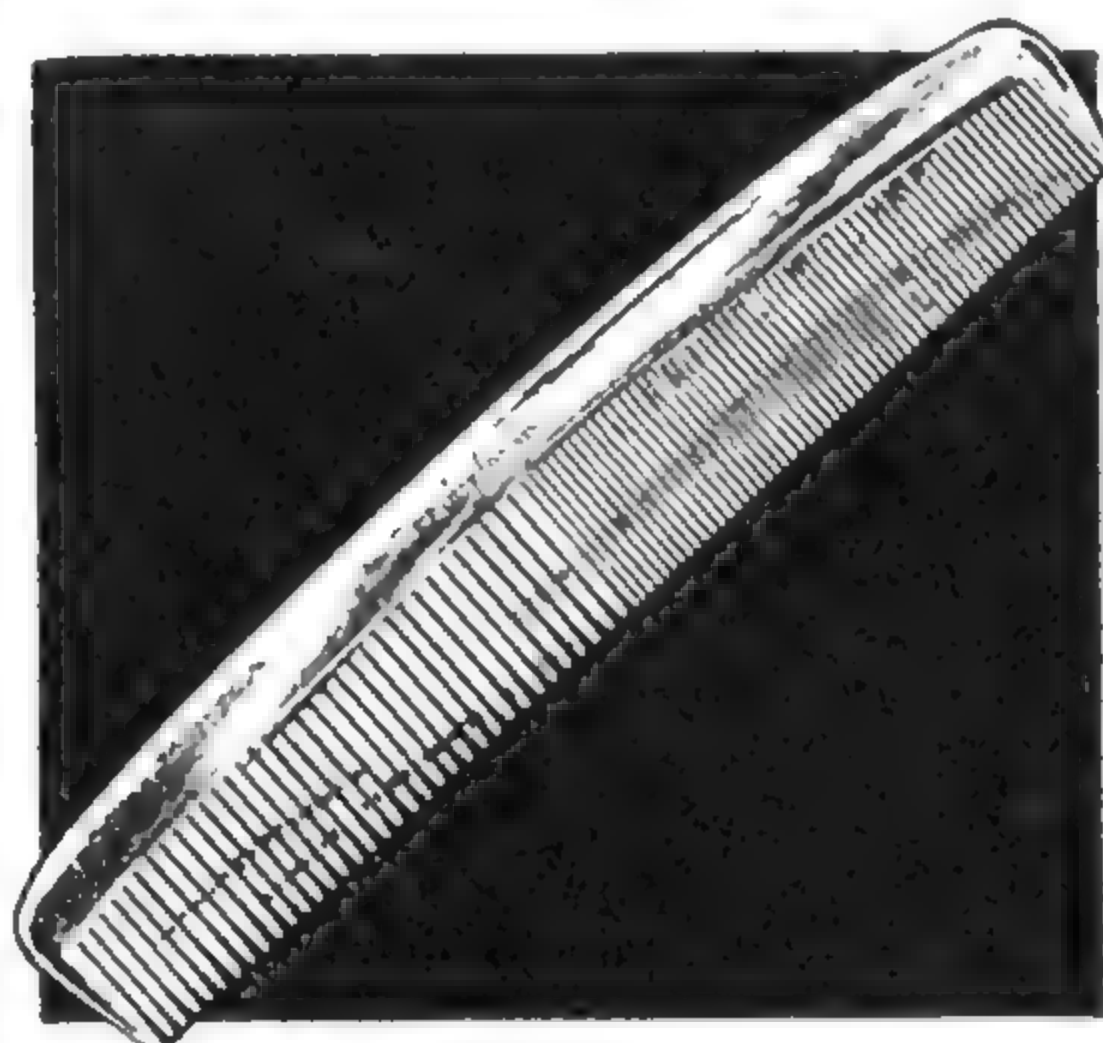
Enclosed is \$..... for..... KLIPETTE(S) at \$1 (no tax);..... in gold plate at \$3.50 (plus 70c Fed. Tax). If I'm not entirely satisfied, I may return the above for refund.

Name.....

Address.....

Your COMB should have these 5 advantages

- ★ Smart styling; lovely sparkling colors.
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RELAX, MAN... R-E-L-A-X!

Here's heavenly comfort...plus down-to-earth style and rockbottom value. Here's the hard-to-get popular Loafer! Lounge in it, loaf in it, wear it to business, wear it everywhere! Tan leather, sizes 6 to 12, widths B-C-D.

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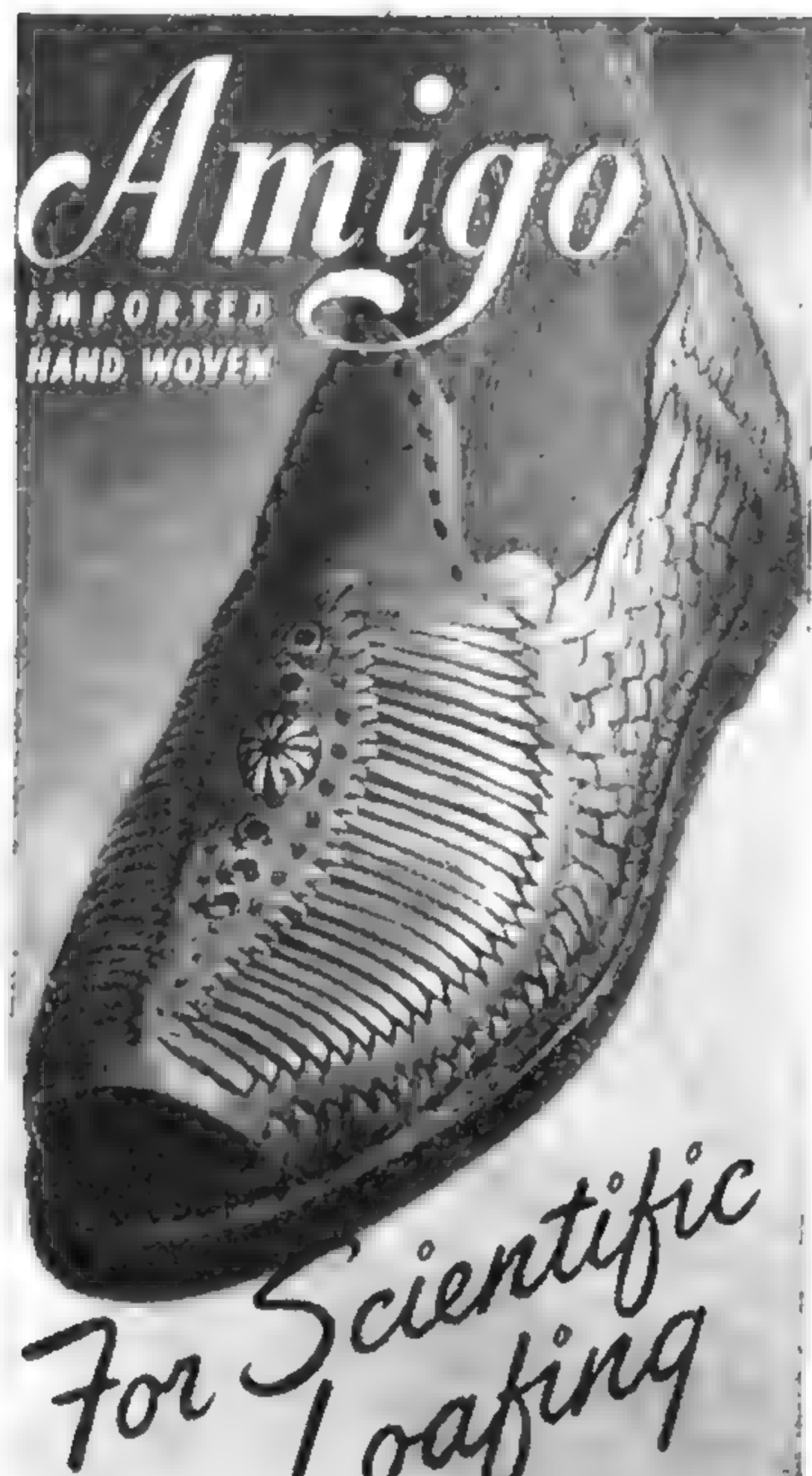


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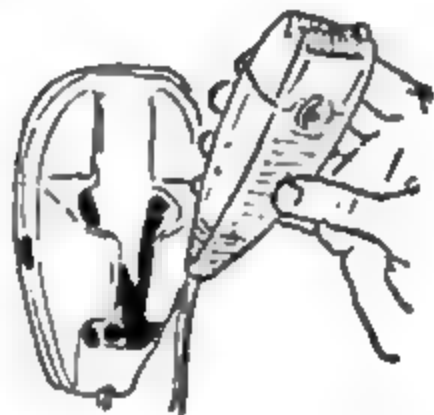
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Enclosed is \$7.20 (\$6.95 plus 25c postage).
Please send me a pair of Amigo's. Size _____

Name _____
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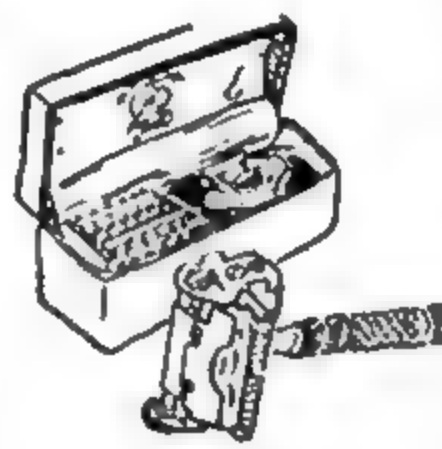
Talking Shop with Esquire



PUT IT THERE. One of the leading makers of electric razors has thoughtfully provided a comfortable berth for a razor's rest. It's a neat, electrically-operated plastic holder which can be attached to any bathroom wall, and into which the razor fits snugly. An ample length of electric cord is reeled up inside the razor rest, extending to convenient length for shaving. After shaving, a touch of the button on the side of the holder, automatically reels up the cord. When shaver is lifted from the holder, current is automatically turned on.



"SUNDAY, MONDAY AND ALWAYS" ... Combat fatigue, old-age fatigue ... now it turns



out, even razor blades get mighty tired! Makers of the Stalingrad sword the English gave the Russians, are now putting out a razor which comes with seven separate blades, each in a protective holder marked with the various days of the week. After your razor has done its stint on your hirsute, the blade curls up in the slot marked "Monday" and gets a full week's rest to recover from mechanical fatigue. Blades are adjustable in the razor.

PARK YOUR HAT. To treat a good hat with the respect it deserves, a famous hatmaker comes up with a new device ... the hat holder.



Merely three oversize doughnut shaped cardboard holders into which you insert your hats, securely and neatly. The three holders are tacked on the inside of your closet door via a cord. Both brims and crowns are kept intact. Swell for hotel checkrooms, clubs or private homes where space is at a premium. Folds up when not in use.

EASY ONE HAND. When she gets after you to do a paint job on the garage, porch, fence or what



have you ... you'll save a lot of time and energy by using an electric paint sprayer. It's powered by an electric motor with built-in compressor which develops 22 pounds of free air. Motor has a strap and is worn over your shoulder for easy totting. The nickel-plated frame and spray-head is attached to a large glass jar. Total weight, 8 pounds. Handles paint, varnish, enamel, lacquer with ease ... and gives you that efficient look.

Ranger

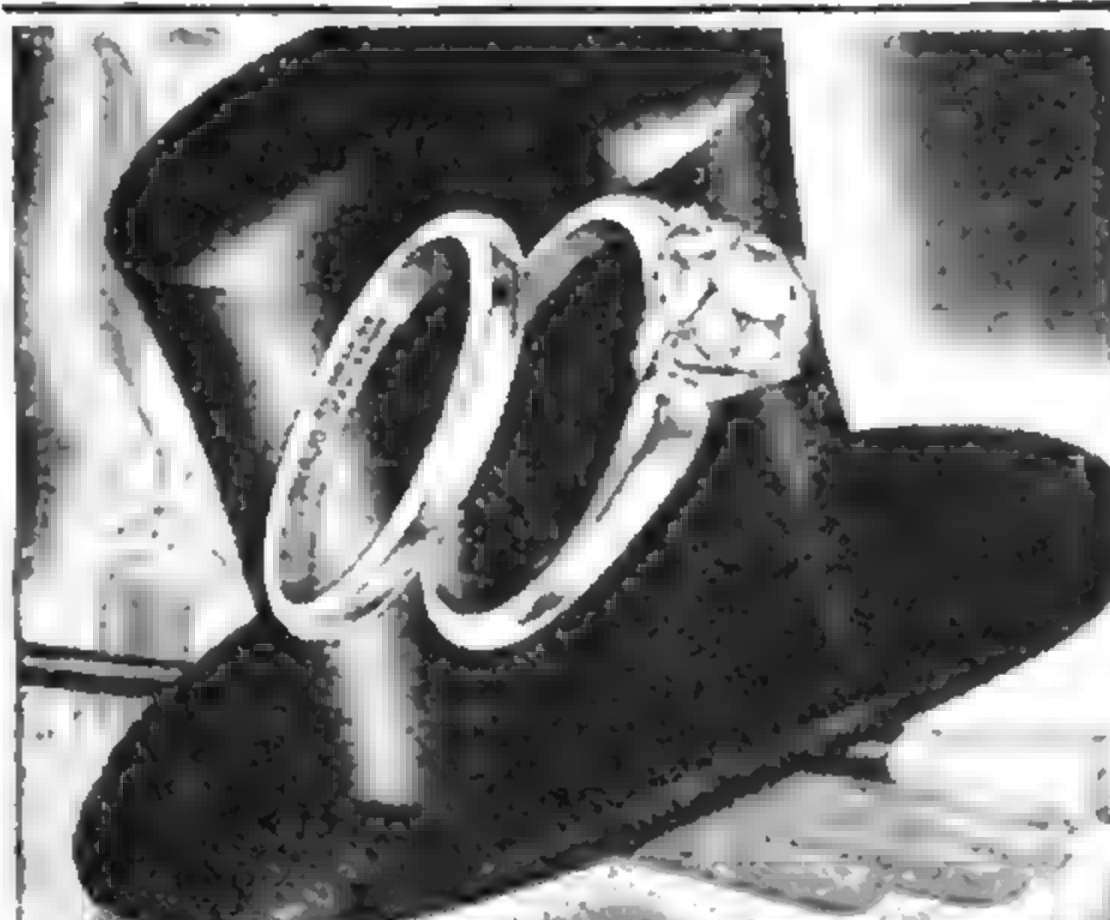
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The Savoy automatic precision lighter opens and lights with one motion—on turn of the wheel. Three styles in smooth, light aluminum, silver or gold-tone finish, plain or ribbed. Permanent asbestos wicks, extra large fuel chamber and extra flints.

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Measurably - "51" is the world's most wanted pen



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Writes dry with wet ink!

Today more people desire a Parker "51" than any other make of pen. New surveys in 19 countries and among American pen dealers from coast to coast now give added proof of this preference. American pen dealers, for example, by a margin of 3.37 to 1 name Parker the most-wanted pen. Actually more-wanted than all other makes combined.

Right now we are shipping more of these fine pens than ever before. So we suggest you ask again for a Parker "51".

Then—as you see its trim point start instantly, glide soundlessly—you'll be glad you waited for this truly superb writing instrument.

And what writing smoothness! That's because the 14K gold point is tipped with a ball of micro-polished, wear-resistant Osmiridium.

Then, as you write—*magic. The words dry as you write!* For the "51" is designed for satisfactory use with remarkable Parker "51" Ink.

Instantly, you realize why this pen—made to new high standards of precision—cannot be hurried out. See your Parker dealer today.

Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. \$12.50; \$15.00. Matching pencils, \$5.00; \$7.50. Sets, \$17.50 to \$80.00. World-famous Parker Vacumatic Pens, \$8.75. Matching pencils, \$4.00.

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Bottled—all the *daisy-freshness* of a just-mixed Martini!

Maybe that's hard to believe. But isn't it worth a find-out test? The *daisy-fresh tang* of Hiram Walker's bottled Martinis has won over some of the best Martini makers in the book. Men who really *know* their Martinis. Made from one of the world's finest gins and a grand vermouth *and* by experts—

Hiram Walker's are *this* good: *the best mixers are their greatest admirers.*

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

... the ready-to-serve Martini that tastes *daisy-fresh*. Just stir with ice.

Hiram Walker's
dry martini



GIVES WINGS TO YOUR WORDS

Like Writing on a **CLOUD**

PEERLESS "P38"

THE NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PEN & PENCIL SET

\$8.75
PLUS FED. TAX IN GIFT BOX

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- 14 Kt. Gold Iridium Tipped Point.
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Plan now to hunt where antlers grow wide and heavy and big bears roam the mountain fastnesses—in beautiful high country where Jack Frost paints the hills in blazing gold and red—where clear, crisp days, cold nites, and the grand scenery of the Rockies make hunting a newly thrilling adventure. Season starts October 12. Game easily accessible by auto or by deluxe pack trip.

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Please send me Free HUNTING and FISHING folder showing open season dates and information on accommodations and guides.

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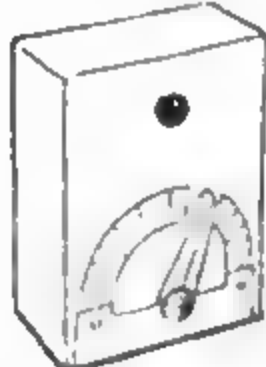
Talking Shop with Esquire

"YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN."

Take out your sax, clarinet or what have you... turn on the phonograph and presto! you're in the groove. You can now buy records which are rhythm section accompaniments to standard tunes. Four top drawer artists made the recordings (Embraceable You, Blue Skies, etc.) so that you can have a one man jam session at home. Piano, guitar, bass and drums give solid background chordlines on favorite tunes. The records have a 4 measure introduction which tapers into chorus after chorus of rhythm accompaniment so you can improvise at will.



ELECTRONIC TIME BEAT. Electronics are now applied to metronomes. The new electronic tempo indicator is perpetual, precise, with a flash beat synchronized with audible beat. Requires no winding, and you adjust the tempo with a turn of the dial. Volume control enables you to make the beat louder or softer. Ideal for radio programming, recording, choral singing or group playing.



WHAT'S YOURS, BUD? Capable woman is doing a tidy business

planning parties, staging weddings, doing catering, making travel reservations... She did a similar job during the war for the Armed Forces, and knows how to execute the whims of mankind. She recently put on a "Senator Claghorn" party for one of her clients. What a clambake!... complete with sepia banjo players, southern fried chicken, southern comfort in dixie cups, huge posters with Claghorn sayin's on the walls, and cotton bales for décor. If you want to do a Claghorn party in your town, the lady will send you full details.



HOME-MADE LOLLIPOPS. If you want to give a child a present that will make him or her jump for joy, here's a sweet idea... the lollipop kit. The kit includes a set of molds, all the ingredients for making (except sweetening and water) pop sticks, waxed-paper wrappers and 3 traditional pop flavors, orange, lemon and cherry. Kids can follow the easy directions -1000 pops in 20 minutes.



Ranger

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Look for La Cross precision-set tweezers. Don't settle for less than La Cross quality with these fine implements back again. Look for La Cross manicure implements at all good stores.

La Cross

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BEST for ALL Fountain Pens!

Flows perfectly. Does not feather-edge. Eliminates pen troubles. Ten brilliant, striking colors. Sanford's—the world's most famous name in inks.

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Sani-White

for all white shoes

DEODORIZES as it whitens

And wait till you see that re-vitalized springy nap; feel that kitten-soft leather; beam on those dazzling snow-white shoes.

Insist on Hollywood Sani-White next time you're at your favorite store. Only 25c for the large bottle. Tested and commended by Parents' Magazine.

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Brokers: Write for territories still open.

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They're authentically styled by Flagg Bros. For your casual comfort... Made of Genuine "Longhorn Leather" In rich autumn Brown... Full, flexible leather soles... Cushioned platform insoles... For work or play... Order today. Whole sizes, 6-11, D-width... **\$5.40**

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Backstage with Esquire

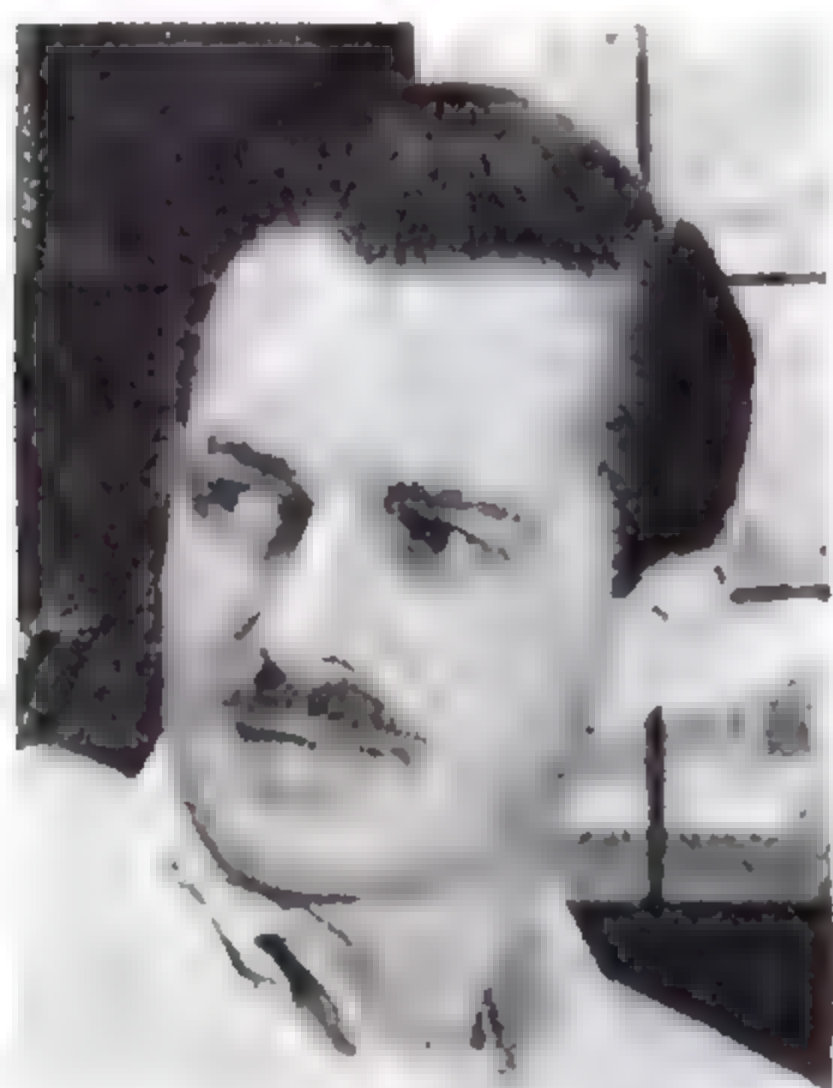
★ The Esquire Gallery

Any similarity between JOE DEMERS' and FRITZ WILLIS' sophisticated ladies (see pages 43 and 44) is not entirely coincidental, but the probable result of their unusual artistic partnership. Joe DeMers is a Californian who, after three years of study at the Chouinard Art Institute in Los Angeles, divided his time between teaching, commercial art work and water colors which he sold to private collectors. His work was exhibited at leading museums, including the Corcoran Gallery and the Museum of Modern Arts. At Warner Bros. Studios he became a production illustrator. This job consists of designing and sketching each scene, indicating the lighting and creating the essential mood. In 1940 he was joined in this work by Fritz Willis, a Bostonian who had been doing interior designs and murals.



Joe DeMers

Willis and DeMers often worked on an assembly-line basis; one would do rough sketches, the other, finished drawings. Sometimes they passed the drawing board back and forth, until it was impossible to say where one's work ended and the other's began. Eventually, they both left Warner Bros. to write and illustrate children's books. DeMers' first book, called *Smokey*, is the story of a little cocker spaniel. Fritz Willis' is the enchanting story of a duckling, *Me Too*. Now the two men have formed a partnership for the control of their literary output. We might add that *Expectation* and *Interlude*, by Willis and DeMers, respectively, are not intended for the kiddies. FREDRIC VARADY's lovely ideal woman, conceived in a mood which he calls *Indecision*, is a testament to his training as a fashion artist. Varady, who was born in Hungary, is entirely self-taught. In Europe, he worked on movie posters, theatre sets and silk designing. The year 1930 found him in New York, doing fashion work. He had always wanted to illustrate fiction, but at first he found that most magazine art directors did not want "fashiony" drawings. He has since become one of the most popular illustrators in the country; magazines have become increasingly style conscious, he finds, while he, on his part, has made his paintings more conventionalized. His beautifully-groomed heroines have adorned the pages of *Cosmopolitan*, *McCall's*, *Good Housekeeping* and the *Post*. With his wife Delie, who is an amateur sketcher, and his seven-year-old daughter, Suzanne, he spends his summers on Cape Cod and devotes his leisure to serious painting. EUCLID SHOOK, whose candidate for the title of Esquire Girl, captioned *Promise*, shines out in splendor on page 75, left Belmont, Mississippi, for Chicago a decade ago with a few dollars in his pocket and a dream in his heart: he wanted to paint cover girls. During his first winter in the North, he had no overcoat, and became proficient in the hundred-yard dash. By waiting tables in loop restaurants, he earned his meals and sufficient tips to finance a year's study at the American Academy. On a blind date, he met a pretty redhead named Blossom. He immediately pegged her accent as pure Mississippian, and inevitably they were married. Blossom frequently models for him now; you've seen her portraits in *Collier's*, *King Features*, and *This Week*. Their zeal for collecting Early American furniture leaves just enough room in the house for a daughter, Dona, and a son, Jonathan.



Fritz Willis

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Fredric Varady



Euclid Shook

Since *In England Now: Petticoat Government?* begins a beautiful friendship between DOUGLAS CLARK and readers of this magazine, we may as well tell you that this thirty-year-old writer is, by his own admission, a product of old-school-tie, stiff-upper-lip and straight-bat education at English public schools. While attending St. John's College, Oxford, he edited a frivolous university magazine, *The Cherwell*, and after graduate work at the London School of Economics, he became a political feature writer for the *Bristol Evening Post*. Shortly before the outbreak of hostilities he volunteered for the Royal Navy; he saw service in the South Atlantic, the Mediterranean and the Middle East, and last February he was demobilized as a lieutenant commander. His most recent assignment for the *Bristol Evening Post* was to report county cricket.

CHARLES B. ROTH, author of *Old Dependable*, writes: "I was born in the West and reared among men to whom the .45 Colt, the Winchester rifle and the Stetson hat were a religion. As one of the organizers and charter members of a little group called The Westerners, I am trying to keep alive the independent spirit of the West, because I feel that if ever America needed that spirit, it is right now."

After graduation from Purdue University in 1941, GORDON FLETCHER went to Washington for a vacation and remained to work for the United Press. He says: "I saw the war come and slowly develop on the teletype and in the faces of the crowds and sometimes at firsthand from behind the desks of official Washington." He spent most of his service time in Europe as a radar officer for the U.S. Air Force. *The Devil Has a Certain Hand* was inspired by an incident reported in the newspapers, and written on a private bet.



Gordon Fletcher

Since his last appearance in these pages COLONEL A.C.M. AZOY, who is assigned to the Special Services Office of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, has been awarded the Army Commendation Ribbon. He has also edited the revised edition of *West Point Today* by the late Colonel Kendall Banning—a very far cry from his current caprice on page 96: *When Art Was Long*.

Most of PETER GRAY's published writings have been about Greece. They include a novel, *People of Poros*, several essays and short stories, one of which appeared in Martha Foley's *Best American Short Stories*, of 1943. *Now and at the Hour*, which appears on page 90, is his first published story with an American setting. He is now working on a New York novel and planning a non-fictional book about Greece.

CAMERON SHIPP has been a reporter most of his 42 years, confesses that he was once beguiled by press agency for the film studios, but escaped just before his brain began to dissolve. He lives in Glendale, California, has done a book about Los Angeles in the war and has another one under way about Hollywood.



Louis Simpson

LOUIS SIMPSON (*The Salon of M. Aristide*, which appears on page 46), is twenty-three years old and is continuing his war-interrupted education at Columbia University, in New York. He served with the 101st Airborne Infantry in England, Normandy, Holland and Belgium and Germany, was twice wounded and received the Presidential Citation Distinguished Unit Badge, as well as the Victory, Bronze Star and assorted medals. For a time he edited a regimental newspaper in France.

PAUL WILDER rides a combination day city desk and Sunday editor's slot on the *Tampa Tribune*.

A Break for Charlie is CURTIS BILLINGS' first published short story, but he has written a number of articles for such magazines as *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, and *Current History*. After a dozen years as writer and editor in the safety movement, first with the National Safety Council and later with the Northwestern University Traffic Safety Institute, he is now free-lancing in publicity and advertising.

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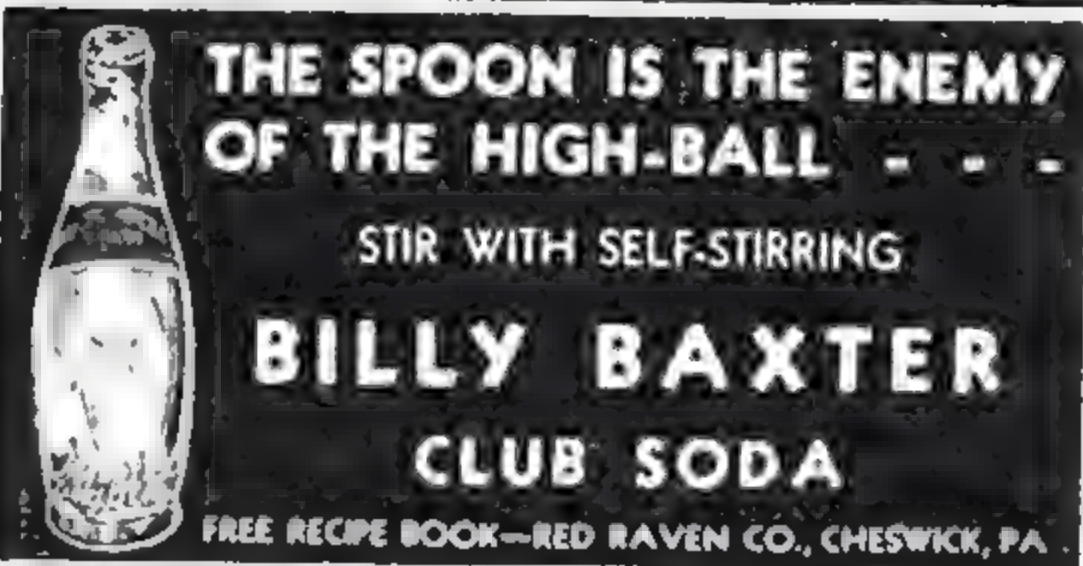
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Painting the Town with Esquire



FOUR-WHEELED escapists to Long Island needn't languish for lack of fleshpots. A must for those who've never been there and a fave for those who have, is the Aviation Terrace Restaurant of the LaGuardia Airport, where big tin pigeons, arriving and departing, are a continuous field show. For paying elbow homage to the success of the Wright Brothers, there's the Kitty Hawk Bar.

PERCHED upon a cool shoulder in Roslyn (just beyond town center), Carl Werner's Blue Spruce Inn has had to expand out of its old stone venerableness to accommodate more people on account of the excellence of the chow and cheer. Atmosphere rich and rare, kitchen of the very latest, wine cellar bountiful... Beyond, on same route 25A, basks Rothmann's East Norwich Inn, pet of the horsey set and anybody else who's hungry. This place has been flourishing since we can't remember when, and has never skidded on broil skill or mixology.

THE JERICHO TURNPIKE is practically a bucolic 52nd Street, boasting good eateries on both banks. In Jericho township it proffers the clam-happy Maine Maid (house built 1676) where Yankee provender is devoured in settings that would have tickled your great-grandmother. (No

bar, so come primed.) In Syosset it has the much cherished Villa Victor, with continental fare; Pierre's Restaurant, American in appearance but likewise talking French in its cooking; the sumptuous white Colonial architected Stockholm, dedicated to smörgasbord pomp, with pianist Bill Arthur bestirring the ivories in the bar lounge, alias Svensk swig salon, overrun by squires from the surrounding countryside.

SWEDISH opulence bursts upon Jericho Turnpikers also in Huntington at Dahlstrom's Green Tree Lodge, draped with lush gardens. (Careful or you'll trip over a zinnia on your way to the quench department.) More and thicker pine trees on the opposite side of the road near Huntington's picturesque windmill disclose Gerard's—large rambling establishment where lobsters and other sea trove are gladsomely contacted, plus meats in season, and suitable moistenments... Knolled across the way, is Round Hill, intine and esteemed for its French dishes. Ensconced on floral verandas you fly at Clams Round Hill, casserolled chicken, breast of guinea hen, rack of lamb, etc... Similar succulence is on order at Beau Séjour, Victorian mansion run by Round Hill relatives, in Bethpage. You can even meet Long Island's official bird: duck.

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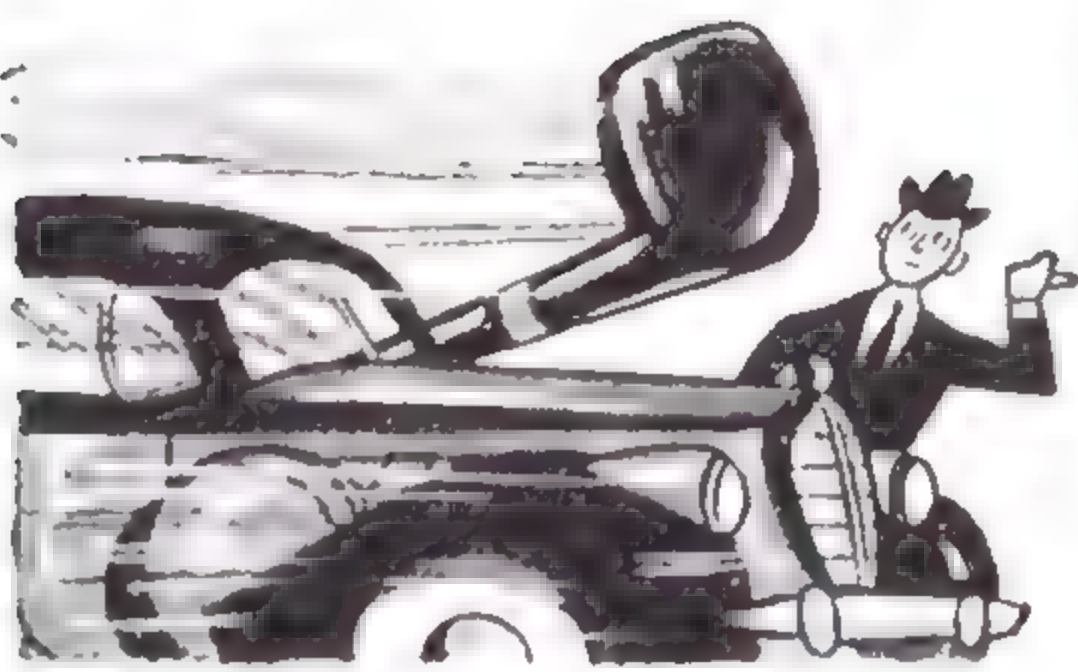
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Painting the Town with Esquire



THE WALDORF-ASTORIA'S Starlight Roof now has an elegant carpet under the tables, and drapes worthy of the palace of Croesus. Just because you are among zephyrs, the management sees no point in depriving you of the niceties of life . . . Romance prospers in the dining bowers of the cozy back garden of La Chaumière (163 East 56th), hosted by chef Henri Massé of the many diplomas and awards of culinary merit . . . Hoof happiness on the Hotel Astor's Roof, which has been having the music of Carmen Cavallaro for impetus, will now be vouchsafed the band that everybody wants to lead. (Mr. S. Kaye will conduct it in person.)

WE'RE cockeyed with enchantment when Vincente Gomez virtuoso his guitar at Café Society Uptown . . . The Hotel New Yorker's ice show is served with hot rhythms by Chuck Foster . . . Chummy spot for arguing the merits of dumplings sourbraten vs. chicken paprikash with egg bows, and nut strudel vs. cheese cake: Little Vienna, 143 East 49th. Good wines . . . Hughie Barrett and his orchestra are supplying the ankle suasion on the Skyline Roof of the Hotel Sheraton, where nylons and champagne are nightly prizes for best couple on the floor.

A VERMOUTH CASSIS is eminently in its element at the shrub tubbed sidewalk café of that century-old hostelry the Brevoort of lower Fifth Avenue. Boniface Jean Barrère is the same who oversaw the foddering of Brevoortians O. Henry, Mark Twain, and Anna Held . . . Cucumbers envy the high-ceiled coolth of the grandiose, gracious Tapestry Room of Park Avenue's Park Lane Hotel. When your waiter lifts a dish cover, he isn't playing the shell game

on you . . . There's no extra charge for double meanings at Leon & Eddie's . . . Jigger-sized giant of urbanity and sagacity: maître d'hôtel Willy of the sky-poked Hotel Pierre. Guest felicity his specialty . . . At the Coq Rouge the serving of dinner is now of such a starchy smartness, when we address a bus boy we murmur, "Hey, Attaché!"

ON A PAR with Brooklyn's fealty to "dem Bums" is that Borough's fervor and Manhattan's too, for "dem clams"—Little Necks prepared 26 ways; Soft Clams 20—gobbled under the gas chandeliers at historic Gage & Tollner's, 372 Fulton Street, short stroll beyond Borough Hall . . . Rumors of lip smacks in Flatbush drew us to the door of the House of Six Gables, Avenue J at East 14th Street, neat knotty pine layout, nicknacked with gleaming copperwares and wheelhub candlesticks. A different national cuisine featured each day: American, Hispanic, Russian, Swedish, Jewish, Italian, and each dish is a flavorpiece sleuthed out by host Zac Gable on his travels. Confidentially, he cooks with wine.

AGRICULTURE hath charms at Ross-Fenton Farms (lakesided in North Asbury, N.J.) But don't bring your corn cob pipe . . . Tip to Atlantic City trippers: salubrious steaks, chops, and sea fare are to be had at Bishop's Savoy Bar, 2528 Atlantic Avenue. Pierre, the headwaiter, can juggle up Crêpes Suzette like nobody's affair. As for drinks, just name your medicine, but don't hope to find out what the celebrated Savoy Punch is made of. Host "Bish" who invented it is an Atlantic City institution and mighty friendly—but not that friendly.

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Painting the Town with Esquire



PARKWAY-FARERS northward out of the city into Westchester and Connecticut palate pastures have worthwhile knife and fork activity ahead. Arrowhead Inn and the Studio Club yank 'em to Yonkers. Leighton's Woodland Lake Tavern lures to Ardsley. Bird & Bottle entices epicureanly in Garrison... Chowder, fried soft clams, hot and cold lobster, are in their glory at Dorlon's Shore Inn on Dorlon's Point, Norwalk. This spic and spansive pavillion has been agrowing in popularity since the 1860's. Host John O'Sullivan is third generation in charge; his cooks and waiters aren't newcomers either.

MAIN STREET cornered in Westport, the small but chipper Canterbury Inn sports a menu of stupendous scope: 15 main choices, over 40 desserts, and nary a dud among 'em. Cocktails and wines ditto. From 9:00 on drollster Eddie Furman unleashes unlaundered leeries at the piano in the back room, tucked up against the Saugatuck River... Bossies and hosses have been dispossessed from Westport's big Red Barn, beside the Merritt Parkway, in favor of cash customers eager to don the feed bag. Fitments are truly rural, tasty and sustaining.

TILL it gets some shrubbery to nestle in (which it's gonna have shortly), the new Stirrup Cup—sprawly white affair on route 7 twixt Norwalk and Wilton—will look a bit nude. But inside there's charm galore and fodder of ye grándest, expertly served. By the time you slice into a Stirrup Cup steak, evergreens seem irrelevant... Picturesqueness scores 100 at Cobb's Mill Inn in Weston (few mins. northward on 57 from Merritt Parkway). It's got a cocktail terrace by a waterfall that drowns out straw-suction gurgles, a quaint bar, comical old prints and curios, raftered hall dispensing devourable eats, al fresco porch 'o'er the pond, dancing Wednesdays and Saturdays, swimming. Any diver who comes up with a trout in each hand can have them cooked free.

OUTPOST INN (Ridgefield, route 35 off route 7) sounds primitive but that's a jest, sonny. Fine old mansion, enlarged and supplemented with a guest house, lording over a select sylvan paradise. Food and drinks to match... Connecticut pride verges on nutmegomania in extolling the famed White Turkey Inn, 4 miles beyond Danbury. So, all right, it's a show place. But we'll settle for the sublime fresh sustenance it stages antequely.

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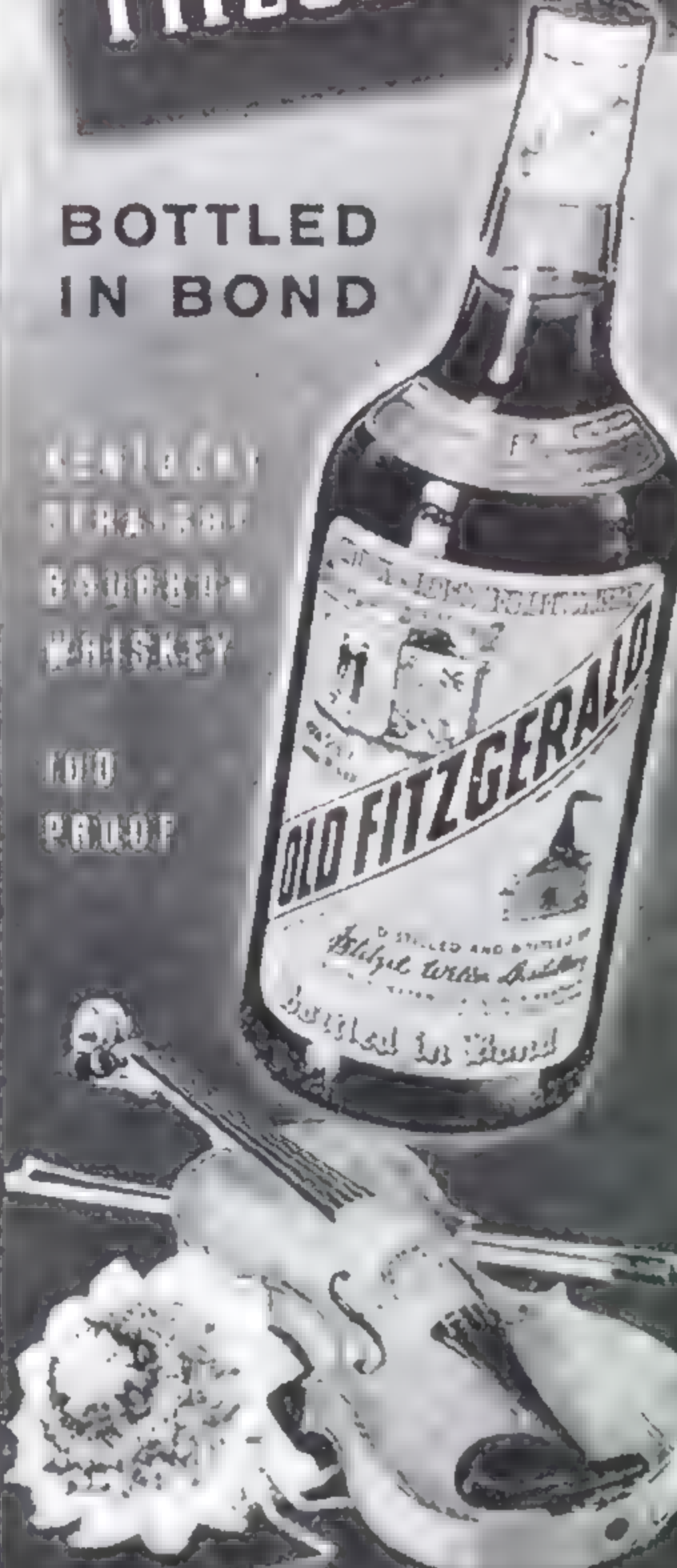
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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

What in the World . . .

In which Esky himself sounds off on Sugar Chile's boogie, octogenarian parenthood, the solace of Icelandic women, clock dials that refuse to glow in the dark, and other momentous topics

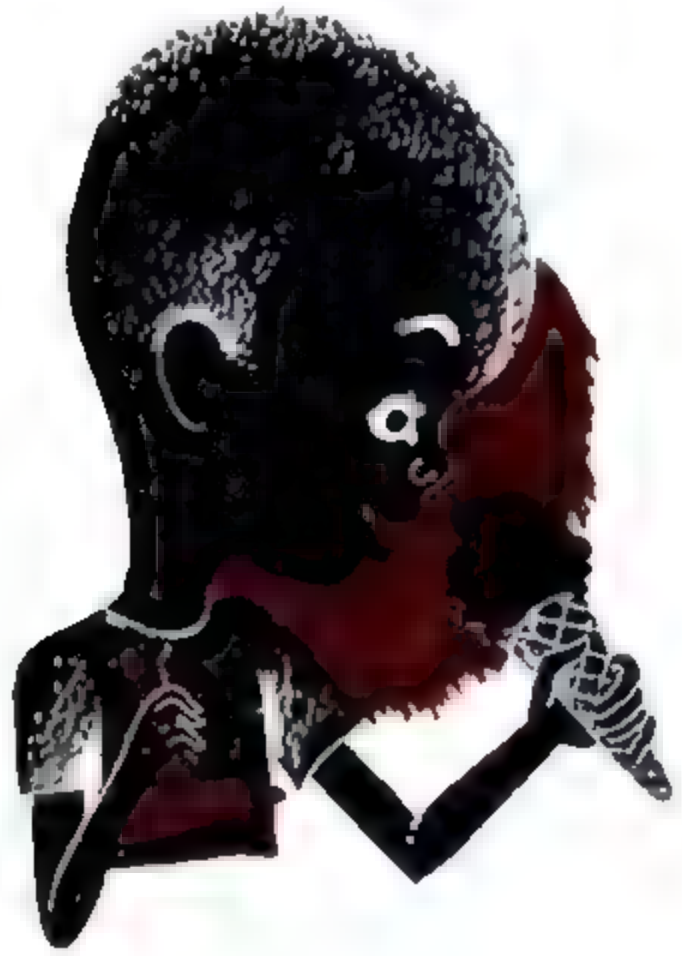


The editors of *Esquire* herewith inaugurate a new department. It is presented in the hope that *Esquire* readers may cotton to the idea of scanning, month by month, a few columns of relaxed but conceivably interesting reading matter, by way of a prelude, curtain raiser, or (for that matter) side show, before leafing over into the Big Top.

Sugar Chile

ESKY came back agog from a jaunt to Hartford, Connecticut, for he had both heard and interviewed Frank I. ("Sugar Chile") Robinson, and had found him as amazing as his reputation.

The vital statistics on Sugar Chile are that he weighs forty-nine pounds, is as tall as a fire hydrant, grosses around \$7,500 a week, and causes audiences to cheer, whistle, and holler. He's never had a music lesson, doesn't know what key or keys he plays in, can't reach a sixth (let alone an octave), employs a "walking bass" in his boogie-woogie playing, and plays, in general, with his fingers, fists, and elbows. Esky asked him why he played like that and Sugar Chile gave almost exactly the same answer he once gave an interviewer from Ralph Ingersoll's *PM*: "I used them fists and elbows when I was little, sir, because I couldn't get that volume and I still can't get that volume, sir, so I still use them fists and elbows." Esky reports that the lad is coffee-colored, disconcertingly sharp-witted, will be eight in December, and has a solemn expression embellished with a twinkle. His upper teeth are beginning to come in, he likes to play with airplane models, he gets ice cream once a day, and he seems unspoiled by his spectacular success.



Esky has no quarrel with *Life* magazine for characterizing Sugar Chile, in a brief article some months ago, as "The world's youngest boogie-woogie player." But Esky complained bitterly because *Life* reported that the prodigy sings: "Caldonia, what makes your big head so hard?" Esky says that what Sugar Chile really sings is: "Caldonia, whut makes yo' big haid so hahd?" and Esky defies the entire research staffs of *Life*, *Fortune*, *Time*, and *The March of Time* to disprove it.

Sugar Chile used to play standing up at an upright but now he plays sitting down at a concert grand. He stomps out his rhythms on a conveniently-placed box, the while bawling at the top of his lungs into a microphone. The joint always jumps. He's a veteran of radio and movie shorts, as well as of the vaudeville circuits and a concert for President Truman at the White House. Hollywood recently paid him \$1,000 for just eighty-seven seconds of his glittering art in the Van Johnson picture, *No Leave, No Love*.

He was born in Detroit, son of Clarence Washington Robinson, ice dealer, and Elizabeth Robinson, who died three years ago. One day when Sugar Chile was two, so the story goes, a neighbor handed him a nickel and said: "Go play me a jazz tune." Sugar Chile pocketed the nickel, walked over to the piano, and played *Tuxedo Junction*. He'd been harking more intently to the radio than anybody had guessed, apparently. Either Louis Prima or Frankie Carle "discovered" him; Esky found the record clouded on that point. The Michigan Probate Court handles all of Sugar Chile's earnings and his father still works. His aunt, Gladys Bracey; a sister, Dorothy; and a tutor named Mr. Toomer travel with him.

Esky went backstage after Sugar Chile's violently successful appearance at Hartford's State Theater. He found the Mighty

Midget in a rage because a newspaper had said that he didn't know the names of his brothers and sisters.

"Not know 'em!" he snorted. "First, they's Woody; then Dorothy, sittin' over there; then Clarence, he helps my Daddy wrassle the ice back home in Detroit; then Edward, James, me, and Lizbuff. Lizbuff is six." Esky wrote all that down and said to Dorothy: "What's his IQ?" "He's got a IQ all right," said Dorothy, wearily; "that's all I know." Turning to Sugar Chile, Esky said: "Don't you miss the pedals?" "Sure—I miss 'em by a good three feet!" said Sugar Chile. "I mean," said Esky, coloring slightly, "wouldn't you like to be able to press them down?" "Look heah," said Sugar Chile, sharply, "I ain't used to them pedals. And if I was used to 'em, it wouldn't do me any good, 'cause I caint reach 'em!"

At this point, Aunt Gladys whispered that when Sugar Chile played on a Bob Hope program in Cleveland, nobody was more panicked than Bob when, out of a clear sky, Sugar Chile interpolated the following couplet into *Hey! Ba-ba-re-bop*:

"She use toothpaste and she use soap,
And the guy she love best is ole Bob Hope!"



Esky found that Sugar Chile is the soul of diplomacy. When asked what he thought about various celebrities he's met—Joe Louis, Van Johnson, Jerry Colonna, Harry Truman—he invariably said: "He's a nice, fine gentleman," and then clammed up. He denied reports that President Truman had asked if he could study piano with him. "Pres'dent nev' said no such thing," said Sugar Chile, indignantly.

Esky concluded his rather excited report with the fact that, during a smash-hit week at the Regal Theater in Chicago, Sugar Chile ran his personal gross up to a record \$11,000. "And that," remarked Esky, "ain't hay, honey; it's sugar, chile!"

Chiaroscuro

A Denver man bought himself a small clock, scarlet in color, cute as a bug's ear, and faced with what is popularly called a "radium dial." He was well pleased with his purchase until, waking up one night soon after and wondering what time it was, he discovered that the clock's dial was not luminous. It was as black as the Colorado night. Back to the store next day went the Denver man. The proprietor was unabashed. "Several people have come in with the same complaint," he said, "but there is a simple explanation. And I have not sold you a misrepresented piece of goods. I admit that little clock doesn't have the best radium dial in the world. That is natural, since it's not an expensive clock. Now this particular type radium dial doesn't give off any light of its own. It only retains and reflects, for a few minutes, light to which it has been exposed. In other words, after you turn your light out, the clock



face glows for about a quarter of an hour, then fades out. So the thing to do, if you want to know what time it is and your light has been off longer than fifteen minutes, is to turn your light back on. Let it stay on a while, so the clock gets a good exposure. Then," the shopkeeper concluded triumphantly, "turn it off again, and, my friend, you'll see the time glowing there in the darkness, like neon!"

Campaign

Franklin P. Adams, in his celebrated column in the *New York World*, used to campaign, with spectacular unsuccess, for visible house numbers. This paragraph is *Esquire's* opening (and closing) gun in a campaign which, although similarly doomed to failure, is a good deal more important. It is a one-paragraph campaign for an atomic self-annihilator for modern horns when they get stuck and can't stop blowing. The old bulb-type honkers never got stuck. The old hand-operated klaxons never got stuck. The old push-button horns used to get stuck sometimes, but it was always the button's fault. You monkeyed with the button and the racket stopped. But today's horns have a way of getting stuck in such a thorough and complicated manner as to practically defy throttling. Furthermore, the automobile horn, down the years, has progressed not only in complexity but in lung power. The original purpose of the horn was to warn pedestrians, horses, or cows of the approach of a horseless carriage. This purpose is still admirably achieved by the gentle beep of the anachronistic London taxis. But today's American horns are insanely out of hand. They are Big Mouths whose vulgar bellow is audible, pointlessly, for miles. And when they get stuck, there is no sight on earth more pitiable than that of the humans who scramble frantically over and under and into the wretched, screaming car, trying to unstick the horn, their eardrums blasted, their hair on end, their nerves finished, licked to a frazzle by a technological daemon of their own fashioning, while, for blocks, fingers are stuffed in ears and the vestigial horse stampedes. *Esquire* has heard that the cause of these aural catastrophes is a short circuit. *Esquire* could not possibly be less interested in the cause. *Esquire's* campaign is for a harnessing of atomic power as follows: one milligram of extremely touchy plutonium to be placed right on the horrid larynx of every modern automobile horn; this plutonium to be preset in such a way that, after exactly twenty-five seconds of the blast of a short-circuited horn, it will go off, blowing to hell the automobile, the horn, and (in exceptionally felicitous instances) the manufacturer of the horn.

AP, UP

As though by design, the United Press teletyped an item on artificial inseminations of women on the very day that an Associated Press piece on a related topic came out. "Most of the babies are fathered by men unknown to the mothers," said the UP dispatch, adding: "Physicians select male donors on the basis of high character, intelligence, and good health." The AP dispatch, on the other hand, concerned itself with one Enoch Dowell, a farmer of Bristol, Virginia, who recently fathered his twentieth child. Enoch—and here the Associated Press was barely able to contain itself—is eighty-one years old. AP interviewed Enoch at the bedside of his wife, forty-six, and reported that he "jostled the newest infant" and made a somewhat cryptic statement: "I bet a farm to a fishhook there isn't another man of my age in two counties who can do more work."

Said Mrs. Dowell: "His dad was father of fifteen. So was his uncle. My dad was the seventeenth child." So it goes, and has gone, in old Virginny. AP earned a nation's gratitude by its alert reporting of the incident and the incident's lusty progenitive background. The UP dispatch, though chronicling an admirable and important biological advance, seemed, by comparison, dull.

Iceland

When the United Nations said to Russia: "Let's get those troops out of Manchuria and Iran because it is later than you think," Russia shot back: "How about getting *your* troops out of, for example, Iceland?" This power-political exchange brought back vivid, if not fond, memories to thousands of ex-servicemen who had served a rugged tour of duty in Iceland.

Iceland, which hangs bat-like from the Arctic Circle, is a land of volcanoes, fjords, glaciers, gales, geysers, and lovely blue-eyed blondes. Area: 40,000 square miles. Population: 120,000. It is an independent republic, having cut its last tie with Denmark in June of 1944, and its Parliament is the oldest in the world, dating back to 930 A. D.

It is fantastically malcomprehended by the world at large. The popular notion, largely because of its name, is that Iceland has polar weather, polar bears, walruses, Eskimos, and igloos. Icelanders were never amused by the "Eskimos in Iceland" line in Jimmy Durante's famous song. There are no Eskimos in Iceland. Nor polar bears, walruses, or igloos. The weather there is certainly lousy, but it is not polar: the Gulf Stream keeps the temperature mild. Iceland's harbors are open the year around, which is more than you can say for some of our Great Lakes ports. The annual snowfall is about the same as New Jersey's.

What makes Iceland's weather bad is not the cold but the humidity, the gales, the williwaws, the fogs, the drizzles, and a certain hellish unpredictability. U. S. Army meteorologists call it the worst weather in the world. But there are also days when the weather is a dream. Returning vets amazed stay-at-home Americans by soberly reporting that Iceland occasionally has marvelously clear air and dazzling sunshine.

The island is six-sevenths uninhabited and uninhabitable, because the interior is a no-man's land of glaciers, volcanoes, lava fields, and sandy wastes. But there is good farming along the surprisingly verdant perimeter. Reykjavik, the capital, is neat, trim, bustling, and "modern." One third of the population lives in Reykjavik, which teems with artists, poets, sculptors, musicians,



scholars, and goldsmiths. The non-Reykjavik Icelanders are mainly fishermen (herring and cod) and farmers. The language is Old Norse, which is spoken and written in almost pure form. Almost everybody speaks some English.

There are practically no trees and practically no dogs in Iceland—but what dog could be happy in a treeless land? There are numerous hot sulphur springs which bubble like witches' cauldrons and smell terrible. There are no slums,

poverty, unemployment, illiteracy, railroads, or capital punishment.

So much for clearing up misconceptions.

Now why was Iceland openly coveted by the Nazis before World War II? And why was it taken over by the British in May of 1940 and turned over to a much larger American force in July, 1941? Entirely because of its strategic location. It would have made the Germans a sweet bomber and submarine base, which would have been a serious double threat to UN supply lines to the United Kingdom and Murmansk. In American hands, the island performed a brilliant war service, especially as a way station in the setting up, in England, of America's myriad heavy, medium, and light bombardment groups, and, later, their redeployment.

Meeks Field, near the fishing village of Keflavik, thirty-five miles from Reykjavik, is accurately called "the northern stepping-stone between hemispheres" and "the aerial crossroads of the North Atlantic Great Circle route." *Air Force*, official service journal of the AAF, has summarized Meeks Field's splendid war record as follows: total aircraft handled, eastbound and westbound, 13,500; total personnel transported, 174,000, including 20,050 westbound wounded; uncountable thousands of tons of cargo and mail. The garrison, through the long years of the war, also stood ready, willing, and very able to stand off any German attack. But, apart from sporadic bombings, the Germans had the good sense not to try it.

Iceland duty was a stern, cheerless job for our boys, who called the place "The Rock" or sometimes "The Goddamned Rock." Meeks Field was hacked out of villainous terrain and the winter gales were frequently so fierce that men had to go around in pairs. Sometimes they couldn't get from their quarters to the mess halls, and when American soldiers can't get to a mess hall, boy, that's *weather*! At every Meeks Field gate, and at every Iceland Base Command gate, stood signs reading: "Adgangur bannadur! Hernadar utbunadur!" This meant, in Old Norse, nothing more mysterious than "Military Property! Keep Out!" But is it any wonder that the American garrison, instead of the usual "Hubba hubba hubba," said "Hibbur habbur hubbur"?

The Icelandic girls were a consolation. These blue-eyed blondes are among the most beautiful in the world. They were hard to get to know, but warm and highly intelligent friends once the Icelandic ice was broken. Nearly 150 Americans married Icelanders and brought them home; at the latest count, ninety-one American-Icelandic babies have been born. So life in Iceland was not all williwaws. But precious few who served there and came home would go back again for money or love.

Overheard

The city of Chicago is widely regarded as a crazy place whose *forte* noise and *prestissimo* pace wear folk down, mix them up, and addle their thoughts. This would seem to be pretty much the case, judging by two snatches recently overheard in the heart of the megalopolis and reported to *What in the World*. To wit:

Irritable, overworked waitress in a Randolph Street lunch spot: "I'll wait on you as soon as I can—after all, I only got two pairs of hands!"

Driver of Michigan Avenue bus: "Standing seats only!" ##

Readers are encouraged, even requested, to send in ideas and reactions to the *What in the World* editor, *Esquire*, Esquire Building, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17. Suggestions for stories, anecdotes, and editorial musings for *What in the World* will, together with brickbats, be gratefully received, sorted, and perhaps acted upon.



The old French peasant had neither the mind nor the heart to perceive that a miracle and a fortune had passed her by

The Ruined Wall

by GERALD KERSH

You would have longed for rain to wash and night to bandage the sore eye of the sun. There was a tenseness. The world felt like a time bomb. It was the heat—that and the dust, together with a certain electricity in the air which made every hair feel as if it ought to be standing on end, and sent imaginary insects crawling from shoulder blade to shoulder blade. The horizon, beyond those abominable plains, was vague. It vacillated. A queer, weaving shadow fitted across it. The Romanians have a legend about that trick of the dying sunlight: it is Larra the Deathless, running alone and desolate, worn down to nothing but a shadow. He hunts for death, but he cannot die: nothing can kill Larra. He was too proud—the son of a princess and an eagle. He became a murderer, and so he wanders forever in the twilight and the dust. Such is his destiny. One day God may forgive him; but not yet. So he runs: a devil, a poor devil.

I stopped at a cottage and asked for a drink. A very old woman, brown and wrinkled as a tobacco leaf, said: "Ah, but..." She looked at my clothes, and said: "Drink of what?" You may rest assured that I slapped my pocket and let a jingle be heard before I replied: "Of anything that flows." Some travelers swear by south French hospitality. But some claim to have seen the Indian Rope Trick.

"It is going to thunder," I said.

"Perhaps," said the old woman. She was giving nothing away; not even an opinion.

With a certain ostentation I took a cigarette out of a silver case. She said: "Wine is dear, but water is almost dearer. Please come in."

"What a charming little house," I said.

She replied, as one who stated a simple reason: "I have lived here seventy-two years."

"So long, madame?"

"I was born here."

"Is it true?"

"I assure you," she said, "that it is true."

I drank what she gave me and said: "I should not have believed you to be more than forty-seven or at the very most forty-eight."

"All the same, I am seventy-two," she said. "My father was born here, too."

"Not possible!"

She smiled. "But yes. I left here only once, to stay with my sister at Arles. Only once, for a month. Never again. Never, never, never again in my life."

"You don't like Arles?"

"Oh...for that I don't say yes or no."

"Then why never again?"

"Look," she said, and pointed. One of the flat white walls was hideously smeared. The plaster had been scraped and lime-washed. But under a chalky film there were visible scars; deep scratches and raised cicatrices. Her voice was angry as she muttered: "Felix promised to plaster it over. But that was thirty years ago, and it is still as you see it."

"What happened, then?"

"Miserable sinner that I am," she said, "I went to Arles because my sister wanted me to go, because her husband was dead and she was alone. I always was too

generous and silly like that, me; that is my character; I am like that; it is stronger than me, so what can one do then? So I went to Arles. My judgment said: 'Do not go.' But my heart, my stupid soft heart said: 'Go for a little while.' Besides, my sister's husband had been an ironmonger in a comfortable way of business. Even so I might not have gone, but she said: 'You are all I have in the world, sister; and be sure that I shall see you don't lose by coming to see me. I have fifteen thousand francs,' she said. Eh, well! Blood is thicker than water. I went. Fool that I was! She married again five years afterwards, and much I saw of those fifteen thousand francs. She gave me two hundred for coming to stay with her, and even then I had to fight to get it. She wanted to give me a hundred, but I sat down on the doorstep of the shop and said: 'Two hundred or I don't budge.' Oh, no, no, no—never again do I leave this house of mine.

"Now before I left there came along a woman from the village. I have never spoken to her from that day to this. She said: 'Marthe, for how long do you stay away?' And I said: 'Three weeks, four weeks perhaps.' She said: 'Jacques Tubois is looking after the chickens, I hear.' I said it was so, Tubois and I had an arrangement: he owed me a good turn because seven years before I had done him a good turn. I am like that: it is my character, sir. I sat up all one night with his mother who was dying, and took no payment for it."

"Madame, you are too good."

"I have a tender heart. I can't help it. It is stronger than I, my heart. So; this woman said: 'There is a rich fool from Paris who is looking for a place to stay; an artist, a painter. He wants to live here for two weeks. He would pay well, I think.'

"So I see this fellow: a fool, skinny and dirty. I hate dirtiness, me. It is stronger than I am. I love cleanliness. I have, safely put away, copper pans which I have never even used, and also linen. You may examine this house, sir, through a glass, and not find a speck of dirt. He was dirty and little and foolish, what is more. Wrong up here, sir; he wept as he talked and looked at me in a funny way. He talked about religion, in a blasphemous way. He picked up my hands and said: 'Jesus liked hands like this. They are beautiful.' I said to him: 'I am not

here to be insulted, or to be cursed and sworn at. Language like that brings bad luck. If you want to stay in my house it will cost you thirty francs for the month.' I would have been glad to take twenty, for I am weak and silly; but he pulled out his money. He only had forty francs altogether. He put thirty francs in my hand, and another five. He was mad, mad, sir.

"So I went to Arles, but not before I had quarreled with the woman from the village, who asked for five francs for sending me that little man. Well, the end of it was, I gave her the five francs on condition that she kept the place clean every day. Of course, I hid away all my little valuables; my copper pots and my linen, and a silver spoon more than a hundred years old, and a printed picture of the Virgin Mary that had cost me sixty sous and was as good as a photograph. I said to the artist: 'What is there here for you to paint?' And he said: 'Why, all



"I thought we'd eat out on the patio for a change"

that,' and pointed out of the window there, to—nothing at all! Some trees, some sky, some hills! So I said: 'That is your affair,' and went to see my sister, and things happened as I told you. She died ten years ago, leaving fifty thousand francs in money, and a business all to her sons. And to me five hundred francs. She was no sister of mine, and I'm glad I had nothing more to do with her after that trip. You know Arles? A Sodom and Gomorrah. Men and women drink in cafés. At nine o'clock at night people are still prowling about the streets. Filthiness!

"I stayed nearly a month. And then something—a voice inside me, here—told me to go home. I had a feeling of danger. God told me to return, and I did, and ah, God was right!

"As soon as I set foot inside here I felt that something was wrong. The painter was gone. The place was empty. It had been swept and cleaned, yes. But my wall! You see for yourself, that wall. And after forty-five years it is still dirty. The stuff soaked into the plaster, deep. It has been scraped a hundred times. Ah, the tears I have shed over that unhappy wall. Judge, sir, my horror and anger! The painter had painted pictures all over there. I am an old woman and may tell you frankly what he had painted. A woman without clothes on—only a skirt, working in a field among men stark naked except for shoes and trousers, with all kinds of veg-

etables and trees growing. It was a mad picture. There was a thing with wheels and clouds of smoke, too, and men with pickaxes on their shoulders, all black, and half-naked too. And worst of all—there were three or four filthy urchins with dirty noses and muddy faces playing with some pebbles, and standing by them, almost joining in, was... no, it was too strong! The Lord, smiling like a schoolboy.

"Tuboïs said he knew nothing of it; also the accursed woman. But I believe she put him up to it, that dirty little artist. I scraped the picture off, but I could not get the wall clean. And plastering is dear, sir, and I am poor. I complained to the police. 'Find him and bring him back, the malefactor,' I said. 'A little slice of a man with a carrot head and blue eyes, smelling of tobacco and wine,' I said. 'Some kind of a Prussian; Von Gugg, Vincent Von Gork. A spy, no doubt,' I said. Van Gogh, yes, that's it. Where is the law, where is the justice in the world if men like this can go about the earth wrecking houses with their filthiness and their swinishnesses?

"But they never found him, and nobody has heard anything of him from that day to this, though somebody is supposed to have seen him in Arles. And my beautiful clean wall! Ah, I have suffered, sir, I have suffered... and I am a poor, lonely woman... imposed upon by all the world..." #

Music for the Movies

Hollywood composers work by a stop watch and try to believe that "heard melodies are sweet but those unheard are sweeter"

by **JOSEPH WECHSBERG**

EVERY week over 235,000,000 people listen to a musical program without being conscious of hearing it. Movie audiences notice the star's legs and her leading man's voice, the story and dialogue, silly or moving, the gags and sets and costumes and lighting and photography—virtually everything but the background music. It is one of the oldest Hollywood clichés that "a movie score is good when people don't notice it." Because, say those in Hollywood who are concerned about such things, the public pays close attention to the musical score only when it is bored with the picture.

This state of affairs has caused bitterness among the men who

write the music for motion pictures. Hollywood composers are probably the town's most frustrated people, though many of them make more money per week than Bach, Beethoven or Bizet made in a good year.

Movie music has come a long way from the silent days when the doings on the screen were audibly accentuated by the lady at the battered piano and her companion fiddler. Life was beautiful then, as I remember from my own experience. We used to have small piles of music sheets, appropriately titled "Murder," "Chase," "Passion," "Paris Honeymoon," "Penitence," "Neutral." Our "Passion" pile had a wide range from Offenbach's *Barcarole* (pure enchantment) to Tchaikowsky's *Song without Words* (heartbreak) and *Last Rose of Summer* (the end of a beautiful friendship). *Ride of the Valkyries* was always good for a fast chase sequence, and Schubert's *Ave Maria* was sure-fire whenever someone felt like repenting. The "Neutral" file contained such generalities as Mendelssohn's *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage* and Weinberger's *Under the Spreading Chestnut tree*.

Unscheduled pauses—when a page was missing from a score or the bass player drank his beer—were filled in with "general tremolo" or "tremolo in C-sharp" depending on whether the atmosphere on the screen seemed friendly or sinister. Occasionally we got mixed up about the idea behind the picture and played the *Wedding March* while the lady on the screen was accusing the villain of having bumped off her second husband, but the audiences were indiscriminating and rarely booed.

When sound came to Hollywood, music was found necessary for the film's beginning and end, and for certain emotionally-drenched passages. Producers clamored for an impressive musical introduction to a picture; while the title and all credits for acting, writing, directing, producing, photography, music, recording, make-up, costumes and special effects were flashed on the screen. This introduction was called a "main title" and had to start with a "sweep"—a tri- (Continued on page 137)



"Of course, he's not the Van Johnson"

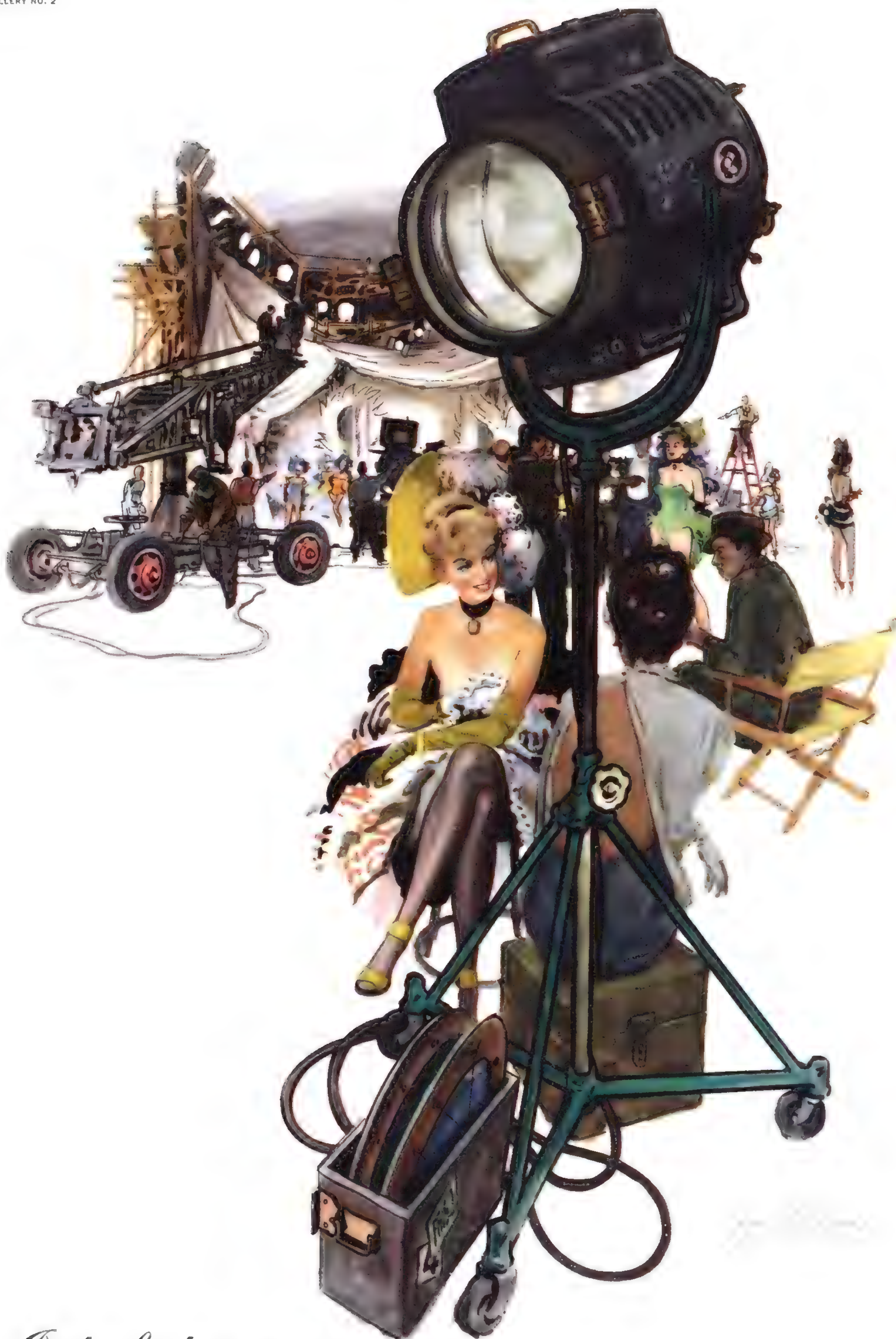




Expectation by FRITZ WILLIS

The artist captured the lightning of this starlet as she was preening herself with delicious calm between takes on the set. Devoid of self-consciousness, yet fully aware of her magnetic equipment, she was about to cross her legs in the canvas-back chair and dream a lovely woman's dream of theatre

marquees, headlines in the *Hollywood Reporter*, full-length portraits in *Esquire*. Expertly put together from lacquered toenails to upswept hairdo she caught the artist's searching fancy as a showgirl most likely to emerge from long-shots of chorus line to lingering close-ups of full-blown stardom.



Interlude by JOE DE MERS

The truly beautiful woman, says Joe DeMers, is even more beautiful when discovered unaware. Her face livened by an exchange of feminine small talk, this well-composed sophisticate threw the creative switch in the artist's heart when he spotted her shining through a forest of movie-making contraptions. He found her casual yet deliberate, relaxed but on guard. For such a woman, repose is ever in-

complete and somehow animated. She is a mood creature, at her best among men. Gentlemen in search of something beyond mere picture form and appearance in women will be pleased to note that our model carried on the present conversation in a voice that "was ever soft, gentle, and low." To paraphrase Shakespeare, they will agree that such a voice is but one of the many excellent things in woman.

In England Now:

Petticoat Government?

Observations on the historic battle of the sexes, now rejoined in the British Isles

by DOUGLAS CLARK



THE dainty seven-league booties of militant feminism have trampled a noticeable path through English life since suffragettes first chained themselves to London lampposts way back before World War One to demonstrate their qualifications for the vote. Wherever you look, emancipated womanhood is a force to be reckoned with. Scrutinizing only those happenings on which last night's dew is still wet, we observe a determined regiment of housewives, armed with empty shopping baskets, calling upon Food Minister Sir Ben Smith with the demand that he produce more dried eggs, or else; while in the House of Commons a burly woman Labor M.P. threatens Tory Member Quintin Hogg with physical violence if he calls her his pin-up girl in public just once more.

The reaction of the male victims to such aggressive gestures—Sir Ben hastily promising more dried eggs this summer, Mr. Hogg silent for once—suggests to us that the Englishman has embarked on a policy of appeasement towards his womenfolk. And this, in turn, leads us to ask ourselves a shrewd little question. Which, in the island race, is now the dominant sex?

Fortunately, we have to hand the curious story of ex-Army Medical Corps Sergeant Albert Arthur Nettleton and his wife, Ivy, which throws a flood of crystal-clear light on this teasing issue.

Sergeant Nettleton's wife, Ivy, on the testimony of a doctor who attended them professionally, was a "psychoneurotic, extremely excitable and hysterical"; the sergeant himself, "the kindest, gentlest and most considerate husband I ever knew." It was, in fact, Sergeant Nettleton's misfortune to be the very soul of chivalry in an age when buxom tin-hatted markswomen were picking off doodlebugs like so many ninepins and multi-lingual Mayfair girls were parachuting neatly into Dalmatia and Haute Savoie to help organize cells of resistance. With petticoat government knocking at the door, this was no time for kid gloves. The spirits of Henry VIII and Edward Moulton Barrett (of Wimpole Street) must, we feel confident, have breathed urgent advice in his ear. "Not the feather duster, boy," we can hear the spirits of Henry VIII and Edward Moulton Barrett (of Wimpole Street) whispering. "The knuckle duster, we said."

Sergeant Nettleton ignored the recommendation, bent courteously before the repeated storms of nagging, criticism and jealous accusation which his wife hurled at him. Mrs. Nettleton disapproved of practically everything. She was, let us come right into the open about it, a hard case. The bombardment went on for years, relieved only by little spells of quiet when the needs of the Army Medical Corps took Sergeant Nettleton abroad. Finally, we feel, the Englishman struck rock bottom in relation to the other sex when Ivy compelled the chivalrous sergeant to go down on one knee before her and swear to some twenty harrowing promises:

"I give my word of honor and sacred promise that for the rest of my life:

"There shall be but one woman, my wife, Ivy.

"That her wishes and plans shall be mine also.

"The decision of my wife Ivy in all matters shall be the right as well as the final one.

"I will live, work and play for one person alone—my wife, Ivy.

"Never will I ever do anything

to the benefit of man or country, but only for the personal benefit of my wife and myself.

"I will seek not, or write, or contact in any way any of my relatives, without the consent of my wife.

"I will not lie, or cheat my wife. May God strike me dead if ever again I do.

"Never will I write to anyone, or have dealings with anyone, without the permission of my wife.

"Should I ever see Mr. Eyro (the man who persuaded Sergeant Nettleton to join the Territorial Army), I do solemnly promise to spit in his eye, whatever the time or place.

"Never will I even look, never mind speak, to any close neighbors, except Mr. Moon and Mr. Brown—Mr., not Mrs., remember. They all persecuted me and put their kids to annoy me, put dirt on my step, my walls and my windows.

"From now onwards all money, wages or otherwise, to be given to my wife, with an agreement for the return of personal spending money.

"I have said time and time again I will repay my wife in love and kindness for all she has done getting me back to England twice at great pain and suffering to herself."

And so on and on and on until, presumably, the shortage of paper brought Mrs. Nettleton up short with the following choice and final item—

"My solemn pledge to carry out these promises shall be carried out by me in repayment to my wife, Ivy, for all the agony of mind and body my lies, deceit and foolishness have caused her in the past five years."

A glutton for punishment, Sergeant Nettleton, who had never wantonly caused his Ivy misery nor been with other women, and who had volunteered for the Territorial Army for reasons which we personally considered sufficient, was not content with signing this formidable document. Just the other day he told a court of law that he had continued to love "his darling wife, Ivy, more than anyone in creation had ever been loved." This last, we confess, puzzles us a little because a few months ago Sergeant Nettleton did something which cannot easily be reconciled with such buoyant affection.

One day, in a lonely cottage on the Isle of Anglesey, off the coast of Wales, the sergeant picked up a heavy clothes iron—he, not she, be it noticed, had been ironing the family clothes—and struck his wife on the head with it until she died. "She was coming at me with a butcher knife," he explained.

Thus in the cosy environment of a domestic kitchen, woman's traditional citadel where militant feminism hatched its first plots, one of the doughtiest champions of outmoded chivalry flung aside its artificial trappings, and for a startling moment the battle of the sexes was squarely and ruthlessly joined. A jury, on which emancipated womanhood was represented, found the sergeant guilty not of murder but manslaughter and he was sentenced merely to five years of penal servitude. Ivy had gone too far too fast. So the question of the dominant sex in postwar Britain was settled, rather shakily, for the time being. After falling far behind on points, man won the verdict on a knockout. ##



"No coffee, thanks, it keeps me awake during the speeches"

A bumper crop of films of fateful female import rates high praise from this critic

Mere Man Looks at Heroines

by JACK MOFFITT



THE task Irene Dunne undertakes in *Anna and the King of Siam* is one to tax the energy of any heroine; she plays the other woman in the life of a man who has thirty wives—none of whom understand him. It gives her none of the opportunities for leisurely disintegration that she enjoyed in *Back Street*. Instead, it keeps her busy as a mascara salesman during leap year, and makes her observe hours that would give an owl a nervous breakdown.

But it also gets her into one of the best screen comedies of the season and into one of the strangest love affairs in history. Theatre-goers grown tired of Hollywood's oversimplified mental mousetraps may beat a path to its door. Darryl Zanuck should have a box-office Jumbo on his hands, and no Siamese white elephant.

The picture is set against breathtaking backgrounds. Siam is perhaps the most completely foreign locality on this earth. When I was there some years ago, I felt as though I had been rocketed to Mars, or blown, like Dorothy, from my native corn belt into the Land of Oz. The lovely Siamese women, with their liquidly caressing eyes, are like animated dolls moving through an Oriental paradise. Its palaces, studded with fragments of broken porcelain dishes, glitter in the fragrant moonlight like scenes from the Arabian Nights.

John Cromwell, director of *Anna and the King of Siam*, had the sense not to lose his story amid the glammers of such a sensuous setting. Instead, he uses the sleek gracefulness of the extra girls and the splendor of the architecture to provide dramatic contrast to the strong-willed and thoroughly modern-minded woman who, during the middle of the last century, fought out a curious and fascinating love duel with a barbaric and often cruel Eastern potentate.

As King Mongkut (known to western history as Rama IV) the English actor, Rex Harrison, may prove startling to American maidens long surfeited with Model-T heroes. Here is a new type of movie hero, who demonstrates that the flexing of wits is more fascinating than the flexing of muscles.

Rama ruled Siam from 1851 to 1868. No neurotic Hitler, he seldom chewed the carpets, but frequently gave his subjects the opportunity to masticate their rugs. All citizens approached him groveling on their bellies. However, he sometimes sent a gracious thank-you note to those who gave him an especially beautiful daughter as a "good-morning" present. He was a benign tyrant who worked himself to death for his people. Occasionally though, to relieve the strain of a hard day at the office, he would burn an annoying wife—alive. Rama IV was a Tommy Manville of the Orient, whose help-meets often found themselves wishing for asbestos trousseaus.

Rex Harrison succeeds better in making us understand this contradictory monarch than Olivier does in interpreting Henry V. Despite his height (he is taller than two natives of Bangkok put together), he creates the impression of a real Siamese with a shrewdly-cackling laugh and an impetuously-stooped stride. An intellectual eager beaver, his head always reaches his objective a few seconds before his body does. With his performance, Mr. Harrison moves to the top rank of film stardom, and it is to be hoped that Hollywood has secured the services of this talented Britisher under the terms of a longlend-lease.

Rama spent twenty-seven years of his life as a Buddhist monk, and was not particularly interested in the opposite sex. That's why he maintained a mere token force of thirty wives. The nine thousand other women in his harem probably considered themselves neglected, but were too smart to complain. He fathered sixty-seven children by the thirty favorites because his stagnant dynasty needed a breadth of fresh heirs. However, he was not a man to overdo things. Moderation is the basic tenet of Buddhism.

Nevertheless, the nine thousand beauties in the old corral failed to soothe and inspire him. You can play games with almost any woman, but you can play brains with very few. There is a sexual quality to intelligence, as is demonstrated by the biographies of many great men. There can be as deep a joy in the mating of mentalities as in the embracing of physiques. To be productive, the male genius must have the encouragement of some person whose motives he does not suspect—and he feels most at ease when he knows his critic loves him.

A great number of Hollywood's marital crash dives stem from a refusal to recognize this. On the camera coast, wives are chosen to impress the head waiters at Ciro's and Romanoff's. Such women can never look up from their tatting and murmur, "Max, darling—Don't you think it would be nice if the picture you're producing had a climax?" They are beauties to whom beauty is a career in itself. They don't need husbands—they need wives, adoring creatures who will keep their back hair lacquered.

Primitive men can be just as foolish as Beverly hillbillies; but, since they live closer to nature, they acknowledge an instinct for something else. My friend, Paul Wellman, who spent his youth in Portuguese Africa, tells me that the natives there make vanity marriages, but that they seldom confuse egos with libidos. In the old days, every tribal buck was permitted to select a "blood sister" who became bound to him in a rite similar to that of blood brotherhood. For this purpose, he didn't choose the woman who excited him, but the gal who calmed him down. Every month or so, he left his wife for a few days to visit his "blood sister." And she was a sister. Death was the fate of any man who made a physical pass at his spiritual consort.

African husbands and wives understood this custom. But it was too much for American missionaries. After many unsuccessful efforts to explain, the shocked savages were forced to conclude that, among deacons, women had no standing except as creatures of delight. When Paul left, a number of formerly fundamentalist witch doctors had given in to what they believed was the liberal missionary viewpoint, and affairs in the colony were becoming fairly lively.

To King Rama, women were property and it never occurred to him to chat with the chattels. He looked on a woman who became active in a conversation as he would have looked upon an individualistic shrimp who started wigging in a dish of fooyung. But even though he didn't realize it, the king needed a blood sister. His prime minister, Kralahome (brilliantly played by Lee J. Cobb), had persuaded him to leave the monastery at a time when the rising tides (Continued on page 126)



"Those little pink ones with the blue lace edging look awful cute, miss"



STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

Pygmalion

Photograph by William Stone

This fall Gertrude Lawrence, the incomparable singing, dancing and dramatic actress, begins an extensive tour as the star of Shaw's classic, *Pygmalion*. This first production of Theatre, Inc., a non-profit repertory group, broke all records on Broad-

way last season. Lovely Miss Lawrence brings to the role of Liza Doolittle, the flower girl turned duchess, an exquisite comedy sense quickened by a sympathy derived from her own humble childhood. As she relates in her autobiography, *A Star*

Danced, she was born in a cockney district of London. Six-year-old Gertie earned her first sovereign when she trilled for a charmed audience: "Oh, it ain't all honey and it ain't all jam." Her last triumph was in Moss Hart's musical *Lady in the Dark*.



AMERICAN BEAUTY

Joellyn Jaymes

Photograph by Jon Abbot

This lush-looking Thespian, whose magic mirror tells us that she's about to be Discovered by Broadway producers (we hope, she hopes) got her start via the wartime road shows for servicemen. In high school—Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—she practiced

baton whirling three hours a day to win the coveted honor of drum majorette. Then at Penn State she added singing and dancing, and clicked in the college musical which took its place on the khaki road. Now she can act too. *Helpful hint to*

males: "Men should remember a woman is very sentimental. Humming 'their song' or celebrating the anniversary of their first date is better than baskets of orchids." Vital statistics: *Height:* 5'7"; *Weight:* 130 lbs.; *Bust:* 36"; *Waist:* 24"; *Hips:* 36".

Presenting the unhappy facts about touts and tipsters, with a warning to gullible gamblers which some will doubtless ignore

Play Two for Me

by WALTER STEIGLEMAN

In this, the third of his four-part series on horse racing, Walter Steigleman turns his attention to practitioners of one of the shadiest of gambling arts—touting. As a student of the sociology of horse betting, he learned about tipsters by traveling with them as they made their mulcting rounds. The dean of betting-system experts, his analysis of so-called foolproof systems and telegraph specials is based on cold fact tempered with common sense. Here, in short, is the truth about “inside dope” and “feedbox information.” —*The Editors*

WHEN Eddie Arcaro lost his chance in May to set a Kentucky Derby record by riding his fourth winner, he could blame it on his horse. But back when the 68th Derby was run, only a bad error in judging horseflesh prevented Arcaro from riding another winner. As regular jockey for the Greentree Stable, Arcaro had his choice of riding either Shut Out or Devil Diver. Having handled both horses, Arcaro unhesitatingly selected Devil Diver, a choice that was endorsed by both professional handicappers and the two-dollar section of the man on the street.

“If I were not riding Devil Diver, I’d like the leg on Requested,” Arcaro said as the strains of *My Old Kentucky Home* called the horses to work. “Requested is a good horse.”

Shut Out, Devil Diver’s stablemate, given a dunce cap by Arcaro and the two-dollar Vox Poppers, was assigned to Wayne D. Wright, who brought him home first by more than two lengths. Devil Diver was sixth and Requested next to last.

“Sure it was a big surprise to me,” Wright said. “I thought I had the worst colt. Eddie had ridden Shut Out in a lot of races just as he did Devil Diver. I thought Eddie ought to know the best one.”

On the day these two top-flight American riders were admitting they had equine astigmatism, scores of “Broadway Jockeys” were wiring and phoning “sure things” to thousands of gullible bettors from Penobscot, Maine, to San Pedro, California, and the customary detours.

They are tipsters or as they are known in trade circles—touts—who sit in dingy offices in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles and a dozen other large cities and mulct horse players of 75,000,000 to 100,000,000 dollars a year by peddling “inside information” with the horse’s personal guarantee on every tip. Bettors lose probably ten times the amount of the “fees” in wagering on these “inside tips.”

These touts are the “wholesalers” of “feedbox dope.” They reach into any town or city that has a post office, telegraph station, telephone booth or carrier-pigeon drop. If there is a horse player born every minute, two touts are waiting outside the maternity ward to take him.

The “retailers” give the customer that personal touch by visiting him in his home city or making his acquaintance at the track. No voter swells with more pride at a pat on the back and a nickel cigar from a candidate than a horse player does from a confidential chat with purveyors of “benevolent enlightenment.” A bettor believes everything he is told and wagers twice as much if it is whispered to him.

Although the methods of tipsters vary, all members of the Brotherhood of Sure Things in the Fourth have two things in common. None of them is honest. And none of them pays a cent for the “right connections” which he boasts have cost him “thou-



sands of dollars.” Even if a horse telephoned a tout, the tipster first would make certain the charges were not being reversed. A player has as much chance of winning a worth-while prize in a box of burlesque-show candy as he does of receiving an honest tip.

The only equipment of the touts who sit in metropolitan offices is a quarter scratch sheet, a two-cent pencil and a healthy imagination. By advertisement, wire, phone and letter they inform clients of the weeks of labor they have put in on today’s transactions. The work consists of figuring out a race in which competition is so keen there will be no outstanding favorite.

If there are ten horses in the chosen race, the tipster divides his customers into groups of ten and each group receives a different horse. Then the tout may select a similar race and send each client an additional horse which he assures them has just telephoned from the track to report that “today is the day.” The more speculative tout might go the limit in risks by selecting the four principal contenders in three or four races and dividing them among his clients. A man who follows the races consistently figures to hit several winners in twelve to sixteen stabs.

Customers are charged an “advance fee” of two to 100 dollars, purely as an “evidence of good faith.” In addition, tipsters require a definite sum to be wagered for them in order to share the wealth better.

Players lucky enough in this hatpin derby to receive the winning horse are told regretfully that “stable connections” demand more money for the next “good thing” and the increase must be passed on to the consumer without waiting for OPA approval or the federal crop report. Those whose horses finished second or third are consoled with a heart-rending story that only the worst breaks of racing luck prevented their selections from walking up to the judges’ stand to collect the winner’s purse. They are assured, however, that the next time no “mistakes” will be made.

For years, tipsters adopted an unwritten price ceiling of “play two for me.” But now they operate under the “Little Steal Formula” and prices are subjected to change without notice to horse or players. One owner, apparently for a gentle rib at these gentlemen of the



feedbox fraternity, named his old plater "Playtwoforme" but the sensitive horse was so hurt he refused to take his work seriously and finally was converted into souvenirs for hotel soap racks.

Touting is as old as racing itself. Two thousand years ago tipsters were offering "sure things" on the chariot races at Rome and they've been a standard part of the American racing scene. At early Kentucky Derbies, for example, touts sat upon an elevated stand so that bettors could distinguish them quickly from the horses. The stand bore a sign, "gentlemen of information," but hundreds at Churchill Downs paid to discover the platform held neither gentlemen nor information. Race tracks now bar any known tout, probably on the theory that a player should be plucked only at the mutual windows.

It is the apparent willingness of many players to believe races are decided in a hotel room the night before that provides tipsters with "bait." The player who puts two dollars on a hopelessly outclassed horse invariably accepts his loss as *prima-facie* evidence that "something crooked was pulled off again."

On a special Pullman train carrying men and women of more than ordinary intelligence to the Derby in May, the porter on one sleeper displayed a telegram from a New York tipster advising him to "go the limit on With Pleasure."

"They're going to cut loose with him today," read the wire, as if an owner would let a horse run for exercise when 100,000 dollars was at stake. A least five persons in the car "went the limit" on the strength of some tipster's word that all "sleepers" were not on trains. Half of them consoled themselves on the trip back with the positive knowledge that there had been a "dark horse in the lumber pile."

Standard racing papers formerly carried two to three pages of tipster advertisements daily. With rates of seven dollars and fifty cents an inch, it was not unusual for some touts to spend 200 to 300 dollars a day in each paper to place announcements before a gullible public. The rates were quoted as "strictly cash in advance," indicating the papers did not share the abiding faith in the tipsters which the players displayed.

In 1938, in the only mass crackdown on tipsters, some fifty were arrested by federal agents in New York City. A federal attorney estimated that New York tipsters alone were mulcting bettors of 38,000,000 dollars a year. Since then the sucker crop has been yielding two- and three-fold harvests, and the acreage is being constantly expanded.

Although first-class racing papers no longer accept tout advertisements, a number of regular metropolitan newspapers carry one to three pages of them one or more times a week, and mails are

flooded with tout literature. Once a player starts paying to find the secret passageway to the judges' stand, his name is peddled from coast to coast and he soon begins receiving more mail than a pin-up girl. The touts keep up with the times assiduously. During the war, customers were exhorted to bet an extra dollar and invest the winnings in bonds. While Hiroshima was still blacked out by the smoke of the atomic bomb, tipsters began advertising that "Saturday's special is a real atomic whizzer." Some of the touts claim they are riding along with the OPA's battle against inflation, although their advertisements never make clear if the player or bookie is going to make the greatest contribution to the anti-inflation campaign. At least four touts now advertise themselves as "G.I. Joe" and advise former servicemen to get their soldier's bonus from their bookie. One advertised during the American Cancer Society drive that his entire take for one week was being donated to the national cancer fund.

A casual reading of tout literature suggests that the golden age of brotherly love is coming in with the atomic age. Instead of being as secretive as the Washington confidential news letter which refuses to sell to subscribers who talk in their sleep, the tout is willing to share the good news with all who pay an initiation fee of two dollars or more, for New York, Chicago or Los Angeles.

Warnings to players against tipsters are as useless as "wet paint" signs in the corridor of City Hall. Businessmen who spend all week working out angles to outsmart a rival are just as ready as a hotel porter or a bootblack to believe that if a man actually knew which horse would win a race he would share it with all who paid him a nominal fee.

The literature of most touts lists their record for the past few months and none ever has a losing week. One tout who advertises one horse every Monday as a "Victory Special" boasts that a twenty-five-dollar wager on each horse has never failed to net a 1,000 dollar profit every month.

Instead of playing 100 to 300 dollars on each horse himself and hoarding the money, this benevolent tout, like all his colleagues, is willing to pay advertising bills, office rent, mail costs and other expenses just for the privilege of bringing golden sunshine into the lives of his fellow men. Next to the horse, the tout, indeed, must be man's best friend.

For that strange creature—the player with will power to resist advertisements listing scores of big winners—tipsters send another method to the post. As soon as a big winner appears in the first or second races, they hurriedly stamp the name on already printed circulars and rush them to the post office.

The player in Utica then receives a circular begging him to play this horse and closing with a prayer that it reaches him in time. The bettor kicks himself and penalizes his fairy godmother two demerits because the letter did not come in time. To avoid such catastrophes in the future, he hastily fills out the coupon and rushes his initiation fee.

Touts usually specify all business is to be done by wire. Only poor sports and alert postal inspectors bother with mails. During the war, it was charged on the floor of the United States Senate that important government messages were hung on telegraph poles until horse-tip messages had been cleared.

Most tips go out by wire. The touts claim they do not release the horses except by wire a few hours before post time in order to prevent good news from becoming generally known. Actually, telegrams are used because until he sees the scratch sheet and does some figuring, the tipster has no idea what will be today's transaction upon which he has worked for weeks.

The bettor who sends his fee usually receives no selection but simply a terse telegram: "Important, Phone me at once." When the excited player makes the call, a persuasive and assuring telephone voice jubilantly informs him he is among the luckiest of all mortals, because stable connections have just sent the tout something extra which he will share for a twenty-dollar wager.

If the caller shows signs of dizziness at the mention of twenty dollars, the tout keeps scaling it down with the warning that it is only a trial and tomorrow he expects the customer to play some real money. Should the customer still hesitate, the tout drops a subtle hint that the winner of the race already has been determined "if you know what I mean." Since most players like to believe races are "fixed," that is the clincher.

The more brazen touts sometimes use boilerplate methods. For months businessmen in a number of eastern cities who were accustomed to



Two Publishers—in business for themselves

Co-owners of Theatre Information Bulletin, Betty Blake (standing) and Joan Marlowe read copy in the skyscraper office of their weekly publication—a gold mine of information about plays on Broadway, on the road or in production. Their subscribers include most of New York's theatrical world, and the girls team, "We're picking up in Chicago and Hollywood, too." In their early twenties, Betty and Joan met when wielding scissors on Newsweek's clip desk. They shrewdly noted the demise of an established information service, "pooled shoestrings" and brought out their Bulletin in April, 1944, at an immediate profit. They gather news, cut stencils, crank the mimeograph and mail their baby. Broadway says, "What would we do without them?" The girls say, "It's swell to be your own boss."

making large wagers were astonished at being paged at conference meetings or banquets by night phone calls from New York.

"This is . . ." began the caller, naming a top-flight jockey then riding at New York tracks. "You know I am getting a little heavy for this business and I want to make some real money before I have to quit. I am told you are a man who knows what to do with a good thing when you have it. Tomorrow I am riding Ragged Ann and it's all fixed."

The names of ten of America's best jockeys were used by this ring. They obtained their customer list by checking bookies and telegraph offices in each city. To make it sound authentic, clients were instructed to send the proper share of the winnings to a New York telegraph office under the name of the jockey. By cutting in a telegraph employee, members of the ring were able to collect the money.

Players who received losing horses were called again and the "jockey" made a detailed explanation of how he had lost, usually blaming it on a "double cross." Tomorrow would be different.

After a number of the real jockeys began receiving complaints from their reputed customers, the ring was uncovered but not before players, by reliable estimates, had been mulcted of at least 200,000 dollars.

Some New York touts operate from the same office under a half-dozen or more publishing company titles, most of which bear the name of some famous race horse of the past, without the animal's permission, of course. In Chicago and other cities, the tipsters often maintain desk space in several offices.

The wife of a Chicago tipster, who complained her husband followed blondes as well as horses, told a divorce judge her husband maintained six offices. To restore the judicial eyebrows to their right niche, the wife explained her husband operated so many offices so that he could reap several daily harvests from the same sucker crop. She estimated his annual income at 100,000 to 200,000 dollars.

Months later another Chicago wife, suing her tout husband for divorce, told the court his income exceeded 100,000 dollars a year and that he had been good to her until he took his secretary with him to open a California office. The judge, wishing to learn how such peculiar talents paid so well, asked the tout if he ever bet on the horses himself.

"Once in a while I bet two dollars," the tout replied, "but I don't seem to have much luck with my wagers." He had just come from mailing out gay circulars which read: "Information That Wins"

The 1,000,000 players who wager through bookies provide the seeds for the mail and wire tipster's harvest. Since the tipster must wait for the scratches, he is too late to catch the track fan before he leaves for "the scene of action." The man who pays his way into the track, however, is not denied this "benevolent enlightenment."

If he goes by train, the fan can tap the feedbox before the engine puffs out of the station because the gentlemen of information with cards, circulars and envelopes crammed with super specials beat the conductor through the coaches. By the time the fan reaches the track station, he has the daily double, a special in the third race, a long shot in the fourth, a super special in the fifth, one that can't miss in the sixth, a sure thing in the seventh and the daddy of them all, an atomic whizzer in the eighth. And if he shopped wisely, this whole market basket of good things didn't cost more than a few dollars.

Once inside the track the better encounters the smoothest of all touts. They are as suave and nattily dressed as junior executives and are seldom recognized as tipsters by the average fan. It's a pleasant surprise to the fan, therefore, to find himself in conversation with a well-dressed, pleasant stranger who is fingering a handful of mutual tickets. Apologetically, the stranger borrows a pencil because "I never could keep figures in my head." Or he may ask to see the fan's racing paper.

If the fan doesn't respond to this cue and make some remark about the handful of tickets, his new friend prompts him by continuing to shuffle them and making queer notations. To obtain samples a tout stoops after a race and scoops up discarded tickets and then palms them to hide the date.

Sooner or later, the fan is elated at discovering his new friend is a "brother" or "close friend" of an owner or trainer. And because he has been so kind as to lend the man a pencil, he is very subtly let in on a "killing." If the player does not offer to do something nice for the trainer's brother in the way of buying him a few tickets, the new friend tactfully reminds him that he should show some tangible appreciation.

The best touts work only one race—never more than two. They agree to meet each customer at different spots after the race for a serv-



Cinderella Horse: BuzFuz

The sound-looking horse pictured here is a reformed cripple named BuzFuz, a gelded four-year-old bay, by Zacaweista-Polyata. Purchased for a piddling 2,000 dollars in February, 1945, he was a sorry mess of horseflesh, suffering from swollen ankles, a bad foot, bothersome side and an oversize splint. Since then, he has made his owner (Sunshine Stable) and trainer (Joe Rosen) gleeful by pushing his earnings up around the hundred-thousand mark. After Rosen worked his veterinary magic on BuzFuz, the latter tied two track records, including a phenomenal six furlongs in 1:09³/₅ at Tropical Park. Perched happily on his withers is Jockey Charlie Givens. The picture was snapped just after Givens and BuzFuz had collaborated to bring Sunshine's black-and-white colors home in front in Jamaica's Traveller Purse.

ice of thanksgiving, mutual congratulations and collection of rewards.

The discouraged fan, hurrying home for a new bankroll, is given one more lesson in the art of obtaining information. For as the horses display their wares, envelope or card touts are letting the sun shine while they prepare to make hay the next day. On a typewriter or small portable printing plant, they have been setting up the winners of the first six races. Then they guess the last two races and go to press. Homebound fans are handed sample cards purporting to be the tout's selections for the day. A player who emerges in a barrel makes a mental note of the name and the next time he returns to the track he looks up "Joe's Little Violet Card." A few well-established card makers stick by their selections, but their percentage of winners never averages better than public handicappers.

Some touts take seriously the admonition of insurance companies that fresh air and sunshine is good for the body. These are the touts who follow the horses from meet to meet and wire their customers they are "at the scene of action."

And what action! From the window of his cheap hotel near the track, the tout is awakened at four or five a.m. by the early morning sounds from across the way. Stable hands are grooming the horses while exercise boys and trainers wait to take them onto the track for morning workouts.

Reveling in the excitement, the tout hurries to the window for a better look and crawls back into bed until the telegraph office opens. Soon bettors far and wide are being regaled with the exciting news that "this morning I stood at the rail and watched Morning Glory burn up the track. He is fit and ready. Every angle is covered. There will be no mistakes. Go the limit and rest easy."

The dean of this information gentry who ride the circuit is the Old Colonel. Before racing papers refused such advertisements, the Old Colonel daily took a four-column announcement in all papers.

Through a gay brochure in three colors the Old Colonel—now in keeping with the times he has promoted himself to the "Atomic Colonel"—continues to bring joy and profit to every racing fan who has a mailing address. No advertisement or brochure is complete without a full-length picture of the "Colonel" wearing a flowing mustache, broad-rimmed hat, frock coat and riding boots—the boots, suh, that trampled many a bookie into the dust of red ledger sheets long after he had sued for peace. There he stands—six feet two inches—a splendid example of what clean living and fresh air will do for a man.

Apparently, the photograph is an old one because actually the "Colonel" is five feet, five inches, has no mustache, wears oxfords and a sport coat so loud it would attract stares on a university

campus. His literature carries the comforting assurance that with the war over the "Colonel" once more has mounted his trusty charger with his lance and shield and that the slaughter will go on until the smoking fields of Armageddon forever settle the ancient feud between bettor and bookie.

For the more elite of the horse players—those who like to become befuddled scientifically—there is the seller of systems. Of all sports, none lends itself to statistics as readily as racing. Speed, time, weight, class and condition are measurable yardsticks, although no one has found exactly how to read the slide rule correctly. But the task of arranging all these variables into the right combination in order to predict the probable winner of a race is a more fascinating pastime than trying to squeeze an extra dollar of exemption from an income tax blank.

System players regard themselves as the chosen tribe of the turf. Like a professor of economics who knows all about money except how to get it, the system player is an authority on all horse statistics except how to win. To help him, the system fan can draw upon thousands of methods being sold for one dollar to 250 dollars. The 250-dollar method consists of 120 pages of rules, each of which seems to nullify the preceding one until the user begins playing "he loves me, he loves me not" with the horses. Should a player ever struggle through the volume and arrive at a selection, he probably would be so overcome with relief he wouldn't care if the horse won or not.

One system that sells for ten dollars has only two rules. The author claims even a child of five can understand it, but apparently five-year-old horses are more stupid. A hundred or more systems being peddled in the United States are reputed to be the brain children of turf experts in foreign countries. There is a South African system, an Argentine method, a French way, a Belgian plan, a German method which is supposed to have been smuggled out of Berlin while Hitler was playing more than horses in Czechoslovakia, and a method from every country but the Scandinavian.

The real genius of the foreign-system boys showed up recently. According to his brochure, he is offering the genuine Egyptian method which was picking winners along the Nile long before Columbus expanded the possibilities of racing by discovering some new courses. According to the advertisement, the system only recently was unearthed, although the spade work probably was done with pencil and paper by an "archaeologist" sitting in a New York or Chicago office. The method is based on adding up a horse's finishing positions in the last five races and playing the one with the lowest total. At least fifty other systems are based on the same plan, so someone in Egypt besides Cleopatra could not keep a secret.

Many of the thousands of systems being sold contradict each other. Play jockeys, says one. Disregard jockeys, says another. Pay no attention to the number of lengths by which a horse was beaten the last time, advises a method. Count only the beaten lengths, advises another.

Weight is the chief factor in 1,000 or more systems. Some figure weight right down to the pound, although it would seem a half-ton horse should not make such a fuss about carrying sixteen ounces more even if he is of the moody or sensitive type.

Probably the next important factor, as judged by the number of systems in which it appears, is speed as recorded in the time it took horses to run the same distance in previous races. Estimating one fifth of a second as the equivalent of one length reduces it to simple mathematics. But horses generally are poor in mathematics.

The number of lengths a horse finished back of the winner the last time is another highly-regarded system factor, but it is just as reliable as using an almanac to select sunny days for a picnic. When three to six horses bunch down the stretch together at the finish, who can say if one is a quarter, a half, or three quarters of a length behind the other?

Of all the rackets connected with racing, the most difficult to pin

down is the sale of systems. Because any haphazardous method will show up at times with sensational winners before the wolf sets out on a house to house canvas. The seller can always tell a buyer he failed to stick with the system long enough even if the player is close to the poorhouse.

The peers of the system sellers are two gentlemen who have collected their various methods into lessons and advertise themselves as "schools." As deans of their respective faculties, they send one lesson at a time and patiently guide each student until he is graduated with honors.

One of the "schools" has a short course for students who want to begin their field work as soon as possible. Three of the lessons contain "hidden secrets" which can be used as separate systems. Although the three-lessons student cannot become an alumnus and join in the annual reunion under the track grandstand, he still can go home from the races in as big a barrel as the summa cum laude graduate who stuck it out until he got his diploma.

If the tips are worthless and systems of no value, who does know the greatest secret of the sporting world—the name of a horse that is going to win? Certainly, the owner of the horse must be this mysterious man. Let's see if he does.

During this year's meet at Oaklawn Park, Hot Springs, Arkansas, the owner of a seven-horse stable who remained in the east received

a wire to get a substantial bet down on one of his horses which the trainer assured him was in "the right spot." The horse, a cheap plater, finished seventh in a nine-horse race.

Ten days later, the horse was moved into an allowance race among better horses. He won by a length and paid a twenty-one-dollar mutuel. The owner, who lost 200 dollars the first time, didn't bet again because of this wire from the trainer: "Over his head today. Advise no bet. Will drop him down later and let you know."

A Chicago turf writer who owns one horse, wrote this the day his horse was entered at Hawthorne: "In very rough company. Too bad." The horse, chagrined at such lack of confidence, romped home by four lengths and paid ninety-six dollars and forty cents.

A newspaper which sponsored a contest on the Kentucky Derby paid the top prize to a woman who had never seen a race. She not only picked the winner but the second and third horses, a feat which made every professional handicapper a mere doodler!

Bon Jour, a horse whose owner thought so little of him he let the animal be claimed for a mere 1,800 dollars, within a short time won the 50,000-dollar Trenton Handicap at Garden State Park and finished the season with earnings of 86,470 dollars.

Exterminator, winner of the 1918 Kentucky Derby and one of

the greatest of all American race horses, ran in that classic through a fluke. He had been purchased by W. S. Kilmer who intended to use him not as a Derby entrant but wanted him at his training farm to prepare Sun Briar for the Derby.

A few days before the Derby, Sun Briar took to his bed a very sick horse. Or maybe it was a bad dose of eyestrain from reading the good things handicappers were saying about him. Just to keep his colors in the race, Kilmer paid the matriculation fee to enter Exterminator. He won easily at \$61.20, showing that neither owner nor players knew a good horse when they saw one.

Assault, winner of this year's Derby and the even richer Preakness, was barely saved from destruction after veterinarians advised his owner that a deformed hoof would prevent the horse from ever racing.

Owners and trainers can't tell if their horses will win. America's top-flight jockeys admit their judgment of horseflesh is faulty. Only "Broadway jockeys," training with a pencil and scratch sheet miles from the track, can assure the player that:

"Every angle is covered. Go the limit and rest easy." #

The fourth and final article in this series, Prosperity Breaks the Mare's Back, will appear in the October issue.



LEO
GAREL

*"And to think they were strangers
when the trial began"*



MICHAEL
BERRY

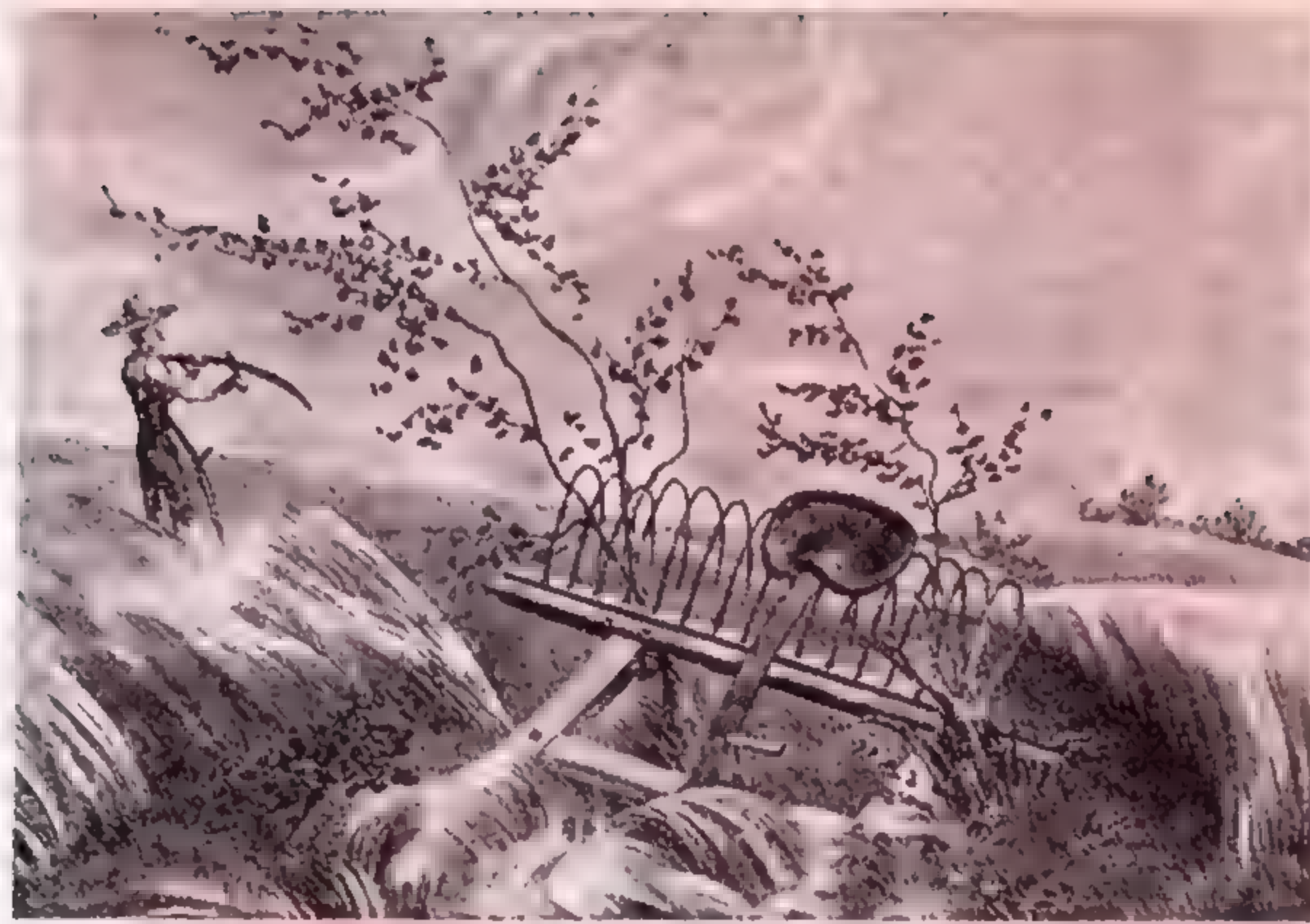


"I wish we could go back to waltzes—this boogie woogie is killing me"

The rough mountaineer had never owned any machinery, but he loved the great steam shovel like a thing of his own

No Petty Thief

by JESSE STUART



DEMARTELLY

MAYBE it was the coming of the rains that caused the thing to happen. For the rains came early that November to the mountains. They were cold rains as I remember, dropping from the black clouds that raced over the mountaintops like thin-bellied foxhounds. Driven by high mountain winds, they lashed at the tree-tops, stripping them bare long before it was time to shed their leaves. It was these early rains that stopped the work on the highway they were building through the mountains.

I guess I ought to've been ashamed of myself too, for it was the first road ever to be built in our county. It was a real road they were making. They were going down into the deep valleys and around the rocky-walled mountains and over the mountains. Of course we had several jolt wagon roads, log roads, cow paths, goat paths, fox paths, rabbit paths and footpaths. But you couldn't drive an automobile over one of these. And if the contractors could've only finished the big road and covered it with loose gravel before November we'd a had a real road that people could've driven automobiles over. It would've been a real road like I've heard a few counties in the mountains already had. I've only heard about these roads. I've never seen one of 'em.

And because we didn't have automobiles in our county, nice spring wagons and hug-me-tight buggies and a lot of fancy vehicles like they had in other counties and in Edensburg, the county-seat town of our county, maybe that is what caused me to do what I did. For I'd stood in the Edensburg streets many times and watched the automobiles roll over the dirt streets and out of town a little ways as far as the turnpikes went. And I watched the buggies, hug-me-tights and the fancy express wagons. I loved to watch their wheels roll. It was a lot better than the sleds we used, pulled by a team of skinny mules on our hilly farm. The sled slid over the ground on runners winter and summer. And it wasn't any fun watching runners slide and hearing the green dogwood runners grit on the rocks and the hard dry dirt. But it was fun to watch wheels roll. I'd stand and watch them for hours and what I wanted most in this world was to own something with wheels. Whether or not I could find enough level ground around our house for the wheels to roll, if I had just had something with wheels I could've sat and looked at it for hours admiring the wheels and the machinery.

Now if it wasn't the rains coming early or my love for wheels and machinery, I don't know what made me do it. I do know that I was raised in a decent home. My Pa never used the word "raised" when he spoke about one of his ten youngins. He always said he didn't raise youngins but he "jerked 'em up by the hair on the head." And Pa was about right in a way. He did jerk us up by the hair on the head but he didn't use any monkey business. He was a strict man in a fashion, belonging to the Old Fashion Church and when he jerked us up by the hair on the head, he did it in decency and order. That's why I hate what I've done on account of Pa and Ma. They never learned us to lie, steal, gamble and cuss. And when I tell you what happened to me, I don't want you to blame Ma and Pa. They had nothing to do with it.

As I've said, the rains came early

to the mountains in that November. And before the Big Road got too muddy, the men got the machinery out. I mean they drove the dump trucks, the caterpillar tractors and big graders back to Edensburg where they had started the road from in the first place. But one piece of machinery they didn't take back with 'em was the big steam shovel. Maybe it was because it couldn't go back over the muddy road under its own power and maybe it was too big for a caterpillar tractor to pull. Anyway, they left it a-settin there in the November rain.

I didn't work on the road. I had too much work at home to do. For I raised light burley terbacker on the steep mountain slope where it was too steep to plow with mules but I dug the ground up with a hoe. And every time I had a chance to leave the terbacker, say fer a few hours, I would hurry over the mountain to watch 'em build the Big Road. I liked to watch a piece of machinery working like a man and I liked to watch the wheels roll. One of the pieces of machinery I loved most of all was the big steam shovel. And when it was left alone sitting in the rain, an idea popped into my head. And I went back home to get my monkey wrench.

You may think it was a hard job. But it wasn't too hard. I started taking off the little pieces first. I started stripping it like the wind and rain was stripping a big tree of leaves. Only I had a warm feeling for the steam shovel, and the wind and the rain didn't have any feeling for the tree. There was something about this steam shovel that I loved. It was a beautiful thing to me. I had the same love touching it that a lot of the mountain boys have fer their pistols. It was the touch of ownership; yet I knew it didn't belong to me. But it would belong to me. It would belong to me even for a little while. I knew that it was mine. For I was going to take it. And I was taking it to a place where I didn't think it would ever be found. And if it was found, it would be a place that it couldn't move out of under its own power plus a dozen caterpillar tractors pulling at it.

After I'd taken it apart I started carrying the little pieces over the mountain. Maybe I'd better tell you what kind of strength I have. I'm not a little weakling. I'm not what you'd call a real tall

man. I just measure a bit over twelve hands high which is a little over six feet. But I'm almost six hands across the shoulders. And my legs above my knees are about the size of tough-butted white oaks big enough for banks timbers, and below my knees they are big as gnarled locust fence posts. My wrists are big as handspikes, tapering up to my arm muscles which are pretty powerful and I'm not a-lying. When I swell my arm muscles they're nigh as big as half-gallon lard buckets.

If Brother John was alive to-day, he could tell you the time when I lifted the back end of a jolt wagon from a chug hole when it was loaded with corn. Eif Porter could tell you the time when ten wood choppers, one at the time, tried to lift the butt-end of a sawlog and I was the only one that could come up with it. I ain't a-saying that I'm the biggest and the stoutest man in the hills but I ain't a-lyin' when I tell you that I'm powerful on a lift. And everybody around home could tell



whole ran to barely three or four paragraphs apiece. There are millions of us around today who profoundly feel that he deserved better than he got. His passing was, to us, a shock at least as volcanic as the one perpetrated upon the entire female sex by the untimely passing of Rudolph Valentino. By "Us" I mean the hordes to whom the first stars were the greatest—Fairbanks, Pickford, Chaplin, Mix. All others since have been imposters and imitators. Upstarts . . . upstarts . . . all of them.

Tom Mix was the greatest cowboy star of them all, and anybody who says he wasn't, to one of us, may find himself talkin' to a passel o' shootin' irons.

He got us young. That is very important. The actors of my adult years seem to me to be merely actors, but the ones who got me when I was what is known as impressionable seem to me to have been heroes and heroines of flesh and blood, as valid as any in the pages of history. Fairbanks was Robin Hood, Pickford was Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, and Mix was the only screen cowboy I ever saw whose authenticity I never doubted—who was the McCoy incarnate.

The current crop of stars, aspiring to be even as tall in the saddle as he, are only pale shadows on a sheet. What better authority is there in matters like these than fragrant memory?

There are vast differences between Mix and the Autrys, the Roy Rogerses, the Starretts who take his place today. The fact that he was a far greater screen personality is only part of it. He also had a far greater off-screen personality. These present riders of the purple sage are respectable citizens off the screen—and colorless. They have to be. The era of ostentation in Hollywood is dead and gone. If Gene Autry ever felt like buying a seat for his hat at a \$6.60 musical today, his front office would soon see to it that he had no more foolish notions. Such acts are considered vulgar displays of wealth, and they antagonize the fans. Today if you are a movie star, you must make no references at all to the lousy fortunes you make for a living. It simply isn't done—today.

In Tom's day you did it—you showed off, you squandered money, you could be as vulgar as you liked about your wealth. And the fans loved you for it.

Thus the times were made for Tom, and Tom for the times. How he threw it around! How he loved to live up to his legends! His horse Tony (and who can think of Tom Mix without Tony?) accompanied his master everywhere in a special automobile with a Packard motor, rubber upholstery, a hay manger, a watering trough, his own personal groom and his own personal chauffeur. When Tom made his famous trip to Europe in 1927 Tony went along in a special deluxe stall built for him aboard the *Aquitania*, and two of the enormous trunks in the Mix entourage were Tony's own, for his silver saddles.

These are supposed to be "triumphal personal appearances" that Autry and Rogers indulge in today at rodeos and the like. Why—when Tom arrived in England they almost tore him apart. The papers announced that he'd ride down Rotten Row on a certain morning at a certain hour. And at that hour on that morning, half of London came to look. Tom appeared, all right. He appeared in one of his white brocaded costumes, with the black boots on his feet and the white hat on his head—always the white hat. Women fainted. Strong men were trampled underfoot. The crowd was estimated at half a million.

Movie stars today keep horses, but in a quiet way. It's not cricket to let the fans know you can afford to indulge in the luxury of kings. Tom Mix had a ranch so big it was called Mixville, and he kept seventy-two horses on it. Mixville was a rustic Pickfair, in a social way. The King of Portugal came to see it, and the Prince Regent of Japan, and the Crown Prince of Sweden, and several Princes of the Vatican. They all came to bow at the shrine of the rootin'-tootin'est cowboy of them all, and to shake his hand and to gaze in awe at the treasures of Mixville. Princes of the blood who visited the ranch were always dazzled by Tom's extensive use of

monograms. Everything had "TM" on it—the furniture, the automobiles, the rugs, the crockery, the towels, the horses' rumps. Even Royalty was impressed by such elegance.

He couldn't do it today. They wouldn't let him ride around in a block-long custom-built Cadillac with a pair of moose antlers for a radiator cap today. They wouldn't let him hang an electric sign over his house which flashed "Tom Mix . . . Tom Mix . . . Tom Mix . . ." all night long. Not today they wouldn't. He'd have to behave himself.

But if he'd behaved himself, he wouldn't have been Tom Mix. There was so much Barnum in him that it was impossible to tell where Mix the actor left off and Mix the man began. He was the last of the great Hollywood exhibitionists. When he went to Paris he rode Tony right into the most fashionable night clubs in town, and the populace shrieked with delight. He had a yacht as was a yacht—none of your dinky forty-footers which the current crop of screen dignitaries, with perfectly straight faces, call yachts. He had one so big, he boasted, that even the lifeboats had lifeboats. You were expected to boast of such things in those days. When Tom's salary went to 17,000 dollars a week he let everybody know it.

And he also let it be known, far and wide, that he was buying annuities and parcels of real estate for Tony so that, come what may, his old pard would never have to worry.

He liked jewelry and expensive gadgets filled with diamonds and rubies. He liked to have them in his pockets where he could feel the stuff. He liked to remind himself that he was rich.

He started the fashion of wearing cowboy clothes wherever he went. He designed his own, and he loved apparel that was loud and improbable with all kinds of gewgaws and tassels in front and back. And that is the one off-stage touch of Mix which is retained by modern cowboy stars, the one ostentation which the front office allows the hired hands today. For the rest, not one of the current hooz opera stars would dare to show off as Tom Mix did. And nothing remains of Mix today but that. That, and the memory of his knack for being the idol of America's kids on the screen, and a big overgrown kid off. Old-time Hollywood press agents don't like to talk about him. When they do, they get to thinking of the things he used to get away with, and of how lovely it was to be a press agent in the old days, and that kind of thinking causes additional ulcers to sprout. The old-timers know that them days is gone . . . gone . . .

Tom was killed in an accident in October, 1940. It was strange that he, who was one of the greatest stunt men ever produced by the movies, who had never used a double, who had leaped on horse-

back from cliffs into rivers and even through plate-glass windows and had suffered in the process countless broken bones, nine stitches in his head, a left arm which in later years was strung to his body by wire because he had given himself so recklessly to his art—it was strange that he who had defied catastrophe a thousand times on horseback should die as he did—in an automobile.

Tom was driving along a road just outside Florence, Arizona. Witnesses say that he was doing about eighty miles an hour in one of his low-slung custom-built jobs. That was slow stuff for him. Tom, who was the most solicitous man in the world when it came to horses, was hell on wheels: he liked to push the speedometer to 100 miles an hour or more. But that day, driving at what was a moderate pace for him, he ran into a section of gravel road and the car skidded and overturned, and Tom was pinned under it. When they got him out they found him dressed in a pair of cream-colored riding breeches. Around his waist was a diamond-studded belt. A white sombrero was still on his head. He was carrying 6000 dollars in cash, 1500 dollars in traveler's checks, and a lot of jewelry. The newspapers didn't know why he was carrying the jewelry. And in the back of the car, in a big white box—carefully wrapped in tissue paper—were three brand-new ten-gallon white sombreros. #



"Hey, Ed, give me a hand!"

The Highwayman by ALFRED NOYES

Portrait Sequence by J. FREDERICK SMITH

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—

Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,

His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like moldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—



"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,

Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair in the casement! His face burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,

(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the West.

Part II

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—

Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!

There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her. She heard the dead man say—
Look for me by moonlight;

Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by
like years,

Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast,
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
Blank and bare in the moonlight;
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.





He turned; he spurred to the Westward; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, his face grew gray to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier brandished high!
Blood-red were his spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat,
When they shot him down on the highway,

Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

* * *

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding—*

*Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,*

*Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear;
Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding,

Riding, riding!
The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still!

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot,* in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,

Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—
with her death.





"Johnson, give the gentleman back his derby"



SMITH

They told him if he became foreman of the Blue Six Company, he'd be set in politics

The Best Fireman in New York

by DAVID FRIEDMAN

NEW YORK City politics in the 1860's demanded its own brand of vote-getting tactics. In addition to the usual amount of promising, baby-kissing and electioneering, a man had to prove himself in some extracurricular activity like fire fighting. My old friend John Wilgus convinced me of this when I had an idea of running for office at the time.

Though Wilgus assured me that I would be opposed by ballot-box stuffers, liars and scoundrels, I told him I could hold my own in any kind of company. "Well, then," he said, "there is only one thing for you to do. If you insist on throwing your hat in, you must get elected to a volunteer fireman group." I was puzzled as to the connection, but he told me that unless I took up the fireman's speaking trumpet, my chances of ever getting into any public office were practically nonexistent.

Wilgus said that he himself would see that I received the honor of a membership in the famous Blue Six Engine and Hose Company, which had never been surpassed in any way by any other company in the city, or so he said. He brought me around to the old Tea-Water Pump Inn, where a lusty chowder dinner party was in high progress, and he introduced me to one and all. Jeff Penny, the foreman of the Blue Six, felt of my biceps and asked me if I were any good at fighting. When Wilgus said that I could whip any five men on the Mississippi at one time, Penny was enthusiastic, and insisted that I consider myself a member of the Blue Six Engine and Hose Company on the spot, for that group had need of good fire fighters.

Penny had his speaking trumpet with him, but he was using the thing for drinking ale with the end unscrewed and stopped up with a cork. He assured me that he had laid out many a man with this trumpet. He waved it aloft, declaring that in a hard, close-quarter fight a good solid trumpet was better than a club any day in the year.

"We lost three good men in our last fight with the Silver Nine Company," he said, "due to broken legs and a split skull. Tomorrow we go to Riley's pole again, for the White Ghost boys have out-pumped us by a good three feet, and we can never let them get away with it. Yes, by God, I say, we must beat their mark on the pole, or we might as well leave New York City, for we will never live it down, ever."

He told me to come around to the Gouverneur Street address of the firehouse. Early the next day, Sunday, I found Penny in his office, the walls of which were a color with red shirts, fancy carved silver trumpets, pictures of great fires, ornate fire hats, pieces of hose, parts of pumping brakes from engines, and a dozen red galluses with a couple of pairs of trousers or so.

There was a great painting of a red-shirted fireman pointing to a house afire, trumpet in hand, which was called, *Rushing to the Conflict*, and another picture, entitled *Facing the Enemy*, which showed a brave fireman pouring water from a hose into the red conflagration.

"That hose over there," said Penny, pointing, "we slashed from the Old Rock Engine Company Number Twelve. They tried to take a fire away from us—got there first, they did, but we taught them to try to beat us. That piece of pumping brake we got from the Black Joke Engine Company Number Seven, and I personally tore two of those galluses from a couple of men from the Mutton Hose Company, and took the trousers of one of them to boot. But it was not easy, I tell you, for we fought them for three full hours."

Every trophy on the wall had its own history, which he recounted to me, for very proud he was indeed of the Blue Six. "We can lick them, one

and all," he swore. "There never was, and, sir, I can assure you positively that there never will be a company that can hold a hose up to the Blue Six. We can outpump and wash any engine there is. We can outdrink, outrace, and outfight any firehouse in the city of New York."

He told me more of the integrity and unspotted record of the Blue Six, saying that not for nothing was it known far and wide as the True Blue. Then he gave me my red shirt, my blue trousers, my green galluses, and a helmet with the badge of the Six, and he solemnly enjoined me to uphold the name and honor of the company, though death itself be the cost.

By then the men had finished polishing the engine, and a beauty it was, with the painting of red mermaids on the backboard, and the carvings in the wood, and everything shining and spick and span as could be.

The front of the firehouse had its share of small boys, who had heard of the day's pump fight at Riley's pole. The men were waiting at the rope, anxious to be off. I took hold, and Jeff Penny waved his silver trumpet, yelling hoarsely through it, and off we were with a roar and a clatter and a half-hundred small boys chasing after us.

The streets were rough, so we jumped up to the sidewalk. Citizens fled at the sight and sound of us, as we sped the engine along. We did not stop until we were at the other side of the great pole, for the wind was coming from the Hudson and Penny said we would want it at our backs, of course.

Riley's Liberty Pole was a tall one, and it seemed to me that no pump could ever get a spout of water up over it. Riley was one to boast of it, and I have heard him say in his saloon that he had a standing order in with the shipyards for a mast taller than his pole.

It was marked off, near the top, to show the record plays of the different engines, and I could see that the True Blue of my company was outdone by the silver of Engine Number Four by some three feet.

There was a crowd about, including the crew of Number Four, and they had their engine, the famous White Ghost. They were a lively lot, made up of Center Market boys, and they let out a howl of derision at the sight of us, keeping it (Continued on page 132)



"I can't get used to women wearing clothes"

Dream weapon of pulp writers, the Colt .45 makes up in everyday handiness and reliability what it lacks in performance

Old Dependable

by CHARLES B. ROTH



THE water jug was empty, so Roseta told her aging husband to fill it at the spring. The old man was reminiscing about his forty years on the border, but he dutifully arose, put on an old battered Stetson—then reached up to the steer horns above the fireplace to take down a .45 revolver. This he methodically strapped around his narrow waist.

In 1945 such an act was an anachronism even along the border, and I asked the old man about it when he returned with the water.

"No man is fully dressed without his .45," he said. "Do you think I'd put foot outside this house at night without a .45?"

"But there's nobody waiting to shoot you now," I reminded him.

"Maybe not. But how can you tell? Anyway I'm wearing my .45 as long as I live."

The old man was echoing a sentiment prevailing on the Western frontier for half a century—a sentiment stemming from the love of a dependable fixture of everyday living. This fond regard for the .45 has made it the most famous handgun in the world.

When anyone mentioned a .45 no further explanation was necessary. He meant a .45 caliber Colt Frontier Model Single Action Revolver—one of the few things in the world known only by number. Read through any Western story in one of the pulp magazines and you'll find this colorful weapon cryptically described: "He drew his .45 with one swift, deadly motion," "His .45 was leveled with

killing accuracy," "Once, twice, three times his .45 belched forth flame and smoke. Then all was silence."

If you finish these stories, you will get the idea that this same .45 was as accurate as a fine match rifle and had the precision of a 200-dollar watch. As a matter of fact, the .45 was not one of the most accurate guns ever made. Pulp writers shoot it with deadly accuracy up to 300 yards—but in use its practical accuracy was limited to about fifty yards.

The gun was made so loosely and with such tolerance that it was as easy in all its parts as a pair of shoes a few sizes too large. Often chambers and cartridges varied as much as 8/1,000 to 12/1,000 of an inch. However, the design of the gun was such that its very looseness gave it the advantage of being usable when a more precisely built revolver would be worthless.

Never was a gun less temperamental or more faithful and adaptable. You could subject it to every conceivable neglect and indignity and it remained your staunch friend. You could fall into a creek with a .45, come up with the barrel and chambers filled with sand and water, and it would still shoot, no matter how carelessly you cleaned it. You could use it with half its parts missing, three chambers blown up, and a kink in the barrel besides. You could fire it when the temperature was fifty degrees below zero, cold enough to render another gun unshootable. And you could ignore it, kick it around, use it to fix fences or pound tough beefsteak—and it would still be a gun if you needed it.

That was the beautiful thing about the .45—its dependability. It resembled a small ham in its lines, and it was, indeed, referred to as a "hog leg." It had little balance, and in the hands of an inexperienced person it was as hard to shoot as a mule is to train. But it was the most dependable weapon ever made. My friend Chauncey Thomas, who built a career around the .45 and was a great virtuoso in its use, believed as did many another man that: "A .45 Colt is the safest and best bedfellow a man can have."

According to ballistics tables, the .45 with modern smokeless loads has a velocity of 870 feet per second, and muzzle energy, which means striking power, of 429 foot-pounds. When you compare this to the velocity and energy of today's most powerful hand weapon in this country, the .357 Magnum, the old .45 looks pretty puny. For the Magnum shows a velocity of 1510 feet and muzzle energy of 800 foot-pounds. It seems on paper that we've come a long way from the old .45. The fact remains, however, that to this very day, paper ballistics to the contrary, the .45 is still the most powerful and deadly handgun in the world.

You may find that hard to square with the figures I just gave you, so I had better explain. The killing power of a revolver—and by killing power I mean its effect on human beings, not wild game—depends to a certain extent upon the weight of the slug, the size of the bore and the velocity. A big, heavy slug driven at comparatively slow speed has proved itself to be many times more effective as a man-killer than a small, faster bullet.

I'll show you what I mean. After the decline of the frontier, revolver calibers became smaller. The Army, after numerous tests, adopted the .38 as official. It was more accurate. It had more velocity. It was easier to shoot. Then came the Spanish-American War and later the trouble with natives of the Philippines. A tough native charging an American soldier would take one, two, three and—in one



A Century of Colts

One hundred and ten years of side arm history is displayed here—all products of Samuel Colt or his disciples. The revolver at middle right is the rare 1836 Texas Paterson, a .40 caliber percussion cap model. Immediately below it is the famous Whitneyville Walker which Colt produced for the Army at Eli Whitney's armory in 1847. At lower left is the fabled "Six Shooter" or Frontier Model, caliber .45, which did yeoman duty in winning the West, and went down with General Custer at Little Big Horn. Upper left is the Shooting Master, a favorite police and target revolver. Ex-G.I.s will recognize the automatic pistol at upper right—the official Government model, .45 caliber side arm which was bad news to the enemy in both world wars. (Guns from collection of Bert Foster, South Orange, New Jersey.)

case I know of—six .38 slugs in his anatomy, and still have enough energy to reach his man with a bolo.

Something was wrong here that the book didn't cover. The Army went into conference and decided what a half-dozen old frontier gunmen well knew: it takes a big bore in a revolver to knock a man down for keeps. Whereupon, the Army adopted the .45 Colt Automatic as its official sidearm—a gun with not nearly as much power as the old .45 Single Action—and there was no more trouble from men who kept running when they should have been dead.

The old .45 had the big bore, nearly half an inch in diameter, and the heavy slug, up to 260 grains—and it had something then that no .45 has now, the slower, more determined push which only black powder could give a revolver projectile. Loaded with forty grains of black powder, the .45 reached the zenith of its power. But when black powder was replaced by smokeless powder, the .45 suffered emasculation.

The ballistics tables today give it a penetration of six inches of pine. I have seen tests in which cartridges hand-loaded with old-fashioned black powder penetrated up to eight inches, showing that the .45 as it was used years ago had more power than it has today.

They used to say that no matter where you hit a man with a .45, he'd go down. I know a deputy sheriff who was shot through the palm of the hand with one in a New Mexico gun fight. He told me he was whirled around and knocked flat on his face by the power of the bullet. But this would not have happened with a smaller caliber weapon. For example, there are plenty of men who have kept right on going after being shot more than once with the .38 Special, a standard police department arm.

The .45 was not a sporting arm or a target plaything. It was a tool, just as the double-bitted ax and the hayfork and the miner's pick were tools. It was strapped on in the morning, worn all day. It slept with a man at night. It had many uses.

but being shot was one of the minor ones. It could be used as a hammer, a crowbar, a bludgeon. Now and then a man had to fire it—but not nearly as often as you would believe from reading Western fiction.

Cowmen carried it because there was occasional need of a gun to break up a stampede or to dispose of a broken-legged horse. And because it seemed smart to swagger into town with a big gun strapped around your belly. Wearing one, a man commanded a little more respect from the guy standing next to him at the bar. It made him feel just a little tougher, more secure, and ready for anything that might pop up on his rare visit to civilization. Of course this was mainly psychological. The moral effect of a .45 was much greater to the average man than the deadly effect of the weapon.

Actually the .45 was hard to shoot, and most of the men who shot it never learned how to hit what they were shooting at. It's heresy to say it, but the average cowboy was pretty bad when it came to hitting things with a .45. This is why most gun fights on the frontier ended like most French duels, with lots of excitement but few casualties. I once saw two men shoot it out in Utah with .45's. There was plenty of blazing gunfire, ricocheting of bullets and scattering of spectators as they aimed and ducked. Both emptied their guns, then got on their horses and rode away in opposite directions. They were such poor shots that not even a bystander was hit.

But the .45 did give men a tremendous moral lift, and cheaply; because the gun cost only fifteen dollars, and you could buy a holster for two dollars. After World War I, the price went up to twenty-four dollars.

In the last prewar catalogue, it's quoted at thirty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents in the 4¾, 5½, or 7½ inch barrel. The same model could be bought in the following calibers: .32-20, .357 Magnum, .38 Special, .38-40, .44 Special, .44-40, and the old .45.

An average man couldn't shoot the .45 with deadly effect because it was the hardest handgun in the world to use properly. The reason for this is that it was *all* gun. Weighing forty-two ounces loaded—over two and a half pounds—it should have behaved when fired. But it didn't. In the hands of one who wasn't an expert, it jumped like a hand grenade exploding, and if you tried to hold it tight you got a sprained wrist for your trouble.

Experts knew how to handle it, so they always fired with a loose grip and a bent, flexible arm. Even so, the muzzle would tip up at right angles to the point of aim when you let her go. Not everybody wanted to punish himself by using a gun like that. And this is why the cartridge companies began bringing out sissy loads. They



RINKER

Josef Marais and Miranda—Afrikaans Folk Songs

Leading figures in the current balladeering renaissance, Josef Marais and Miranda have currently been encoring their songs of South Africa to the delight of New York supper clubs. At the Village Vanguard they scored heavily with their repertoire of Afrikaans folk tunes, rich in wisdom, humor and melody. Marais was born on the Karroo Plateau near Capetown and introduced the songs of his childhood over London's BBC. Americans first developed a taste for his ballads in 1939, only to have it unsatisfied during the war when he returned to his native land to head the South African division of OWI. The trip paid off, for there he met Miss Miranda. A standout pianist and linguist, she contributes a bounty of good looks and flute-like obligato singing to the pleasing voice and guitar of Marais.

robbed the .45 of much of its efficiency, but they made it pleasant to shoot.

I have indicated that its accuracy was something less than ideal. The ordinary .45 would give twelve to eighteen inch groups at fifty yards in the hands of a trained shooter. This compares with the six and eight inch groups of the target arms of today.

Once Thomas spent 200 dollars doctoring up a .45 to see if he could give it match accuracy. He had a special barrel bored. His cylinders were bored to his specifications, and were so tight that he had to drive the cartridges in with a wooden mallet. With hand-loaded ammunition, which took fifteen minutes per cartridge to contrive, he was able to get three to four inch groups at fifty yards—some of the best shooting ever done with the .45. But that was only practice.

No one cared if his gun made twelve inch or two inch groups when using it for keeps. It was big, it was formidable, and it roared like a lion. When you shot it, you were hidden behind a cloud of dense white smoke, which made it practically impossible for your enemy to see you and shoot back—even if you missed him, as you probably did.

Today, when there is not much need for a .45 anywhere, it is still being used—in fiction—with more deadly effect than in its halcyon days. Most of the men who slip .45's into their typewriters along with a sheet of white paper never saw a .45, never felt the hard, wicked jar of its recoil, never knew how annoying it could be to shoot at one thing and hit another. So, they write about it with boundless enthusiasm.

And in every thrilling screen horse opera the same synthetic pulpster imaginations offer the old dependable .45 as standard equipment for fast-drawing heroes and villains. Galloping along at race-track speed the hero turns casually in his saddle to pick off any number of pursuing bad men, wasting only one shot on each of them. He seldom misses—in the movies. Every hard-riding, straight-shooting star from William S. Hart to Roy Rogers has shot his perilous way through miles of film footage. While some of these Hollywood cowboys actually have been marksmen, it's more than a rumor that many of the others couldn't hit a sound stage at ten paces. And nobody has ever accused a writer of Western scenarios of the mildest familiarity with a .45.

The .45 never was romantic before these pulp and scenario writers took it in hand, but having a .45 around made you feel as though you were equipped to defend yourself against whatever might come—even if you knew in your heart that you couldn't always hit what you were shooting at. ‡

Eddie Foy's Greatest Performance

The comedian spoke the most serious lines of his career at the disastrous Iroquois fire

WHEN they built Chicago's Iroquois Theatre, they built a plush, gilt and mahogany palace of entertainment. And when they opened it on November 23, 1903, it was with a lavish musical which had been the sensation of the New York season, Klaw and Erlanger's gargantuan presentation of *Mr. Bluebeard*, starring the singing, dancing and clowning of the incomparable Eddie Foy, backed by a company of hundreds.

For five straight weeks, *Mr. Bluebeard* played to a succession of SRO performances. All through Christmas week, business was sensational. At the matinee of Wednesday, December 30, 2,000 people swarmed over space which could seat 1,740. Backstage, 400 actors and stagehands clotted the dressing rooms and wings. You couldn't get a ticket. Eddie Foy himself had failed to obtain seats for his family and had settled for the presence of only one junior Foy, six-year-old Bryan, who was seated on a little stool at right of stage.

When it happened, the double octette was on stage singing *In the Pale Moonlight*. The first act had gone off uneventfully and those in the audience of women, children, students who knew were fidgeting in their seats, for Foy himself was due on next as Sister Anne in his burlesque with a comic elephant. Then there was a loud puff backstage; a huge light blew its fuse. Immediately some gauzy drapery caught fire.

Foy was in his dressing room getting into costume for the elephant routine when he heard the commotion. He threw open the door and looked out on panicky stagehands and cast trying feebly to beat out the flames. The draperies and backdrops caught the fever and passed it along. Within a minute, the fire had conquered the fighters, and the audience up front could now make out the chaos backstage. Some idiot yelled "Fire!" and the panic was on. Through it all, the octette kept singing and dancing, the girls' voices faltering.

Foy rushed cross stage and picked Bryan off his stool, tossed him into the arms of a stagehand, screaming, "Get my boy out!" Then he turned and ran onstage, muscling past the octette.

In the frills and petticoats of Sister Anne, the comic was a grotesque figure as he faced the terrified audience that only a moment ago was waiting to laugh at him. But nobody laughed now. Already men and women were beginning to stumble and climb over one another in a crazy scramble for the exits—wherever they were.

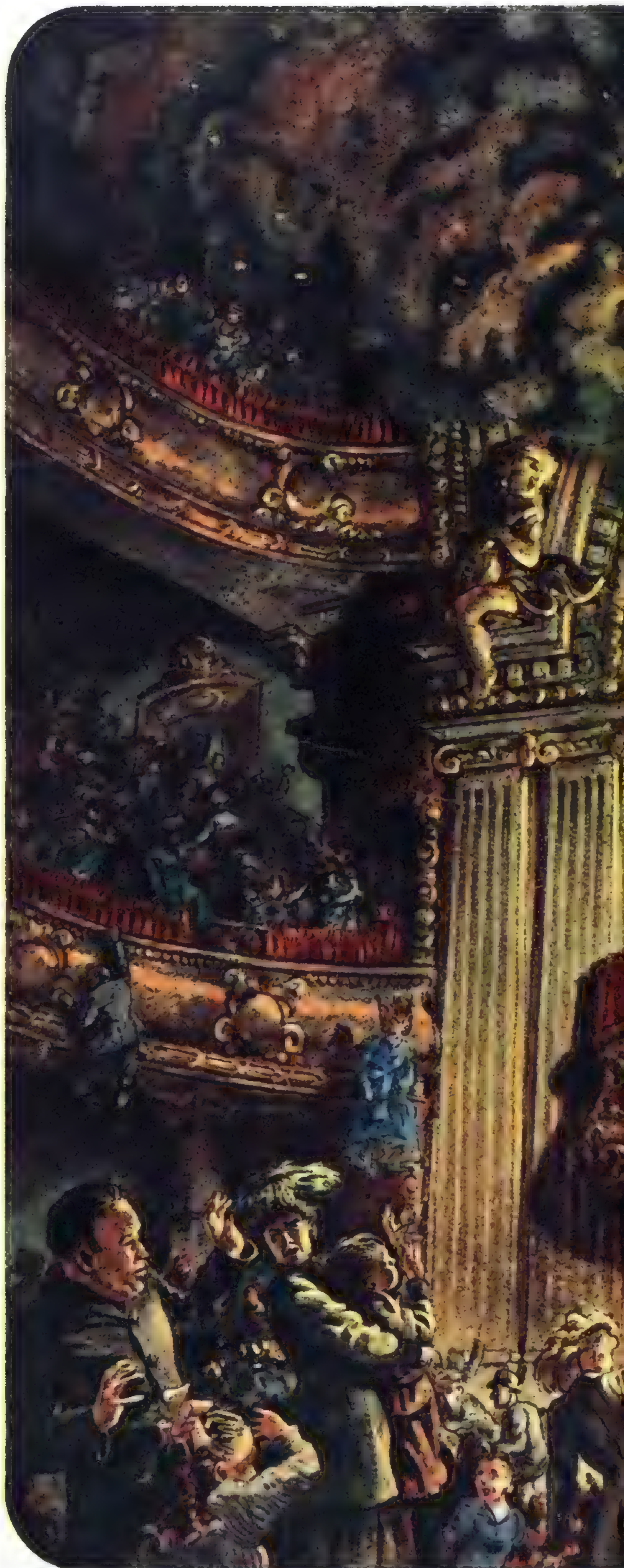
Desperately, Foy ran through all the clichés men use in moments of stress. "Don't get excited . . . Take it easy . . . There's no danger." The orchestra had already deserted, with the exception of Mr. Dillea, the leader, and a single violinist. "Play!" Foy shouted. "Start an overture—anything! But play!" To the stagehands in the wings: "The asbestos curtain! For God's sake, doesn't anybody know how to lower this curtain?"

Up front they listened to the comic speaking the most serious lines of his career. Somebody fought to get the asbestos curtain down. Half-lowered, it caught on a wire which ran almost up to the gallery (it was used in the sensational aerial ballet number) and hung there garishly, off-kilter. Then a draught from backstage sent a cavernous, yellow column of flame billowing out beneath the curtain and licking into the house itself.

Upstairs, they had gone mad. People screamed and hurled themselves over the rail to escape the blistering heat. They stampeded, and the sound of cries and the impact of body against body was frightening.

Foy held his ground, his very stomach turning over with the agony of what was happening. A great gust of flame shot past his head, singed his ridiculous female wig. The supposedly asbestos curtain began to disintegrate. The last two musicians and the octette fled, and Foy, having done all he could, groped through the smoke of the burning stage, just making the exit as the whole loft gave way, dropping a deluge of incendiary fragments. The lights went out, and, almost as an anticlimax, a last great balloon of flame snuffed out lives which had managed to survive in the gallery.

The whole disaster was staged in just eight minutes. A half-hour later, the Fire Chief of Chicago entered the theatre to see mountains of bodies, seven feet high, piled before every exit. "Is anyone alive here?" he asked. There was no answer. When the final count was made, there were 575 corpses. ‡



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EDDIE FOY AT THE BURNING OF THE IROQUOIS THEATRE *by Harper Goff*
 (Chicago, December 30, 1903)



"Did Lincoln part his hair in the middle or on the side?"



Weird rites in worship of the god-spirits
still light the moonless Caribbean nights

Voodoo, Shango and the Black Arts

by BERT HICKS

IN Haiti, the Voodooists have a plebeian god known as Papa Gedenibo. He is a gourmet who loves his rum, spiced with hot pepper and nutmeg, parched corn and peanuts. He has a bawdy sense of humor and a flair for incongruous attire, wearing at all times a rusty top hat, a long, black mourning coat and unkempt trousers. He smokes black cigars.

Papa Gedenibo is no ordinary, black-magic clown. In fact, he is no clown at all, but a tremendous force in the political life of his country. It is no exaggeration to say that he had considerable to do with the overthrow early this year of Haiti's President Elie Lescot. He fronts a religion so powerful that centuries of attacks against it by the courts and the constabularies have failed.

Papa Gedenibo is worshiped in one form or another throughout the West Indies by the servitors of the loas of Vodun, or Vaudoux (Voodoo) and the god-spirits of Shango. Today, there are more Voodooists, Shangoists and believers in the necromancy of Obeah, or Obi, than ever before in the history of the Caribbean. Proportionately, they outnumber the followers of any single religion in any section of the Western World, with the exception of Cuba, Puerto Rico and Santo Domingo.

The weird arts of Voodoo, Shango and Obeah have a double-barreled appeal because they serve both good and evil purposes. Obeah, for example, deals in nostrums and witchcraft, causes monstrous terror and slow and sudden death. But it isn't all evil, for it also heals the sick, makes beautiful an ugly face, solves love problems, and warns of forthcoming dangers. If it rains stones out of the heavens and turns men into zombies, it also sends a racing horse in winner, solves crimes that stump the cops, keeps erring husbands and wives at home, and grants vengeance by proxy.

On the evil side again, Obeah produces werewolves and the *femme fatale*, La Jablesse. La Jablesse is a dark and menacing mysticism imported from India, an enchantress who prowls about at night in the brown flesh of a beautiful woman with the soul and appetite of a vampire. Should you come upon her she will drain your veins of blood, unless you can whip out two pieces of silver and rub them together or blow cigarette smoke in her face. Even a latched door won't stop her. Because she is a *femme fatale*, she is impossible to resist. Her victims have one consolation, however. Rather than kill her man, she usually just leaves him mentally deranged—in acceptable *femme fatale* fashion.

The High Priest of Obi, sometimes called the Science One, is often a practical man. Here is his guaranteed cure for erring husbands: He sends the troubled wife home with instructions to sit naked over an open pot of stewed rice, letting the perspiration from her body flow into the food. Once the husband consumes the rice, he stops erring. Obeahmen have been prescribing this cure for centuries, but it wasn't until the late 1800's that white men, delving into sexology, discovered that perspiration is an aphrodisiac.

In case you are courting a young lady in vain and would like to make progress, here is an Obeah recipe for your edification. Soak a hairy spider in the blood and jelly from a barracuda's belly and drop it in a pot. Add the liver of a mountain goat and the bladder of a shote, slice and add the gill of a salamander, the heart of a mongoose, the sperm of a langur, and a gongole, boil and stir. Serve the brew to the lady of your desires, and then be prepared to defend your bachelorhood.

For the young lady in search of a caressable complexion, Obeahmen offer the following recipe: Prepare a mixture of wild marshmallow, soapbush and prickly pear and dump the results in your

bath twice a day... well, anyway you'll get a bath twice a day.

Quite naturally, Obeahmen have many absurd superstitions. The educated West Indians, many of whom believe in Vodun, Shango and Obeah even if they remain aloof, ridicule these superstitions, but that does not stop them from believing. One reason governments have failed to enforce the laws against these necromancies and religions is that numerous politicians court the favors of Obeahmen and Vodun bocors and hounsans. It is not easy to disbelieve in phenomena regularly being displayed before your eyes. Consider the following experience of my own:

After weeks of ingratiating myself into the confidence of an Obeahman, I was taken late one moonless night deep into the hills for a meeting with a High Priest of Obeah. Now a Science One specializes in coaxing Evil Spirits into the souls of people, invariably causing all manner of disturbances, and to test the powers of the High Priest I needed a scapegoat. I was without one as I set out for the rendezvous. Not that I had not tried to find one. Members of the white colony could scoff at Obeah, but none would volunteer to play the role of scapegoat.

As we wound through the hills in a broken-down sedan a happy thought came to me. For the past month, I'd been harrassed night and day by a neighbor of mine who kept playing loud, brassy jazz on a phonograph. Now, without causing any harm to my neighbor, could this Priest of Obeah bring me relief? I decided to find out.

We finally arrived and the Science One led us to a small thatched hut. Inside, two enormous flickering candles cast lights and shadows from either side of a fantastic altar. Another candle in the center of the altar lit up a transparent star. Dangling about the star were a rusty spoon, some old tobacco tins, a kitchen knife, a recently killed bushmaster, the shell of a turtle, a bamboo cross, three huge teeth strung together, and a dozen other objects. On the earth at the foot of the altar, a tremendous star was outlined in flour.

Exactly as I had rehearsed it in my mind while en route, I told the priest my urgent problem. I laid it on pretty thick and then added, "Now see here, I don't want this woman personally harmed." The priest nodded, got down on his knees at (Continued on page 187)



"And to think you ruined your whole vacation
worrying whether you turned off the stove"

**When you start chasing a bird as strange
as this one, almost anything can happen**

Sam Sea Gull's Last Flight

by JOSEPH E. SHANER



WM. DUBOIS

RED ran right up to the guard shack where they sell tickets and stuck his tanned face in the window. "My sea gull," Red panted, "is up on the head of Orpheus' statue and I got to have help to get him down."

"Admission to the Star Fort is ten cents, plus tax, equaling twelve cents," the chubby-faced fellow said pleasantly.

"Look," said Red, pushing his hair back from his moist forehead, "I said my gull is on top of the statue and he can't get down and I got to have a ladder or something to get up there and bring him down before he falls and kills himself."

"If your friend goes along," the guard added calmly with a look in my direction, "the price to visit Fort McHenry's historical collection is twenty-four cents and that includes tax and everything."

Red sucked in a deep breath. I got ready to grab him before he could jump into the shack after the guy.

"This gull," Red said with his face a half inch from the guard's, "cannot get down because he would not flap his wings and—"

"I suppose he walked up there?" the guard asked politely.

"No," Red said, "he flew up but—"

"So let him fly down. Admission is twelve cents each and if you want to see the custodian on business just go right in. Maybe he can help you. Right now you're holding up the customers."

Red stepped back, measuring the guy. I grabbed his left arm just in time. "Red, you huffpot, take it easy! Can't you see the guy just cannot understand. He thinks the heat's got you."

Red wrenched loose his arm. "If anything happens to Sam I will take down that statue with my own hands, brick by brick."

"It is bronze," I pointed out. "Besides everybody in line is laughing at us."

"Let them laugh," Red said, glaring at the queue. He spun around and hurried under the archway and into the inner fort.

"Red," I shouted to him, "wait!" Red stopped by the old pump. "Did you see that girl?" I asked. "Women," Red poohed, "you think of women now when Sam is sitting on a statue forty feet in the air and liable to fall to his death any minute." I told him to look back at the one in pink. "With the black hair," I whispered.

Some of the Sunday visitors were watching us because Red was so excited. Without a glimpse, Red turned and stomped across the grass and shoved open the office door.

"Yes, may I help you?" asked a girl in a uniform something on the order of a Wac uniform only greener. Someone laughed in the next room.

"We want to see the superintendent," Red demanded.

"Just a minute," the girl said. When she went into the other room the laughter stopped. A telephone clacked as it was hung up. A tall, grey-haired, beaming man stepped from the other office.

"Our gull," Red began, "is up on the statue of Orph—"

"Yes, I heard," said the man, reaching for his Park Service cap, "suppose we just walk down there and have a look."

I heard the fellow tell Red he was the custodian. They both took long strides and I puffed to stick with them. This pretty girl was standing by the archway looking up at the flagpole when we went past and I reached out and tapped Red on the back. "That one," I told him. Red was too busy trying to tell about Sam to look.

The custodian uh-huhed Red every so often. When we passed the guard shack I saw the chubby-faced fellow twirl his finger around his ear. Fortunately Red didn't see that. Red was explaining that he and I live on our boat, the *Helen V*, up near the Hanover Street bridge, and that Sam Sea Gull had walked up our dock one day and moved in with us.

"Taught him to fly," Red said, "but he doesn't have a pilot's license yet." "Uh-huh," said the custodian.

I looked back and saw the girl coming out of the archway. A string of people followed us, and at the statue a crowd was watching Sam squatting like a hen in Orpheus' curls.

"Kut, kut, kut," Sam screamed when he saw Red. "Take it easy, Sam," Red yelled to him. "Pretty soon now!"

"By gum," said the custodian, "I never saw a gull up there in all the time I've been here. Come around here on rainy days and feed on the worms, big crowds of them. Got the biggest earthworms around here you ever saw. September gulls come around here and clean up the gnats, but I never saw one up there before."

Red said: "I'll bet you're right as can be but I'm interested in getting Sam down from—"

"Mocking birds and starlings I've seen up there but never a sea gull," the custodian continued. "Princely place to sit. Statue cost 75,000 dollars. Was dedicated in '22. President Harding came over here to Baltimore to dedicate it. Big crowd here for show."

"Look," said Red, "I am young, twenty-three years of age, a bachelor, no dependents. I could climb up that statue and I could get Sam down."

The custodian pulled off his shell-rim glasses. "Not on your life! You would ruin the patina."

"Whatever that is," said Red. "I'll take a chance on it."

"You just stand still awhile and the gull'll fly down," the custodian directed.

This peach in the pink dress shoved through the crowd and stood right between Red and me. Red gave her a half-way glance, which was sacrilegious, something like walking right past a picture of the *USS Constellation* and not getting a funny feeling inside.

"Why can't the gull fly down?" the girl asked, directing her question to Red, who was looking up and down the length of the custodian, measuring him, too.

Red turned to her, scowling the way he did when we went into Guadal together. I thought he'd snap her in half. But he didn't. Pretty soon the



***"I have to run myself silly so he can play
with model airplanes"***

scowl vanished. Red swiftly flashed his Number One Attractor. "Why," he said, grinning like he does at Goucher dances, "excuse me. You see Sam cannot fly unless I talk to him. I have to launch him. He was just a baby when I got him and I had to teach him to fly."

I pushed up closer, giving Red the nod so he'd introduce me, but he was in the chains trying to fathom the depth of the blue of her eyes.

"How?" asked the girl. "In Huron, South Dakota, where I'm from, they would put you in a strait jacket if you talked like that. Maybe, as my aunt says, the Baltimore summer heat has affected you like it affects everybody."

Her voice hummed like the wind in your sails while you lie flat on your back in a star boat. I pushed a little closer.

"Old Navy captain," said the custodian, "hailed me one day and raised Cain because the pedestal relief honors the Army as well as the Navy. You can see there how the artist has depicted Army life. Captain said he was going to have it all taken off because this was a sea battle and the Army had no right to horn in for any credit. Another time—"

"I am talking to the lady just now," Red interrupted. The custodian straightened his black tie.

Red rubbed his cheek. "I keep Sam down at our dock where we keep the boat—you should see my boat—and all he'd ever do was walk around. I fed him sardines and sometimes tossed him a hard-head, which is a fish, since you are from the Wild West and might not know. Or I would catch him some shrimp or a crab or two. Sometimes he goes out and gets his own food but he just goes swimming like a duck to get it. Or he walks along the beach and stomps his feet and tries to shake up a meal. But Sam never even tries to fly. So Tom and me—"

"That's me," I said, "how-do-you-do? We're broom-mates; we sweep together, dust us two."

The girl scorned me. "Oh, I hate puns!"

Red thumped his right index finger on my chest. "Go away, son," he said, "you disturb the lady."

A pal will treat you like that sometimes, I mumbled to myself, but then I had a chance to give her a full-figure study. Having researched anatomy on Charles Street many an afternoon and evening, I could see Huron did all right for herself. Fact is, I never saw better lines except on the four-masted schooner *Albert Paul* when she used to come up the Chesapeake under full sail from Haiti.

"As I was saying," Red continued, "one day we decided it was time for Sam to learn to fly. We called him Sam because we both recently were employed by an Uncle of that name. We took him out to the end of the dock and picked him up, each holding a wing so it would be spread. Then we tossed him into the air. Sam didn't get the idea at all. He fell kerplunk into the water. Then he started screaming at us. Boy, but we were a disappointment to him. He swam to the beach, squawking all the way."

"We went after him again, but we had to catch him. We threw Sam off the dock I guess five times before he flapped his wings a couple of times. On the sixth try he flapped his wings and flapped his wings and managed to stay in the air. You should have seen him then. He flew around the end of the dock, screaming at us and showing off. He would wheel and arc and dive toward the water and come out of it just before he'd hit and then shoot up in the air again. He was like a kid who'd learned a new stunt. He was so proud of himself!"

The girl was laughing and her teeth shone whiter than the foam at the bow when your boat's got a bone in her teeth. "You're a crazy boy, you are!"

Next thing, you know, I told myself, he'll be telling her of the day that Sam flew out to the fishing boat and got smacked on the head with an oar when he tried to steal Ed Jorgeson's fish, and how we had to row out and fetch Sam home and bandage his head.

"Trouble is," said Red, "Sam has to be launched every time. He

never flies unless he's tossed into the air and told that he must flap his wings. Once he lands he's down until he's tossed up again. He flew out to a fishing boat one day and—"

"Oh, oh, oh!" screamed the girl, pointing up at Sam.

Everybody looked up. Sammy had stood up. He was wobbling. Red ran over to the base of the statue. "Sit down, Sam," he yelled, "sit down! You'll break your neck."

I can't blame anybody for laughing at Red. He looked crazy out there shouting at Sam, but nobody really knew how important it was that Sam should sit still.

"Why don't you tell him to fly?" the custodian advised dryly. "Once he steps off he'll fly."

"Think I ought to?" Red asked.

"Why not try?" said the girl.

As soon as Red started waving his arms at Sam and yelling "kut, kut, kut" at him, more people collected. They parked their cars and got out. They couldn't have driven through the mob anyway.

"Sam, look Sam," Red called, "like this, you know, Sam, watch your Uncle Red." Sam watched Red and seemed eager to leap, but just couldn't. "Maybe he has aerophobia," the custodian cracked. "He'll get over it in a minute."

Huron, South Dakota, walked over beside Red. She was laughing. The custodian was laughing. So was I and so was everybody.

"Go back," Red shouted to her, "go back. Sammy'll be jealous. You'll make him fall." Red meant it. He was getting sore because everybody was hooting at him. "Pretty pigeon, pretty pigeon," some kid yelled.

"Don't be silly," the girl burned, "I was only going to suggest—"

"Look out, Sam, look out," Red shrieked. Sam flapped his wings as though to steady himself. The girl seized Red's arm. Sam started to slide down over Orpheus' ear. He dropped on the shoulder. I could hear Red panting from where I was. "Go back," Red commanded the girl, "you're scaring him."

"Okay, okay!" she retorted. "Do it all yourself, Mr. Smartie." She clicked her sport shoes hard and waded through the crowd.

"You're gonna lose your gal," a fat man yelped. Red turned to see where she went. Sam screeched kut, kut, kut. I ran up beside Red and we both held our breath when Sam slipped off the shoulder. This time he fell onto Orpheus' hand. He clung unsteadily a minute. Then he jumped over to the lyre and hung onto the strings.

Red ran over to the custodian. "See! He just can't fly. I'll have to climb up there somehow—"

"Wonderful statue," declared the custodian. "Beautiful lines. Some say though that instead of Orpheus, who didn't have anything to do with writing *The Star Spangled Banner* it should have been a statue of Francis Scott Key, who did. And—"

"How can I get up there?" Red exploded.

"And sometimes," the custodian stated, "old maids come down here and complain that Orpheus should wear more than a fig leaf and a ribbon in his hair. They think pants—"

"If you don't want to help, all right," Red shouted. "I'll call the mayor."

"Help yourself. It's closing up time anyway. Tell you what, if he's still up there tomorrow morning I'll see what I can do."

Red shook his head like a bull. "C'mon," he screamed at me. "I want action now." I followed Red through the crowd. He was making bigger holes than he ever did blocking for me at City College. "You tell him, son," said a guy, patting Red on the back. "Yeah!" Red shouted, "yeah!"

Red stomped into a restaurant just outside the grilled gateway to the fort. Cars spilled out and a mob of pedestrians shambled by laughing as they went to catch the Number Two for uptown. I looked around for Huron, South Dakota, but I didn't see her.

Red stepped to the pay phone. "Hey," I said, tagging after him, "can't you see you're being crazy. I love Sam as much as you do, but you can't get the mayor now."

"It's easy," said Red. "I'll call the *Sun* (Continued on page 152)



You might take him for one of Runyon's wonderful characters if you did not know he was a denizen of Jacob's Beach

The Great Grippo

by **PAUL D. GREEN**



MANY a fighter in recent years has been worried more by a pair of strange eyes peering out from the wrong corner of the ring than by the straight left of his opponent. These eyes belong to Jimmy Grippo, sometime boxing promoter, hypnotist, free-lance magician, and occasional honest professional pickpocket.

Jimmy—"The Great Grippo"—to some—is the standout unorthodox personality in the fight world of our time.

I had heard this and decided the only way to find out was to arrange a meeting and bask in the focus of those eyes myself. When the time came I walked into the lobby of the Forrest Hotel in New York City and made my way through a bunch of what Walter Winchell lovingly calls "kerrickters" until I found the minuscule reservation desk.

"Pardon me," I said, unnecessarily polite to the bored-looking clerk. "Is Jimmy Grippo here?"

"Naw."

"Are you sure?" I persisted. "I have a date with him."

The desk clerk, a pudgy fellow with crisp, black wavy hair and a protruding, unlit cigar, leaned over the counter and called out:

"Has anyone here seen Grippo?"

"He's in the bar," someone said.

I passed through the lobby under a sign marked "Cocktail Bar and Grill" and came upon another world. The faces and forms I saw could only belong to pugilists, their managers and other sporting types. Pushing back my fedora and twisting my mouth, I called out:

"Has anyone here seen Grippo?"

"He's around collecting the boys," said a gnarled grey-faced ancient hugging a beer.

Wandering farther along the bar, I felt the hard stares of a dozen members of the exclusive fraternity which embraces boxing promoters, bookmakers and other sharp-wits trying to make a quick buck. Finally I spied Grippo.

You couldn't miss him in Times Square on V-J Day. He stands out in a crowd like grease on a snowbank. Grippo is not only one for the books because of his divers activities, but for the looks, too. Hatless, he reminded me of Einstein or Blackstone, the magician.

His eyes are like black gumdrops wriggling in watery sockets—on close range you either feel them piercing through you, an effect he creates intentionally, or they move quite independently of each other. Grippo's grin is as toothy as a toothpaste ad, but sly like a rug peddler's. In short, he looks like a magician should.

"I'll be right with you, Paul," he said, recognizing me. "Have a drink while I round up some of the boys. Gotta show tonight." His voice has a very faint accent, which is understandable because he was born in Venosa, Italy, and has Albanian ancestors. Later, I heard him indulging in Albanian double talk with Milton, the headwaiter at the Monte Carlo.

The boys he was collecting were a group of fisticuffers and maulers—Rocky Graziano, needing a haircut and in a dirty-looking polo shirt, Jimmy Greco, hulking Tami Mauriello and a few other fellows whose names I didn't get. They were putting on a slugfest and Jimmy Grippo was the chore-boy.

I was glad he didn't ask me to join the two hard-looking eggs Jimmy was tossing one off with. They looked like recent long-term citizens of some of our better clinks, or at best 1-A candidates for same. Later, he confided that they were a couple of the racket boys, "but I leave them alone and they don't bother me."

While I quietly took a drink and waited for Grippo, I took in the surroundings, which I decided then and there formed the perfect frame for him. All the men around seemed molded out of the same clay—they were big and fat, short and skinny, dressed to kill, dressed like bums, all wearing big-brimmed hats, butterfly-painted ties and expressions that made the cigar-store Indian look positively ecstatic.

Then a little blonde twist came running my way, screaming.

"Jimmy!" she cried, "stay away from me, Jimmy!" The wild-eyed, tossed-haired magician followed in her wake, reaching for her like a hungry anteater.

When he drew alongside he was grinning, and I noticed a strong resemblance to Groucho Marx without the painted mustache.

"All the girls are afraid of me," he explained, settling down on the bar. "I don't know why. All I do is this," and he placed one hand alongside of my right temple, "and this," and he put the other hand on my left wrist. Suddenly I yelped. A shock went through me, almost causing me to spill my drink.

"Y'see, nothin' at all," Jimmy apologized. "But they always run away from me anyway."

That's one of the first things I learned about Jimmy Grippo. There are two kinds of people in his world—those who run away from him and those who flock around him. The population in midtown Manhattan seems about evenly divided with the fleeting contingent heavy on the distaff side.

Jimmy grabbed Tami Mauriello as he passed by. Tami's a hulking fellow who looks like he was wrung from granite.

"Now, Tami," said Grippo. "I'm going to hypnotize you." I should have suspected something because of things I learned from Jimmy's own published treatise on hypnotism.

"Put your right foot firmly in front of your left. Stretch out your right arm—stiff, very stiff now. Hold it." Grippo grasped Tami's outstretched paw with one hand, placed his other on the joint of his elbow as if to straighten it.

"Now try to bend it. See—you can't."

It was almost pitiful to see the big fellow struggling to bend his arm.

"Gee," he wailed, "what did you do to me?"

"Nothing at all," said Jimmy blandly. "It is merely a manifestation of the power of the mentality of a superior will to manipulate the will of another so as to render the subject in a state of extreme suggestivation." Before he finished, Tami's arm was working again, and he hurried away muttering something about a "devil."

Later on, I had occasion to ask Jimmy how he did that. He smiled benignly on me, like some mad professor of occult science overcome with his own genius, and said, "It's just an exhibition of the hypnotic nerves. There are five or six hypnot- (Continued on page 141)



"Elbert always says a job worth doing is worth doing well"



Promise

by **EUCLID SHOOK**

The most alluring creature in the world, claims this artist (an anthropologist if we ever saw one) dwells in North America, roaming at will between the Atlantic and Pacific, south of Montreal and polarside of the Rio Grande. Her *genus*: Americana. Species: Woman. She can trim you at golf, spot you thirty points a game at tennis, teach you to dance, top your own income

tax, handle a plane like a combat pilot, and argue like a Gladstone to prove you wrong. Yet, if she will, this provocative package of atomic energy can banish civilization with a gesture, and flash you a look which sets you to scratching on the wall of a cave, alight with primitive inspiration. That was the moment—caught with his brush, just before he signed the lease on *his* cave.



Indecision by **FREDRIC VARADY**

Scatter your sands, hourglass. Begone, philosopher. But first observe the mystery of a woman deciding what to wear. Then abandon all theories of Environmental Behavior and watch Time stand still. For she is mistress of her fate and of her wardrobe in one mystic ceremony, and it is (bless her) a rite of infinite leisure and indecision. What to wear

tonight? Woman-about-town, ingénue, enchantress? Will the accent fall on sophistication, individuality, or a subtle disarray? She chooses her character for the night and then lives it as though born to the role, surprising even herself with the revelation of new facets of personality. Thus, Woman: quoth Mr. Varady. And happily added: Praises be.

The Russian restaurant evoked memories of an incident in China and a beautiful girl who was something out of a dream

Shanghai-Ri-La

by GEORGE W. MORSE



I WAS surprised when Greg telephoned. I had to ask who it was. "My God," I said, "the Junior Birdman returns. How come here and for how long?"

I hadn't heard from him since the Pearl Harbor days, since we'd bunked together through long months of training.

"Lunch?" he was saying, "The Russian Arms?"

"Fine," I said. "But why the Arms? Why so formal?"

"My choice. Someone I want you to meet."

I saw him at the bar when I went in. He didn't look much different, but I guess we both expected uniforms. He was exuberant; it was to be a reunion. It took a couple of drinks to settle down.

"First," I asked, "who is this person I'm supposed to meet?"

"My wife," Greg said into his glass. "She'll be here."

That did it. The Great Hater of Womankind. The Jester at Marriage. Greg, whom you couldn't coax into a date with a gun.

"Alcohol!" I said to the bartender. "The Last Man has fallen!"

"She's fifteen minutes late now," Greg said. "Let me go call her, then I'll tell you about it." He disappeared into a telephone booth.

I don't know why I was suddenly depressed. The idea of marriage and the heavy atmosphere of a Russian place. It took me back to the last Russian place I had been in. In Shanghai, just after the war. . .

* * *

Kurt Browning and I had found a bottle of Canadian Club in the Park Hotel and we were doing right well by it. We had flown in a cargo of Chinese soldiers and it was a swell assignment. It was the first civilization we had seen for many months.

Modern Shanghai, almost Stateside in gaiety. Crowds of people all creeds and colors; music, women and nonsense. We were the feature attraction in the bar, for Americans were still scarce in the city.

I remembered Kurt saying, "I like this. It's the first time I've been called a savior of mankind and I like the way these Slopeys are treating us, including this whiskey. It'll take a lot of it to get the taste of their country out of my throat. . ."

Then I remember he gave a low whistle, the kind reserved for something special. She was gliding through the crowd, tall and cool-looking and beautifully dressed, American style. Her hair was up-swept, dark above the cream of her skin, and she looked as if she had just stepped in from damp, fresh air.

"That," Kurt said, "is for me . . . after I've won the toss. She's lovely. We'll work out a campaign to meet her. . ."

She caught sight of us, hesitated, then came towards us, smiling.

"For God's sake," Kurt stammered, "do you know her? Have you had this cached away?"

"Hell no. I . . ."

She stopped in front of us. "Hello," she said, "I do not see many Americans." Her voice was soft, heavily accented.

Kurt and I slid off the stools. We felt self-conscious; not expecting to find civilization, we were in dirty khakis and flight jackets.

"Hello," Kurt said, "in fact, greetings. Will you join us?"

She hesitated just the right length of time. Then a pleased little nod. "Thank you."

We left the bar stools for a table. "I love this place now," Kurt said happily. "I think I'll settle in

Shanghai. Back home I have to make the first move every time."

"You are not here long?" Music, that voice.

"We're practically natives," I told her. "We've been here two hours. We'll leave in the morning."

"But we're learning fast," Kurt said.

She smiled. "I have live here six years. I am Russian."

"Vodka," Kurt instructed the waiter, "for three. We are about to cement international relations." Maybe that helped me remember. The bartender was pouring vodka now. I remembered Kurt's pun.

"What's your name?" I had asked, and she replied, "Tamarra."

"The hell with that," Kurt had said, "now."

We talked a while and she was completely charming. Her perfume was heady, not a bit like the smell of hot exhaust and Chinese soldiers. We danced a little and then I led Kurt to the men's room.

"Kurt," I told him, "we weren't born yesterday, nor is this the first strange town we've been in. There's something wrong about this deal. A beautiful woman doesn't wander in here alone and pick up two Americans just for the hell of it. Not in these times."

"It's wrong just the way I like it," Kurt said. "Man, that's fine material."

"It's all yours. I'll stick around until the time comes, but take it easy."

"I'm not going to turn down this item until I find out what it's all about. It's too lovely."

We went back to the table and after a while Kurt suggested dinner.

Tamarra smiled. "You would like to go to Russian place? You are nice, my friends. I take you."

That was the last Russian place. "You will not take us for much," I remember thinking. "This is on the level . . . like a three-dollar bill."

We got rickshaws and wound through the narrow, teeming streets. I didn't like the looks of it outside, but inside it was clean and crowded and I relaxed. Tamarra spoke Russian to a waiter and we went upstairs to a private dining room. Soon there was a table of vodka and food. Kurt and Tamarra held hands and laughed and we told her lies about flying. It was a good party.

It was a good party for two or three hours until Tamarra broke the spell. Suddenly she was serious and the room was quiet.

"I do not know how to make ze start," she said nervously.

We said nothing. She looked at me. "You are married?" she asked.

What the hell, I thought. I said yes, my wife is too.

She looked at Kurt. "No," Kurt said, "no vices."

Tamarra took a long breath. "Would you like to have thirty-five thousand dollars, American money?"

Kurt glared at me. "You were right," he said. "Something is loused up in Shanghai."

Tamarra touched his hand. "Wait," she said, "please!"

"You're way out in left field. I don't have any secret documents and I couldn't count up to 35,000 dollars anyway." Kurt's voice was harsh.

Tamarra was talking fast, a faint flush of color in her cheeks.

"I want to tell you," she said, "please. Six years I live in Shanghai. Before that, Russia. It is always trouble. Then Japanese and



"Time papoose should walk"

more trouble. All my life has been trouble. A few months ago my husband dies. He leaves much money, but now I am alone. Never do I want more trouble."

She stopped and her breath came in a little gasp. "I want you to marry me," she said, "so I can go to your United States. I will give you 35,000 dollars. You can divorce me later."

For a moment there was silence, then Kurt laughed nervously. "I'll be goddamned," he said. "I thought she loved me for my body."

But I wondered. There were tears in Tamarra's eyes then, and anger. "You think I am joking?" she snatched her purse and threw it, open, onto the table. Bills spilled out, big American bills.

"There is 5,000 dollars there," she said quietly. "Much more at home. Am I distasteful to you? Am I repulsive? I want only . . . peace."

It was an unhappy situation. I remember I swallowed a big slug of vodka and it hurt. She was trying to hold back her tears.

Kurt turned and took her hands. "I'm sorry, Tamarra," he said. The wisecracking was gone. His voice was soft, unnatural. "I'm truly sorry . . . but it's impossible. I have a girl at home, and my family. It's not you . . . you're lovely . . . but it just wouldn't work."

In a way she was a remarkable woman. The tears were gone, and her poise returned.

"I am sorry too," she said. "I am too . . . how do you say . . . impul-

sive. Let us not talk about it any more. It was . . . foolishness."

I broke it up by asking her to dance, but the spark was gone. She was close against me but silent, as if she were ashamed.

"Do you mind if I leave?" she asked finally.

"Of course not, if you want to. We'll take you home."

"No, I'd rather go alone. I feel I have been . . . very rude."

We got her wraps and went out into the street. Kurt turned her to him. "Tamarra. In a few days or weeks there will be many Americans here. There will be one for you . . . and he won't want your money."

"Good night," she said. Then she was in a rickshaw and gone. . . .

* * *

That was the last Russian place before this, I thought, and the recollection left me depressed. Then Greg brought me out of it when he came back from the phone.

"She's left the hotel," he said. "She ought to be here. She chose this place because it's Russian."

As he finished speaking his wife came in through the revolving doors, tall and cool looking. Her upswept hair was dark above the cream of her skin and she looked as if she had just stepped in from damp, fresh air . . .

I looked at her and reached for my glass. It was the first drink I had spilled in a long time. There was no recognition in her eyes. #

**Bad blood comes to the surface when cities
are unsettled and the countryside is lean**

The Devil Has a Certain Hand

by **GORDON FLETCHER**

"THESE are poor cattle, I know, *Signore*. But the times are difficult. This money—150,000 lire—is little enough."

"It won't go far on *Corso Umberto* with the inflation, eh *Signora*?"

"Do not joke. I spend no money for luxuries. I seldom even go to Rome."

"I do not mean to joke. In reality I am a serious man. You might as well spend it there as elsewhere."

"That is all you can afford to give?"

"*Si, Signora.*"

The afternoon sun came out. Suddenly the serious half-frown was

gone and she smiled. She smiled because of the sun and because she was young. Also the money was better to have than the cattle. It did not eat. The dealer smiled because she did and because she was young and slim and now, without the worried look, desirable. He was not really old, not in years. He hadn't been old enough for the first World War except for a short time near the end. In the second he had served in Tripoli and on Sicily where he gave himself up in the first disastrous days of the fighting. After that he hadn't cared. He raised a hand regretfully to the stubble on his chin. Before the disaster he had shaved every day and sometimes girls had been generous with him. Now he had only a fat wife for generosity.

Again, in her presence, he felt warm and free-giving to the point of advice.

"Conceal the money well. Walk boldly. Later it will be dark and there are many thieves."

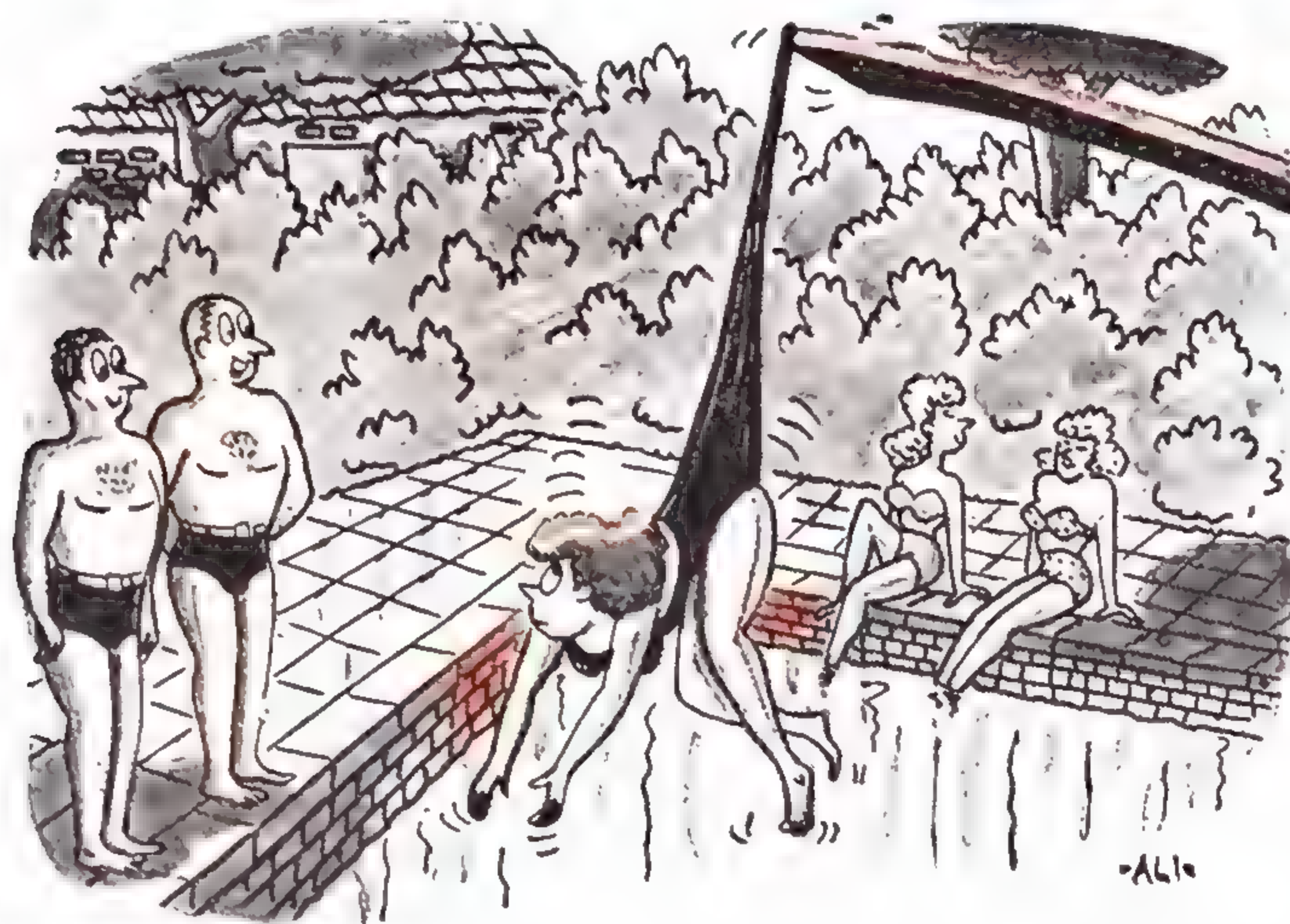
"Have no fear. Good-bye, *Signore*."

"*Arrivederci, Signora.*"

As she passed between the high walls cutting off the village houses from passers-by on the street, she thought of the dealer's warning. She had heard many stories of bandits operating in the hungry, dissatisfied countryside and of thievery in the restless cities. But she knew first hand of no lawlessness. There was none in her village.

She walked for two hours along the road through the gentle hills. It was warm and dry for so late in the year, but as the sun lowered in the sky it chilled and she was glad she had her coat. She stopped once to rest and to drink from the flowing pipe at the side of the road. The water was refreshing and she could feel the coldness on her front teeth and in the little drops that overflowed on her cheeks.

Then she went on, passing many trees now, across the high bridge with the slow-flowing water underneath, and turned onto a side road. She couldn't see the house because of the trees and then all at once she was there. It was a poor farm and small, with only two buildings. The land was



"Look, rubber suits are back this year"

BROOK

marginal, with many stumps and large rocks and struggling trees.

Once it was very different. Once, she could remember it now, the house and the outbuilding and the fences had been well-kept. When they came in the summer there was laughter and there were picnics by the river with melons cool from the water and a great deal of wine. She could hear the delicate sound of the water as it passed over the rocks, and the voice of her uncle.

She opened the gate and crossed the yard to the house. She climbed the outside staircase, opened the door and entered. There was the farm odor coming from the animals below, only it was fainter than she remembered. She felt, not reasoning, that it came from the clothes of the two sitting cross-legged on the floor.

"Giovanni. Enrico . . . Buona Sera."

"Good evening, madame. You come to watch the cigarette makers?"

Giovanni, her brother, spoke from lips twisted into an unpleasant grin. His tone was bitter. His voice was the voice of the Roman streets where he spent his days in the gutter salvaging discarded cigarettes. It was hard work and work that was hard on the spirit. Giovanni always had had ideas that were not for one of his class. Once during the reign of the dictator they all thought he would realize them. But the direction was wrong and they did not like that. Now that the break had come, it was harder for him than most.

"Or perhaps you would like to chat. Sit down."

"No. I want you to walk with me to the village. Soon it will be dark—and I have some money."

"Money? Much?" He grinned again, differently this time. "Have you—?"

"No, not that way. I have sold the cattle."

"Then you have money."

She reached into her blouse and drew out the warm bills. In the dim light they were impressive. They were old and dirty, but big and there were a lot of them.

"You, a former officer of the carabinieri, would be good protection."

"Do not rub it in. I will see better times. No, woman, I am busy. When I collect butts all day, at night I am a capitalist. I manufacture cigarettes."

He stood up, tall for an Italian, and crossed to the cupboard. Enrico remained sitting, looking at the ravelings on the paper on the floor. He had stared without expression at her as she talked, but was now again stubbornly looking down. He said nothing.

"Here is a gun. Protect yourself. I am busy," Giovanni said as he resumed work. She put the heavy pistol into a coat pocket.

"If you will not come, I must go."

"Good night."

"Good night."

She walked more rapidly than in the afternoon. It was getting dark fast. She walked back past the trees which already had begun to speak softly of the night's other world, back to the main road, and then north again.

At the time she started north, a kilometer away, crossing the field, Enrico said to Giovanni:

"Remember, when it is time to take the money, I will do it."

"You will be good at that."

"I want to get my hands in there. We must not kill her, Giovanni. It must be alive."

"You are the tender one."

"Do not speak that way. I know the money is the important thing."

"The money is the important thing. It is necessary you remember that."

"Save your breath. We must reach the woods ahead of Marie."

She was already near the village. She could see the lights from the outlying houses and quickened her step. At first when she had left the farmhouse she had seen figures behind every tree. Her pulse quickened at each rise in the road and at every clump of bushes. Once the lights of an approaching car made moving shadows on the pavement and she could not think or hear because of the pounding in her head. She had broken into a run, keeping her right hand

on the pistol in her pocket. Afterwards, out of breath, when nothing had happened, she felt foolish.

She met no one on the road. There was only an occasional car. Gradually the shadows ceased to live and she settled into a fast, steady walk. Her breathing became even and she began to enjoy the night. For the first time she noticed the stars. As she looked up, a bell rang in the distance and her head was filled with music. *La campana* is beautiful, she thought, and stumbled in the rough earth at the side of the road.

After this she walked more carefully, watching the road. It was then she saw the lights of the village. As she drew near the first house, she saw a man standing on the edge of the beam of light coming from the window and a little of the fear returned. But it was gone again with the voice:

"Buona sera, Signora Anno. How is your mother?"

"Good evening, Signore. She is well."

She was pleased to hear the friendly voice and to recognize the old man and smiled:

"Mia madre ha sessant'anni,

"E piu la guardo, e piu mi sembra bella."

"I am pleased. But what is that which protrudes?"

"The gun is for protection. I am carrying a sum of money. The pocket is small and I cannot conceal the weapon entirely."

"E vero?" She handed the gun to him because his eyes were filled with an old man's curiosity.

"But this weapon is not loaded."

"No? Giovanni gave it to me. He must not have known. But it does not matter. I am home."

"You are almost home, Signora. You still must pass through the public forest between these houses and the town. It is dark in the forest. It is strange Giovanni did not accompany you."

"He was busy. He makes cigarettes. He is sensitive and the times are especially hard for him."

"Ha! Do you wish me to walk with you?"

She laughed. "No, I am young and will be quickly home. You have already walked enough for two lifetimes. There is no danger."

"At least let me give you some bullets. I will feel better."

He went into the house and quickly returned. He loaded the weapon and gave it to her.

"Thank you. I must go. Good night, Signore."

"Buona notte, Signora."

She passed the remainder of the houses quickly and entered the wood. After a few steps it was dark without the lights from the houses. The sky was cut off by the overlapping branches. The path was of gravel and she could dimly make it out because of the whiteness of the stone. The darkness and the words of the old man made her fearful again. She placed her right hand on the gun. She could feel the paper money

heavy on her chest. It was quiet, a still, forest night.

As a child she had played in this wood and now she remembered the scare games and how once two boys had pounced on her from behind the big tree. She saw the tree. It was near the edge of the wood and the village lights, now visible, made it stand out. She approached it with mixed fear and gladness. There was a faint rustling from the tree and shadows hovered in her brain as they had on the road. Again she saw the cruel boys of ten years before.

When she was three meters from the tree, two masked figures stepped out. They were half-silhouetted against the light. Then the taller one shot a beam from his flashlight. It blinded her. The light moved toward her and from the right two hands slowly appeared, massive and brutal, reaching for her.

"The money, Signora. We want the money."

She drew the big pistol quickly and held it in her two slim hands and fired blindly at the light, four times, shattering the night and the quiet with flame and thunder.

The flashlight fell to the ground. The two men stood speechless, unhurt, their hands belatedly covering unseeing eyes. She dropped the gun and ran, deafened and blinded and terrified and safe, past them toward the warm light of the village. #



"A short but tricky hole"

His male Cinderella formula enchanted a generation of boys who tried to tread his road of thrift and honesty to the rainbow

Horatio Alger, Jr.

by FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



IT is my opinion that most prominent men, interviewed about the books that influenced them most, become liars. They usually say that the important books in their lives were Shakespeare and the Bible. One happily candid exception was the late Wendell Willkie, who told me that his great literary love when he was a boy in Elwood, Indiana, was Frank Merriwell.

Though I also read many of the Merriwell and other nickel novels in the days when we kids built a shanty and roasted potatoes on a sand pile, it was long after Horatio Alger's *Ragged Dick: or Street Life in New York with the Bootblacks* and the *Luck and Pluck* series influenced me, and greatly. Their theme, that honesty, industry and physical decency bring a rich reward, has been a bright beacon to me for more years than fifty-five. I have often compromised with these principles and at times the beacon has been dimmed to the imperceptibility point.

Boys of my generation had their attitude toward life permanently jelled by Horatio Alger. I absorbed the Alger idea that if a man or boy thought he was right, it couldn't make any difference what anybody else said or thought. I ought to have taken another of the Alger theories more to heart—save your pennies, shine the banker's shoes or sell him a paper and become president of the bank.

Among early readers of Alger were Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, whose *Life With Father* has made more money for them than Alger ever made, John Kieran, Clifton Fadiman, John Drew, and the pitching idol of his day, Christy Mathewson. And so strongly influenced by Alger was George Ade that he wrote many affectionate travesties of these heroic tales in the late nineties when he was running *Stories of the Streets and of the Town* in the *Chicago Record*.

I wonder whether Jascha Heifetz or Yehudi Menuhin ever read Alger's *Phil the Fiddler*. Or even *The Young Musician*. And whether William Randolph Hearst or Roy Howard ever read *Ben Logan's Triumph*, the success story of a newsboy.

For Alger got every boy born between 1865 and 1900, not to mention those born in later years, because the Alger books, once regarded as the most successful juvenile literature ever written, have been reprinted often. Street and Smith in the late thirties brought

out a fifteen-cent paper edition. Now Crown Publishers has reissued several of these books about boys—boys who started poor, boys whose fathers and mothers had been gypped by unscrupulous rich men; yet all were youths who overcame any obstacle through a combination of militant honesty, physical strength and thrift. And material success always followed the primroseless path of rectitude in the Alger formula.

It never occurred to me that the Alger books were written in accordance with a formula—the young male Cinderella idea. I thought that they mirrored life—and what is more to the Chicago boy—life in New York. My first New York newspaper office, the *Evening Mail*, was on Fulton Street. And only one block away was the Astor House, before which *Dan, the Newsboy* sold papers, and which was mentioned so frequently in *Ragged Dick*. There papers were sold to the same sort of wealthy philanthropist whose shoes were shined.

The majority of Alger readers both of my time and of today are recruited from youths of nine to twelve, while the heroes of the books are about fifteen or sixteen years of age. But there is doubt in my mind that Alger wrote about older boys for younger boys. The fifteen-year-olds of the seventies and eighties were younger than the early teen agers of today. Young boys are now nurtured on hotter stuff. They hear things on the radio and see things in the movies which make Alger seem pallid. They read the so-called comic magazines instead of Old Cap Collier and Nick Carter.

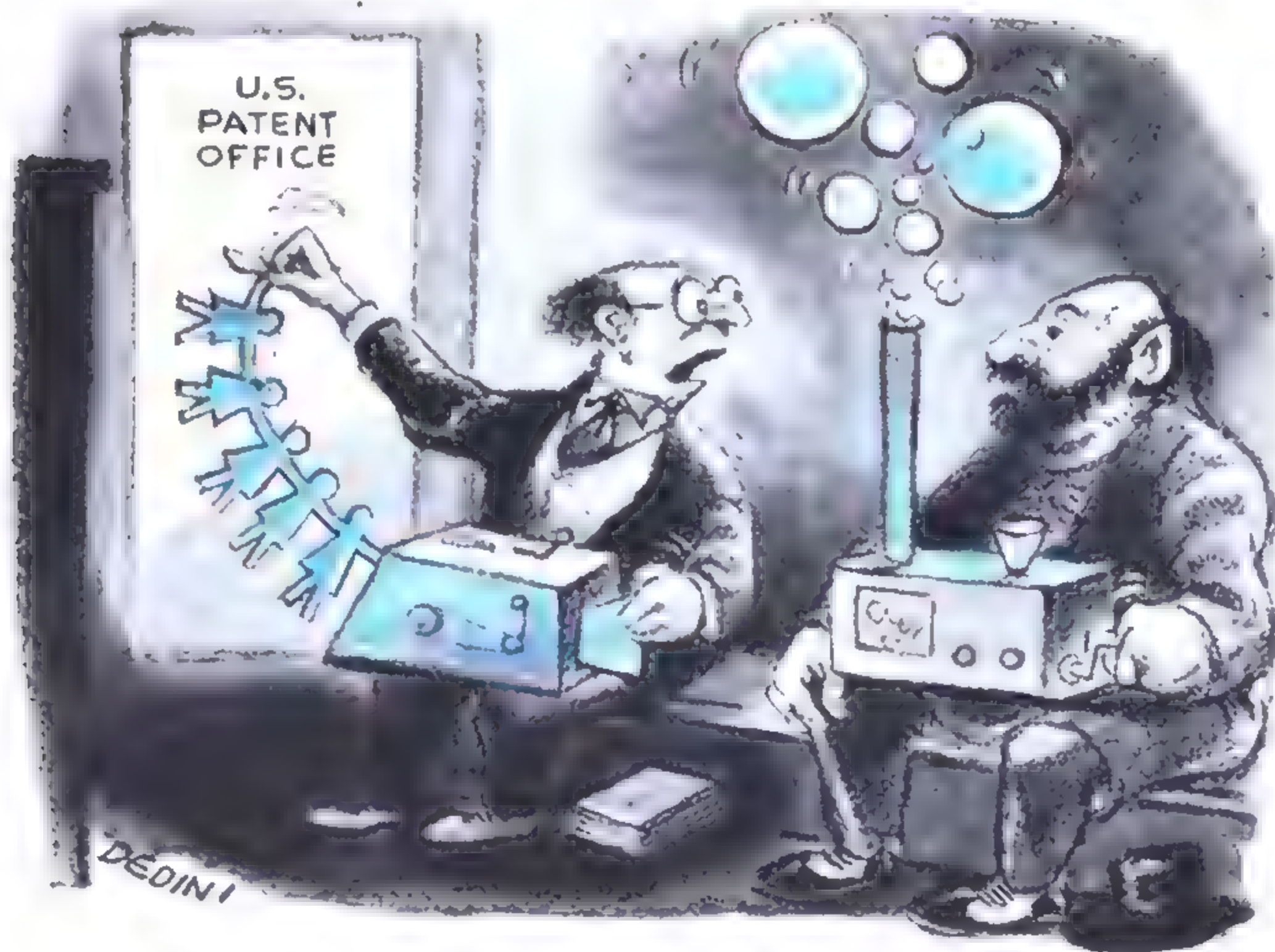
My three sons, however, have read dozens of the same Alger books that I read. In 1940, I took my second son, then twelve, to the Michigan-Pennsylvania game at Ann Arbor. (Michigan 14—Pennsylvania 0.) On the way home he sat in a room crowded with sports-writers—Bill Cunningham, Frank Graham, Grantland Rice, plus two or three football coaches. Timmy was fascinated, but at nine o'clock he went to bed. I found him at eleven o'clock with the bright light on in his berth. He was reading *Ragged Dick*. "Light out," I said. "I got to finish this first," he pleaded, and successfully. For many a night I had burned the midnight Welsbach until I had finished *Wait and Hope; or Ben Bradford's Motto*.

Horatio Alger, Junior, was born in Revere, Massachusetts. His father was a Unitarian minister who had intended his son for the ministry from the boy's early childhood. Horatio himself showed no ambition or aptitude for that profession and ended his father's hopes, and finally threats, by running off to Paris and then attempting to get into the Army. He entered the pulpit only when nothing else turned up—and remained there a scant two years before going off to New York to become a writer.

Tobacco and liquor Alger never used; such indulgences were sinful. His heroes, with the exception of *Ragged Dick*, who drank an alcoholic decoction at two cents a glass and in his early days gambled and smoked "good cigars," were like him, abstemious. And, of course, Dick reformed long before the tale ended.

It was this story, running serially in Oliver Optic's magazine, *Student and Schoolmate*, which caused authorities at the Newsboy's Lodging House on Fulton Street to invite Alger to use the place as a source of material for other stories, although the hero was not a newsboy, but a bootblack. The Lodging House became his home. Probably it was here that he got the basic idea for all his other stories: to have a hero that every boy reader would like to be.

Alger's books were didactic, and the morality was that of the McGuffey (*Continued on page 185*)



"Frankly, yours doesn't seem very practical"



"I'm going to punish you myself, Miss Winters—come to my apartment tonight"



"Something tells me we shouldn't have sold the house"



Tales of the ball-playing trenchermen
who ate their way out of the big league

The Knife and Fork League

by ERNIE HARWELL

JOHN J. MCGRAW, manager of the New York Giants, was puzzled. He couldn't understand why J. Francis (Shanty) Hogan, his new 215-pound catcher, continued to gain weight. The overstuffed newcomer, on orders from his boss, was eating only spinach, broccoli, asparagus, fruits and salads.

Moreover, McGraw was positive Hogan was adhering to his diet list. He had given hotel waiters specific instructions *not* to serve Shanty any starches or desserts. In addition, he was perusing all of Hogan's dinner checks.

Still the big fellow was piling on poundage.

McGraw decided to investigate with a special trip to the dining room. It was in the kitchen that he found the mystery's solution . . .

A waiter came back with Hogan's order, a selection of wholesome, non-fattening foods which might have been the masterpiece of a nutrition expert. However, instead of green vegetables, fruits, and salads, the waiter began to stack on the tray a huge sirloin steak, two large baked potatoes, a double helping of beans, rolls, ice cream, and two gigantic pieces of blackberry pie.

"Say," queried McGraw, "why don't you give the man what he ordered?"

"Well," answered the waiter, not recognizing McGraw, "this gentleman's a ballplayer, and his manager is a tough old bird who won't let him eat anything but a few sissy foods. So he's worked out signals with us. When he writes down spinach, he wants ice cream. Fruit salad means two baked potatoes; and if he wants a steak, he orders asparagus."

"No wonder!" muttered McGraw to himself, and walked away.

That's why Shanty Hogan couldn't stick in the big leagues. He finished his career down in the minors, where they diagnosed his batting weakness as a "pitch just below the stomach."

Hogan, like many others in baseball, saw his career turn on the small, but important, matter of eating.

It's not at all incongruous that Babe Ruth, the greatest figure in sports history, should be the center of the diamond's most publicized gastronomic goings-on. The Babe was a big, uninhibited guy who did things whole hog. In the Spring of 1925 he was stricken with what the late sports writer Bill McGeehan termed "the most important stomach-ache in the world." At a whistle stop on the training trip north, the Babe stepped off the Yankee train just long enough to stretch his legs and gulp down a dozen railroad station hot dogs and eight bottles of pop. Several hours later he collapsed on the Asheville, North Carolina, station platform.

His lusty groans were heard around the world. Babe was hauled by stretcher onto the next train to New York. More than half the baseball writers covering the Yanks' exhibition tour with the Dodgers deserted the teams and hopped the train to report Ruth's trip.

At the station, an ambulance waited to whisk the Babe to St. Vincent's Hospital. For the next few days he lay close to death. Thousands of men, women and children—many of whom didn't even know the shape of a baseball—read black-type bulletins and worried over his condition as if he had been a member of their immediate families.

The backwash of months of outlandish orgies, climaxed by this one huge indiscretion, left Ruth weak. But his vitality saved him, and after a month he wobbled out of the hospital.

But the Yankees had missed the Ruthian power in their first few series and were off to a shaky start. Even when the Babe did return, he couldn't pull them out of their slump. His .246 midseason batting average looked meager compared to his

previous record. He fretted, disobeyed signals and broke training. His hostility toward Manager Miller Huggins reached a torrid August climax in St. Louis when the disgusted little strategist fined Ruth 5,000 dollars and suspended him indefinitely. Ruth later apologized. Huggins reinstated him, but did not rescind the fine.

The Babe, in the few remaining months, boosted his batting average to .290. Still, the team finished seventh. From then on, the disciplined home-run king exercised more control over his appetite and his lust for living. Within the next few seasons he reached his greatest heights, sparking the offensive which was to establish the Yankees as a traditionally power-laden outfit.

It could be traced to the stomach-ache. Babe's famous tummy torment started him on his worst season and eventually brought on his fining, his reformation, and gave impetus to the Yankees' success.

Even after his repentance, Ruth provided many stories of digestive gymnastics. In the later days, however, he usually seasoned his string of hot dogs and his flood of pop with bicarbonate of soda. Newsmen who covered the Yanks in Ruth's prime still have a mind's-eye shot of the huge Babe lumbering back from batting practice to the Yankee dugout after clouting three or four drives into the distant bleachers, sitting down with a grunt, and calling to a near-by bat boy, "Hey, kid, run in the clubhouse and bring me some bicarbonate, will ya?"

Rube Waddell, Connie Mack's great and eccentric left-hander, was once forced to forego one of his favorite foods—animal crackers—in the interest of the team. At the height of his pitching career, the picturesque Rube roomed with his battery-mate, Ossie Schreckengost. The two slept in the same bed to save the club expenses.

One spring, Mack was surprised to see Schreckengost's contract returned, unsigned. With it, the Athletic catcher had penned an explanation.

"The money part of this contract is all right," he wrote, "but before I sign, I'll have to see Waddell's contract. You must put a clause there saying he can't eat animal crackers in bed. I don't mind the flat ones, but those with horns bother me."

Sure enough, Mack inserted the clause in (*Continued on page 149*)



"Would you mind sitting someplace else to sing?"

The spunky little barber must have realized that Caracci's favors were neither refused nor accepted lightly

A Break for Charlie

by CURTIS BILLINGS



I HURRIED out of the elevator and across the lobby, but when I got to the barbershop door, I stopped. It wasn't going to be easy to give the bad news to Charlie. But, hell, I realized that there wasn't any decision for me to make. So there was no use standing there thinking. I pushed open the door and called him over to a corner where we wouldn't be overheard. He was in the midst of a job and came with a soapy razor in his hand.

"Caracci wants you upstairs," I whispered.

"What for?" Charlie asked.

"He's going to give you that break he was talking about."

I had never considered Charlie particularly bright and thought for a moment that he didn't understand. He turned his head and looked out of the window and slowly pushed his glasses up so they rested on the bridge of his nose. But I saw that the hand holding the razor was trembling and a blob of soap slid off the blade to the floor. He turned and looked at me and there was trouble in his eyes. This bothered me, and I was relieved when his mouth shut tight and he was himself again—his determined, bossy self.

"I ain't going to take a goddamned thing," he said vehemently.

"Easy," I said. "If you go acting that way upstairs, you'll make it all the worse."

The session upstairs had been very tough—as tough as they ever

got—and I was dog tired from the strain. Plenty of the boys couldn't tell how long they'd last; few felt secure. For one thing, the beating little Ike took right there in front of us had put us under pressure. Ike's chiseling hadn't been very serious either. No worse than most of us were guilty of.

Caracci was nobody to buck in this town and nobody to try to run away from either. All through the war he had the horse gambling and most of the other rackets too. Up to just recently his three floors in the Hotel Ogden were practically the city hall.

It was just bad luck that he happened to get to like Charlie Dennis so well, but it was natural too. Charlie's a fine barber and, in addition, he's a character. You could see it tickled Caracci, with all his power, to be bossed by a barber. Caracci would grin and do what Charlie told him. Caracci had worn his sideburns kind of long ever since he was a kid and liked them that way, but Charlie cut them off. Gave Caracci hell all the time he was doing it too. "I'm the barber," he said. "I know what you need. You don't know nothin'." After Charlie had been working on him for a month or two, Caracci was mighty pleased with his appearance.

There was nothing against Caracci's giving Charlie a break if that was all there would be to it. Charlie needed money; his wife was in bad shape and he was a nice guy. If Caracci wanted to help, okay. But Caracci was the kind who does a generous thing and then never gets over it. Thinks he's a wonderful fellow. Gets resentful of the things that are said about him. Knocks himself out thinking he's unappreciated and misunderstood. In a little while the poor guy he did the favor for just about owes him his life, according to Caracci. Then something always comes up where he can use just such a guy. Caracci asks *him* for a favor, and if the guy does it, he's in the organization for keeps. To a lot of people that isn't fun. If he doesn't do it, he's got himself a tough enemy.

Charlie got through with his customer and came over where I was waiting.

"Ready?" I asked.

"Sure I'm ready," he replied. "All set."

He was so cheerful and confident while I was dragging bottom for him that it peeved me.

"What makes you so damned sure?" I asked.

"Nobody gets in Caracci's outfit or anybody's outfit who don't want to," he replied.

"How about me?" I asked. "A year ago I had a respectable job selling wine. Sold some to Caracci and after a while he gave me a break."

Charlie looked right at me, but he didn't say a word. Come to think of it, there wasn't anything he needed to say. He had made his point. I might as well admit it; I was a hungry man for dough. I decided that Charlie was maybe shrewder than I'd thought.

Still, there wasn't any way I could see for him to get out of this jam of his. I liked him and I felt plenty sorry for him. We got in the elevator and went up to the twelfth floor. I nodded to Joe and we went in.

It was a big room on the inside of the building. Originally four windows had overlooked the well, but Caracci had them bricked up so any noise made inside couldn't be heard too easy.

It was a hot day and the fifteen or so guys sat around with their coats off and their collars unbuttoned. For all their reputation, they didn't look so tough in their wilted clothes. Just scared and mean. They sat in a kind of semicircle facing



Champion Janet of Aragon

Owned by Mrs. Franklin Pierce

Handsomest of gun dogs, the Irish Setter can chase his red and white forebears back to nineteenth-century Eire. United States owners now claim to lead the world in breeding the setter of solid mahogany color, deeming conspicuous white patches or a tendency to curl a blemish in his rich silken coat. Fortunately for his character, this dashing fellow's talents are not confined to the bench. He is the ideal bird dog where the going is rough; his usually happy disposition and his sound feet make him amenable both to correction as well as to arduous workouts. And if, as his critics sometimes complain, he develops slowly, and requires more training than some of the other field dogs, he never forgets a lesson. Moreover, he lives to a sturdy old age, rewarding his owner with many years of loyal companionship.

Caracci's big tooled-leather desk which had cost him a grand.

Caracci was behind it in the matching armchair, his chin resting in his hand. Even though his mouth was partly covered by his fingers I could see that his mood was sour. That accounted for the change that had come over the group since I went downstairs. Then they were just beginning to joke and do a little drinking and roughhousing like they always did when a meeting was over and the pressure was off. Now they were quiet. Perhaps it was because I had been slow about getting back upstairs with Charlie. Caracci hated to wait.

Well, with the room tense like this I dropped into my chair quick. Charlie walked to Caracci's desk and stood in front of it, facing him. Charlie's an old man, about seventy, and you would be surprised how quick he moved and how straight he stood.

There was absolutely no way of knowing what was going through his head. He just stood there. Caracci had his face in his hand and glared up at Charlie and once in a while his eyes traveled around the room. I guess you would say he was pouting.

Pretty soon, of course, he had to snap out of it because standing there before him was the guy he had told everybody he liked and was going to help. Also he probably remembered that the purpose of the whole stunt was to remind his organization that tough though he might be, he really was a great guy with a big heart who was capable of fixing them up fine at any time. Caracci was no fool.

He started out as usual by complaining about how he was treated. He wasn't talking to Charlie particularly. He was talking to everybody, including himself. He cursed out the other organizations which were all the time trying to cut into his territories. "When I fight back, they call me a killer," he said. He talked about the politicians who kept demanding a bigger cut all the time. He defended his enterprises. "I'm only giving people what they want. If they couldn't play in my joints, they'd play some place else. But I'm supposed to be bad."

Caracci wasn't a bad orator and sold himself on what he said along with the guys listening. He frowned and smiled and made gestures with both of those pudgy hands. He got himself all worked up when he made a speech. He was all worked up when he came to the business at hand.

"I got a big heart and I like a good guy," he said. "I stand up for my friends and my enemies don't worry me none. I like you, Charlie, and I'm going to cut you in on the Southtown track for a month, maybe a couple of months. Musso here will pay you off Mondays, and it'll mean four, five grand to you."

"And listen, you guys," he said, looking around the room. "If you see anybody putting the touch on Charlie, push him out the door. If he don't quit, let me know. This is Charlie's dough. Keep away from it!" He smiled broadly at Charlie. "You can get your old woman fixed up and put some in the sock for that rainy day," he said.

Caracci looked around as much as to say: See how I treat a guy I like? Behave yourselves and maybe you'll get a break.

He waited for Charlie to speak. He wanted Charlie to sweat and stumble through a few words of thanks. Then he would get up and pat him on the back and tell him that he was all right and had said enough.

The barber stood there straight and slender.

Charlie, I said to myself, whatever you do now has got to be good. Better play it safe. Say thanks, and maybe no trouble will ever come of it. Maybe he'll forget about it. Maybe he'll be dead before he remembers. That dough will be mighty nice, Charlie. Take it.

Charlie turned away from Caracci and walked swiftly to the door. With his hand on the knob he looked around.

"I don't want no horse track," he said. His voice was loud and angry. He opened the door and was gone.

What a nerve, I thought. The damned fool.

Caracci looked bewildered at first. Then his neck and whole fat face got purple and his mouth twitched as it always did when he was sore. Nobody said anything. Nobody moved. After a couple of minutes Caracci turned to Musso. "Get him back," he ordered.

I felt awful. I thought of the beating Ike had taken and I looked around at the bricked-up windows. I saw again Charlie's narrow shoulders, thrust back and frail.

We didn't have to wait long. In a few minutes the knob turned, the door opened, and in strode Charlie, an open razor in his hand. The crazy notion entered my head that he had brought the thing to defend himself with. He got to Caracci's desk before I saw that Musso was following him with a funny expression on his face and in his hands a tray with brushes and towels and things a barber uses.



A peacetime baby with wings

Ex-Army pilots attention! See something familiar in this one? Right, it's got the tail of the Mustang, and the wing of the Texan, and put together with a lot of civilian comforts and refinements, what have you got? The North American Navion. All metal, powered by a 185 hp Continental engine, approximate cruising speed 150 mph, expected top speed 160 mph, approximate landing speed 54 mph (with flaps), estimated maximum range 700 miles, power retractable tricycle landing gear, steerable nose wheel, the Navion is a four-passenger plane and will carry 80 pounds of luggage, or by removing the back seat, it will accommodate 435 pounds of cargo. The spacious cabin is luxuriously appointed and standard equipment includes starter, navigation lights, variable pitch propeller. A swell gadget for going places.

Charlie turned to Musso. "Put it there," he commanded. You'd have thought Musso was the barbershop porter. "Push it this way," Charlie barked.

Musso put the tray exactly where Charlie said and resumed his seat. The strange expression did not leave his face.

Charlie whipped a big white bib from the tray, flourished it in the air, and walked around the desk to Caracci's side.

"Sit straight," he said. "I can't work if you're slumped down like that." He held the big cloth in both hands ready to put it under Caracci's chin and around his neck.

"I'm a barber," he said loudly. "I want no horse track. You look awful. I'll fix you up." He was assured, insistent.

This was the moment and we all knew it. In the silence that followed the barber's words I could hear my stomach palpitate. It was a moment that couldn't last.

Caracci glared at the barber, his face a strange admixture of anger and exasperated surprise. Then his eyes moved from face to intent face around the room. They finally came to Musso whose expression hadn't changed since he had carried Charlie's tray in. Slowly that expression disappeared now and he broke into a broad, unequivocal grin. As if it pained him, Caracci smiled too. They both laughed.

The hubbub that filled the room was as sudden as a flash fire. The release was instantaneous. Everybody laughed. Musso laid his head back on his chair and roared. Caracci grabbed the bib out of Charlie's hands, intending, apparently, to wipe his eyes with it, but his hands lay limp on the desk while he shook. The tears ran down his cheeks. Maloney tipped his chair too far back and fell, hitting his head against a radiator. He came up with a bleeding ear. We laughed harder than ever.

Charlie stood at Caracci's side as if he didn't comprehend the scene. He looked angry. Finally he picked up the bib and tucked it around Caracci's neck and began to comb his hair. Caracci wiped his eyes and the room quieted down. We heard Charlie talking—scolding as usual.

"Stop it," he said. "You need a trim, a shave and a massage and I've got customers waiting downstairs. I never seen you look worse. I'll make you look fine. I'll take no horses, I'm a barber."

And Caracci didn't say anything.

Musso got up and walked out the door. We followed him down to Freddie's spot off the lobby. After a couple of rounds, Musso looked at me.

"I wonder," he said, "if that dumb barber had any idea what he was up against."

I grinned. "Search me," I said. ##

Bathroom for Ritualists

Comfort invades a heretofore neglected corner of the American home with this prophetic design for luxurious bathers

HERE is cheering news indeed for those long-neglected Americans who feel the bath ritual to be a thing of beauty. It should come as a gentle rain after drought to those who have suffered artistic torments trying to relax luxuriously amid bathroom surroundings conducive only to wash-and-dash techniques. Traditionally the most ignored and least comfortable corner of the American home, the bath now comes into its own by way of the inventive and practical workings of the facile designer's mind.

Worshippers of the bath ritual will note—by way of a starter—what Sakhnoffsky has done for their side in his design of the tub itself. Semi-recessed into an alcove, it is bound by a heavy rubber molding in a complementary color. But the crowning touch is supplied by the tapered shelf-like armrests which lie quietly below the surface of the water when the tub is full. This is especially restful for those who like to read and soak. And for non-literary bathers, it serves as a stable prop which negates the possibility of tub accidents.

The heavy copper tubing on which the towels rest serves two other purposes, one of which is not immediately visible. It is a handrail, of course, but a towel heater as well, drawing temperature from the heating system of the home. For protection against sudden burns, part of the tubing is insulated by a corrugated white sleeve.

For those time-plagued gentlemen who are forced to divvy a morning rush hour between bathing and eating, Sakhnoffsky offers breakfast in the tub, via a lucite tray which comes up out of the floor. Turned-up edges hold the breakfast tray securely, and the latter becomes a double-threat by serving as a reading easel during the pre-bed bath period.

The sketch at bottom left shows the built-in scale (also visible at upper right). The red knob controls the red arrow which records yesterday's weight for those who are dieting or vice versa. Now the proud or harried male needs merely to step up to the wall and keep his eye on the indicator.

The ritual really comes into its own by virtue of several other offerings out of the facile designer's mind. Stashed into the wall at the side of the tub are a clock, a thermometer and a radio. All three of these useful contraptions come hermetically sealed to keep out any water the over-enthusiastic bather might splash at them.

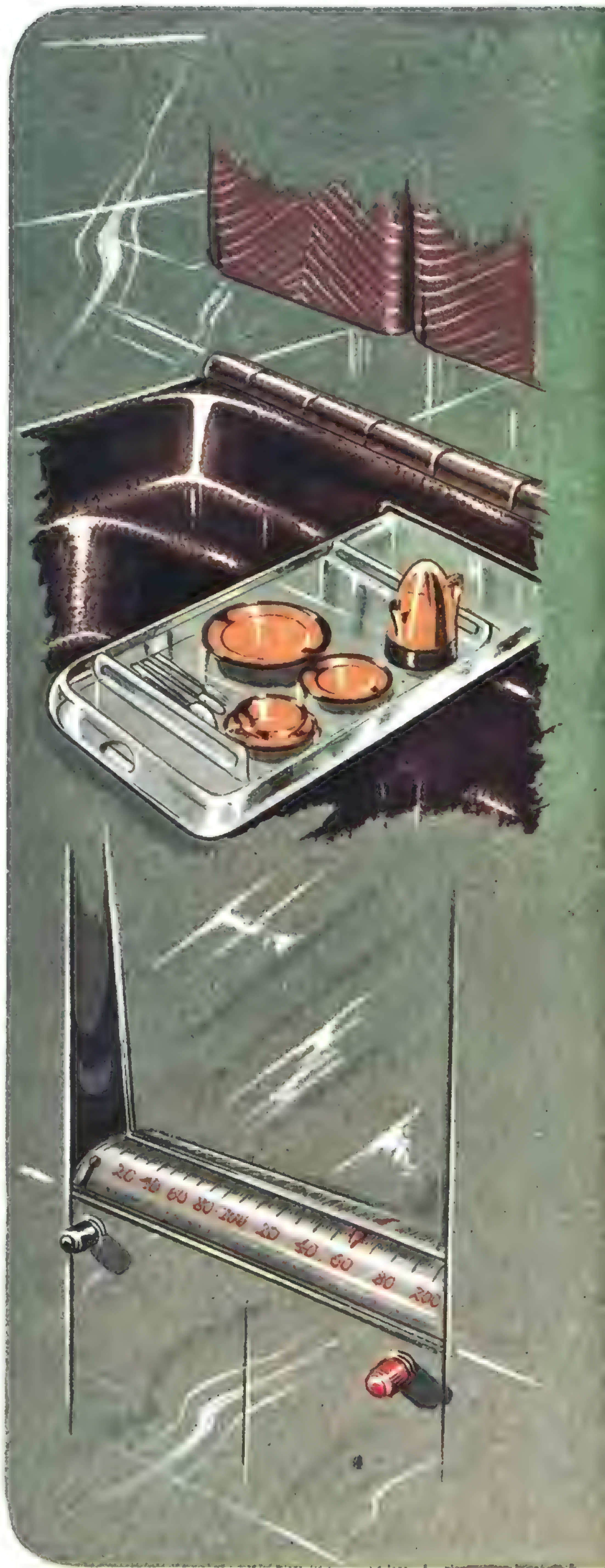
Winding up, attention is called to the small fireplace illustrated at lower right. Too diminutive to allow ample passage to even a lean Kriss Kringle, it nevertheless makes a million-dollar contribution to coziness, particularly on those blizzardy mornings and evenings when a roaring hearth is desirable wherever one may pause. Reading and fireplaces are traditional bedmates, thus the midget library. And for those who don't feel like reading, there is another radio for listeners and a second timepiece for clock watchers. Finally, the bearskin rug thrown before the fireplace offers a last casual touch of masculinity to the bath package. ##

Mechanical Prophecies, No. 4

THE BATH

by COUNT ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

Count Sakhnoffsky here puts his talents to work in behalf of those who prefer every corner of their homes livable. His design for a bathroom is a specific for ills brought on by prosaic home furnishers. From the hermetically-sealed radio adjoining the tub to the bear rug on the floor, the sketches level at one goal: to make the bath ritual maximally pleasurable and luxurious.







**ACTOR
OF THE MONTH**

Raymond Massey

Photograph by Arnold Glantz

Never to be forgotten for his *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, Raymond Massey was again acclaimed by the critics in *Pygmalion*. A "three-club golfer," his versatility is not confined to the theatre as he uses only a spoon, a number-eight iron, and a putter on

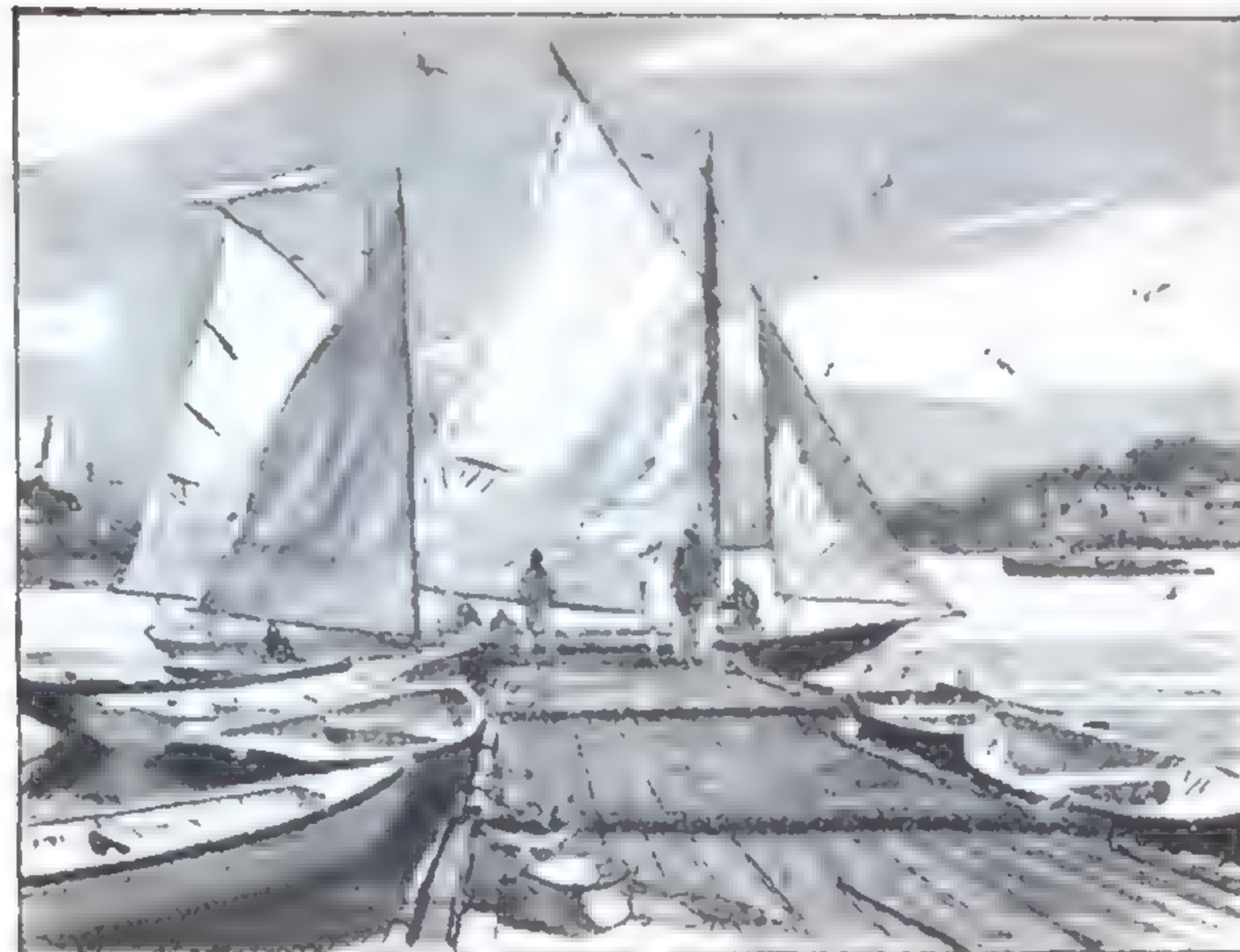
the green. Pictured here in Manhattan's Central Park, Mr. Massey is wearing a two-button grey sharkskin single-breasted suit, a white broadcloth shirt, red-patterned foulard tie and black shoes. He is partial to narrow-brimmed hats, and uses

the pinched-crown effect for casual daytime wearing of his black Homburg. Grey is his favorite color, but he also wears blue and occasionally brown. The selection of his neckties and appropriate accessories he leaves to the good taste of Mrs. Massey.

They have a way with food down in Tarpon Springs that reaches quite across this world

The Greeks Have a Taste for It

by **PAUL WILDER**



GRANT

You can't tell what'll happen when the sponge fleet sails home up the Anclote River and edges into the rickety dock of Florida's sponge capital at Tarpon Springs.

Sometimes a swarthy, wrinkled Greek deck hand will dash onto the warped planks, shouting imperiously. An ambulance attendant will lift a pain-racked form to a stretcher. It is a sponge diver with the bends. Or the cry "*meghali ahelona*" will sweep the waterfront as people pour from the curio shops and coffeehouses to see the "big turtle," perhaps a 100-pound loggerhead towed behind the dumpy sail-power sponge craft. Or sometimes a diver will step painfully from a boat to show with dramatic gestures how he fought off a savage barracuda that ripped his man-from-Mars diving suit and tore a long gash in his arm.

But most of the time the return of the sponge fleet is just a mad scramble of divers, engineers, cooks and captains to reach the nearest restaurant and begin day-and-night orgies of eating, drinking and dancing.

At sea in the Gulf of Mexico from two weeks to as many months, the spongers enjoy little variety from canned beef and hardtack. When they return, their hunger for the Greek-style cooking of their native land is exceeded by nothing else. Food is first, the other joys of living next.

Many of them, particularly members of the younger generation, head for the uptown cafés and coffee houses, there to fuel up on beer and cabbage and potatoes. But many more, especially the islanders from Halki, from Syme and Calymnos in the Aegean, go directly to the grog shops and restaurants of the waterfront, where truly Greek restaurant men work a double-barreled harvest. Their Grecian-style cooking not only is an irresistible lure for the old-country men, but it is a far-famed drawing card for jaded tourists who never fail to discover anew the color and romance of old Greece in the dockside bistros.

If you should happen to be in one of the waterfront cafés when the fleet comes in, be prepared for anything, especially a Greek bearing gifts. Some may be carrying fish in dripping burlap sacks, striding through the dining hall oblivious to surprised stares of strangers and the wrinkling of noses in the wake of decayed-sponge odor. Some may be bearing armloads of conchs and pinshells to be cracked from their exotic shells and boiled into stews with wine and vegetables.

The most excitement is caused when a sponger walks in carrying an octopus—usually in a bucket of water. One diner fainted recently when she saw a diver bearing a little monster on his arm, its tentacles harmlessly clinging to his sleeve. When the octopi come in, there are telephone calls to appreciative customers who rush down to enjoy the delicacy. If you stick around you can watch as a kitchen helper begins the tedious and gruesome tenderizing process of beating the octopus on the sidewalk for an hour. After it is soaked in lemon juice and vinegar and boiled for an hour, the octopus emerges in unrecognizable strips of meat more delicate than veal, more savory than chicken.

The waterfront restaurants which cater to the sponger trade

with these sometimes weird dishes are three in number. There's the Seabreeze Café of Antonios Vastrdis. He converted a picturesque fishhouse, once a favorite artists' subject, into a galley and mess hall overhanging the Anclote River and giving a direct view to the bobbing masts of the sponge fleet at anchor.

There is the Victory Café operated by a former tankman for General Patton's army—Mike Melissas—who spent many hours in a Third Army hospital in Belgium recovering from shrapnel wounds and dreaming of the restaurant he would own someday to help support his bends-crippled father. When he was discharged, Mike spent his 2000-dollar war savings to buy the café lease and to serve fried shrimp and Greek salad.

Patriarch of the Greek-style restaurants, and almost a landmark on the waterfront, is the Riverside Café of Louis Pappas, a cook for General Pershing in the first World War. He was fond of night driving in trucks during Prohibition, and now is Tarpon Springs' most venerable and well-known citizen.

Louis Pappas abandoned his real name of Papamichalopoulos for obvious reasons when he came to America from Sparta with his father, a cook, forty-five years ago. Like his dad and twenty cousins, he opened a restaurant when he got out of the Army in 1919, but the Florida "boom" of the '20's caught him and closed his Tampa place. Moving to Tarpon Springs, forty miles away, he ran a hole-in-the-wall café until the diver-landlord evidenced too much interest in how the place should be run. So in 1929, Pappas leased an abandoned sponge warehouse next to the wharf and opened a café catering to the spongers who were in port three and four months of the year.

Trying to increase his sponger trade, Pappas took thought of the fanciful salads his father used to make in Greece and began duplicating them, but on a grander scale. Since such things were cheap in those days, he took potato salad, lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, Greek watercress, goat's-milk cheese and almost any other ingredient handy at the time to build a gargantuan concoction anointed with generous helpings of olive oil, wine, vinegar, thyme—in short the works. The Greeks loved it. At first wary, the "tourists" gradually beginning to discover the

Greek community passed word-of-mouth news about Louis Pappas' meal-on-one plate. Epicurean visitors from Miami and Jacksonville, both more than 300 miles away, began making week-end trips to Tarpon Springs just to savor the Greek salad and other dishes Pappas put with it.

Today Louis Pappas serves 200 customers daily with everything a Greek ever thought of for food, but still with the salad as the top drawing card. Yacht owners from all parts of the Gulf coast make regular as well as spasmodic trips up the Anclote and to the sponge wharf—just so they can walk across the planking into Louis Pappas' restaurant. Although today his dishes include such famed preparations as his shrimp-fried-in-olive-oil, lamb with spaghetti, and stuffed grapevine leaves, Pappas is still amazed that a 200,000-dollar-a-year business should be built primarily on a foundation of lettuce leaves and Greek watercress.

The (Continued on page 192)



"And what, sir, would your ulcer like today?"

Now and at the Hour

His homecoming seemed an end to a chapter with his wife gone, his mother withdrawn, almost a stranger, and his father dying

by PETER GRAY



HIS mother was at the entrance to meet him, just inside the door. He had unconsciously prepared himself for her usual strong grasping embrace, but she made no motion towards him, merely stood there silent and waiting. Even her gaze was arrested, so quiet as to startle him. It should have gone striking out; instead, there was something trancelike about her look, something turned inward, that made him choke a little as he put his hands on her shoulders and brushed her cheek with his lips.

"How is Father?" he said.

She remained facing him with the queer out-of-focus look in her eyes.

"How is Father today?" he repeated.

"His last day," she said. "The doctor says he won't last till morning. Come, see him for yourself."

She led the way through the long, hushed, half-darkened parlor going very erect and with a kind of gliding step to the room which Bruce in his childhood had known alternately as the library and the downstairs bedroom. The white door was slightly ajar. She pushed it open and glided ahead of him.

It was cooler inside; a little electric fan whirled on a corner bookcase and the window shades were pulled down and the curtains closed against the afternoon sun. It took him a moment to grow accustomed to the green darkness. The massive black walnut bed from his father's upstairs bedroom filled the center of the room, square with the walls and covered with a handsome white and unwrinkled counterpane which was turned down smoothly at the chin of a dark and shrunken face. The jaw hung slack over the glossy whiteness of the cloth and the mouth gaped. The eyes were closed. The skin of the face was incredibly dark brown, the color that bones often have from lying in the earth a long time. There was a painfully slow intaking of breath, like a snore, and a loud exhaling; and after a silence another painful inbreathing which seemed to drain all the air of the room, so that Bruce, with his back to the door, felt he would suffocate.

His mother at the head of the bed was straightening the fold of counterpane under the chin. "My dear, my very dear," she whis-

pered. Her hand brushed back the dry grey hair and stroked the brow, over and over again. "Oh, my dear!" Her fingers caressed the cheek hollow and touched the eyelids which were permanently closed. She raised her head slightly and turned the pillow and smoothed it with the palm of her hand and rested the head on it again. "My darling," she whispered, and bent over the dirt-brown face and kissed the gasping mouth. "Oh, my dear!" And always she moved with the slow and unaccountable directness of a sleepwalker, as if her waking daily world had been extinguished for a while. "Oh, my very dear!"

Bruce, his heart pounding oppressively, only stared at the lighted face of his mother and listened to her whispering. This was the first time he had ever seen her show affection for his father.

A parting caress to the cheek hollow and a final smoothing of the counterpane—the two gestures almost ritual as if in respect to the dying man and the fine white cloth that covered him—and she went out through the other door into the dining room. He followed her, leaving the door ajar so they might listen to the process of breathing.

She seated herself beside the table, which was covered with another kind of fine white cloth. A cut-glass bowl of pale pink roses, tight blossoms that grew in the garden year after year, had been placed in the exact center of the table on a heavy crocheted mat. When he rested his arm on the table his dark khaki sleeve looked as inappropriate against the white tablecloth as had his father's head against the whiteness of the counterpane.

"I'd no idea how ill he was until I got your wire," he said huskily.

"No, I didn't want to trouble you. Besides, you couldn't have left the hospital any sooner than you did. I know, for I have had reports on your recovery. Perhaps even so, you left there sooner than you should have."

"I'm all right. I had difficulty getting away only because of red tape. I'm all right now. But you should have told me about Father, no matter how I was."

"No, it was my duty to write you only cheerful letters when you were going through all that, besides getting wounded and winning medals and everything. Though I must say, Aurelia's running off in spite of all the talk, was a good riddance. I never did like her."

"Yes, I know," he said, surprised that he still resented her opposition to Aurelia.

"From the very start I told you she wasn't good enough for you. A girl with a background like hers. Of course your poor unsuspecting father had one of his heart attacks when he learned what she'd done, so that I had to call for Dr. Dodger. And I could scarcely keep up my head in town because of all the gossip about her. But that's past and done with now. And I must say, you're better off without her."

His mother's glance and words were addressed to him without attention. She might have been talking to herself in an empty room.

"So I didn't want to trouble you," she went on. "Somehow I've managed well enough, as well as anyone could, I suppose, if I do say it myself."

Suddenly he thrust out his hands towards her imploring with an awkward gesture. "I've been away almost three years," he cried in a stumbling voice. "I went through the invasion of Africa. My wife ran away with another man. I was wounded in the invasion of Sicily. Now I'm home again."

"Yes, yes. Poor Bruce! My poor boy!" she said still abstracted. "Someday when we have time you must tell me all your horrible experiences. And now your poor father is breathing his last. There was nothing I could do to save him, nothing. He was not a young man. Twelve years older than I am, you know. And he's been aging fast this past year."



"Your wife beat you to the draw, Mr. Cotter"

just wearing out. Though there never was as much strength in the Newmans as in the Huddlesbys. It's we Huddlesbys who make old bones."

Her voice had an eloquence which was new to him, a low vibrant cello quality, disturbingly unfamiliar. Yet nothing was the same as it had been when he'd gone away. Even this dining room seemed aged and altered and strange to him. He had come home to an alien place.

"I haven't wanted a nurse around my house. The maid and once a week the cleaning woman have been enough. I've done all the nursing myself and I don't complain. Though I've had almost no sleep these last few weeks."

"No one has your endurance, Mother."

"I do what I can."

"I'll stay up and be nurse tonight."

"I had expected you would want to. And now there is hot water for your bath. You'll find your old room as it used to be, with your things in it. After Aurelia left town I brought your clothes and books and some of your other things here. I knew you would want them here at home. I left the furniture and household things at the apartment—what she didn't take away. Your apartment lease ends next month. But we don't have to bother about that now. Go upstairs and get your bath. Dinner will be ready in about an hour."

He carried his bag up the back stairs to his room with its blue walls and yellow ceiling, the colors rather faded now. They had been fresh the autumn he had started high school, but that had been nine years ago. The bookcase was crowded and piled high with his books and in a packing box on the floor there were more, mainly college notebooks and textbooks. None of Aurelia's books were in the box or on the shelves; and when he opened a novel she had given him he saw that someone—she or his mother—had torn out the page where she had written his name and hers.

In the top drawer of the old walnut bureau he discovered some camping and hunting clothes which he had had before his marriage: heavy woolen socks, a waterproof jacket, a torn cap, grey shirts and a threadbare blue sweater. There was a dog whistle and a length of black silk fishing line in one of the jacket pockets. An odd sense of loss came over him as he felt the texture of the wool sweater and the limpness of the cap vizer and tested the strength of the fish line. This was all that was left of him in those years. The line snapped in his hands. He picked up the cap again and held it to his nose; it smelled like any other cloth. He opened the next drawer; it was empty. The bottom drawer was filled with stationery boxes and shoe boxes of his mother's. One held old Christmas cards in their envelopes. Other boxes contained buttons, ribbons, beads and broken bits of jewelry, and a tangle of rubber bands which were stiff and brittle with age. Blood arteries wear out like rubber, someone had told him.

In the room that had been his sister Jenny's, across the hall from his room, he found a wardrobe trunk packed with his clothes, the suits wrinkled, the shirts and underclothes rather musty and the ties crumpled. He chose the things to put on after his bath without considering the change from uniform to civilian clothes in any way significant. His thoughts, even his motions, were hushed by the presence of the dying man in the house; like him he was suspended.

After he had finished dressing and was ready to go downstairs he glanced in passing at the old, slightly tarnished mirror and encountered as through an opened corridor of memory a pair of startled eyes peering out at him. "Father!" he exclaimed. He clearly saw him a young man standing before this same mirror, trying to read his fate in the glass and seeing him, his son, staring back from the lighted other end—the briefest flicker of an encounter before the passage filled with glass and age and the common light of late afternoon.

"I'll make it up," he solemnly promised. "I'll make up what's lost if I can." But he hadn't spoken quickly enough; and worse, he had missed whatever sign or word there might have been for him.

He stuffed his uniform into the middle drawer and then went through the hall past his mother's room, fresh with new wallpaper and drapes, and past the open door of his father's room, which had an emptied look, even a maimed look, without the walnut bed.

At the foot of the front stairs Dr. Dodger, with his bag in his hand, turned to wait for him.

"Hello, Bruce," he said. "I've had another look at your father. A matter of a few hours now." He stood there, solid and motionless, waiting for a reply. Bruce gulped. The doctor waited another moment before he said: "I've known him almost thirty years. One of the best."

He watched him through the screen door as he went with short waddling steps down the walk to his car, an old man with stiff leg muscles and a heavy paunch under a loose, baggy suit. He had never before seen him thus clearly. There had always been the grey impersonalness of distance about the doctor, as if he had no relation to the world save through disease and death. But now, as he watched his shambling back, he saw him aged by more than the usual share of hope and disappointment.

In the dining room the table was lighted by four tall pale-yellow candles in the silver candlesticks which were used only when there was a guest at dinner. Through the half-open bedroom door came the sounds of the electric fan and the slow, slow gasps of breathing.

From the kitchen came steam and the fresh smell of fried chicken. Bruce's mother introduced the maid, round-faced and flustered. Her name was Edna. She stood by the kitchen door holding a plate of soup until they were seated. The table was crowded with cut-glass dishes of pickles, jellies and relishes which his mother kept passing to him.

"More salad, Bruce? Some white meat? Here's the liver. You always liked chicken liver. We must keep up our strength, you know."

Each time she offered him food before helping herself. She ate with unusual nervous force, gulping hurriedly like a person long deprived of food and sucking her fork clean after she had scraped her plate. While waiting for dessert she told him he looked thin and said he must get a good rest before going back to college in the fall.

"No," he said abruptly. "No, I'm not going to school here again. Perhaps I'll go to New York for a year to loaf and do some reading, perhaps attend some classes at Columbia. Would . . . would you be lonely here? Have you any plans?"

"No, certainly I've made no plans," she said with emphasis. "But there's Jenny in California. She's expecting a baby. You knew that, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't know."

"Two months from now you'll be an uncle and I'll be a grand-

mother. And it's only my duty to be there with her."

At the end of the meal, when he started to light a cigarette from one of the candles, she cried sharply, "I wish you wouldn't."

"But—"

"I do not like to see you smoke and I do not like the smell in my house. Of course, if you must, well, you can go into the garden."

The sun was setting in a scarlet blaze that tinted the white wall of the house, making it look like the wall of a house on a stage. The chattering of squirrels in one of the oak trees and the high-pitched children's voices calling in a game somewhere in the next block had the quality of offstage sound effects. But the air was right with its fragrance of freshly-cut grass. And the flowers were the same bachelor buttons, roses, gladiolas and daisies as in other years. The lawn was the same, a solid and even green with no trace of dandelions. He had helped dig them out with a knife when he was a child, had stuffed them into bushel baskets and at his mother's bidding carried them down the alley to Mrs. Fritter who had once said she liked boiled dandelion greens and hardboiled eggs flavored with cider vinegar.

The sun had set and the sky was dimming when he threw away the end of his cigarette. He wondered whether his mother was already waiting for him to begin his vigil at the bed- (Continued on page 163)



"I think we've got something this time"

Sometimes a manager can be as helpful
to a crooner as an educated larynx

Duet for Baritone and Brass

by CAMERON SHIPP



BILL BURTON was this kind of a fiddle player: "I could make whole tones all right, but when they gave me little black notes with stems on them, I was through."

This catastrophe occurred in the early twenties, when Mr. Burton was playing first violin for undernourished odalisques and prat-fall comics on Fourteenth Street, New York.

Just up from New Orleans, he had written some songs, now gratefully forgotten, and had lost his money to some kindly music publishers who welcomed him to a crap game.

Today Bill Burton lives in a Hollywood penthouse and makes a great deal of money. He rises early most mornings, wanders out to his veranda overlooking the homes of his 5,000-dollar-a-week friends, and dictates a batch of assorted negatives to agents, producers, advertisers and chiselers who seek a cut of his business. He hurries out to Twentieth Century-Fox to say "yes" or "no" to important people, and may spend the afternoon superintending the nourishment and sex lives of his Palomino horses.

"That gold mine of mine?" Mr. Burton murmurs happily, "that Dick Haymes? I got him under contract within four days of his life."

Mr. Burton has made a fortune from the discovery that soft baritone voices are commercial commodities on a national scale. Managing a radio crooner, for instance, is a whale of a lot more profitable than owning a piece of a prize fighter, backing horses, or putting money into girl shows. The neat trick today is to get yourself a singing man who has a routine emotional effect on young females and who, if possible, is not totally offensive to males. They are rare. Mr. Haymes has muscles and a rounder voice than Sinatra. He is a movie star. He picks up approximately 75,000 dollars every six months from Decca recordings. His weekly radio show, a 10,000-dollar production, goes out over 148 stations. He endorses things.

Unlike most singers, he eats heartily before every broadcast because eating regularly is still a novelty; but to get at this story right, it is necessary first to examine the times and hard life of Bill Burton the ex-fiddle virtuoso, and to explain the legerdemain which he used in transforming a starving minstrel into a national institution.

Having acquired a parochial-wide reputation for violin playing at fourteen, Burton left the deep South hastily by night, his parents being asleep, for New York. His welcome there was not encouraging and young Bill discovered many other people could play the violin. Fast, too.

He played violin in a Swedish restaurant before making a connection with a four-piece orchestra known as Snyder's Red Pepper Boys. It was not a profitable engagement, since the band habitually retired to a house across the street from the beer hall and wassailed until time to go to work again.

From this, Burton escaped to the security of burlesque. When captious conductors demanded notes with tails on them, he fled to a job as a floor-show conductor, then to writing blackouts and comedy acts.

"You compose 'em by telling the cast, 'Now, you walk on and say thus-and-so, and you say this-and-that. And you come through with the topper, and wait for the laugh, and then he says such-and-such and falls into the potted geranium.'"

Burton went from playwriting to publicity for Ray Noble and the Boswell Sisters, then joined a large agency as booker and publicist. "I was a great press agent," he admits. "At one time we had forty-seven acts. I used to release the same story on all of 'em, a story I composed between elevator stops, just changing the names, and did all right, since the drama editors never read anything, until I got a lot of the names mixed up. This was embarrassing."

In between times he organized a dance band of his own, and by 1929, having learned most of Broadway angles, was able to set out for Hollywood in a velvet-collared coat with a checkbook in his pocket. He meant to become a producer, or at least a writer, but for reasons he has yet to understand, Hollywood—like New York a few years ago—did not send its chauffeurs around to his door. He decided to return to honest toil, became publicist for the Boswells again, toured with them as advance man, rehearsed the orchestra, conducted it for the performance, and walked the sisters' dog after the show.

He was back in New York, managing Jimmy Dorsey and able to look a headwaiter in the eye, when he discovered Dick Haymes.

Mr. Haymes was an amiable, brick-topped baritone who had sung with Johnny Johnston, Benny Goodman, Harry James and Tommy Dorsey, all without creating much of a ripple in musical or bobby-sox circles. A nice guy, too, really a nice guy, who could sing most songs better than most topflight crooners and some as good as Crosby.

He should have been colorful. His father, an Englishman, ran an enormous ranch near Buenos Aires. His mother was Marguerite Wilson, who sang in *Blossom Time* on Broadway and in *The Merry Widow* in London. Dick was sent to school in Lausanne, Paris, Tarrytown and Loyola. He lived in Paris for ten years.

He had a college dance band, then, briefly, a professional orchestra. And he yearned to be a song writer like 457,989 other young men who could carry tunes. He wangled an introduction to Harry James, sang his songs to him, and wound up with the songs discarded and himself hired as band soloist. Having bounced from James to Goodman to Dorsey, in 1942 he wandered to a one-room furnished apartment in Hollywood with a wife and a baby, to compete with Jimmy McHugh and Irving Berlin. After a year Haymes acquired a stack of unpublished music and unpaid bills. It was a good try but there was no bread in the house.

Burton heard of Haymes (Continued on page 155)



"Look, lady, I'd like to get some sun"



*"At last my husband is going to make some money with his sculpturing—
he found a vein of gold in that rock"*



"This is wonderful! It used to be Joe, put on your rubbers; Joe, straighten your tie; Joe, answer the phone; Joe, Joe, Joe, morning, noon and night!"



Ringside report on the playwright-critic
brawls currently raging in the theatre

First Nights & Passing Judgments

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE last theatrical season will go down into the American record as having witnessed some of the bitterest attacks on the critics in many years. Those serving the metropolitan newspapers were the chief victims. The poor fellows got it from all sides: from playwrights, producers, actors and even, on occasion, from other critics, as when Wolcott Gibbs, of the *New Yorker*, had at them with the observation in the *New York Sun* that there were not more than three of them at most who were qualified to write about the theatre, to say nothing about any subject whatever.

The hatchet performance got under way in elegant style when the Messrs. Clurman and Kazan, producers of Maxwell Anderson's *Truckline Café*, followed up the reviewers' unanimous lambasting of the play by taking large advertisements in the papers and telling the culprits what they thought of them. What they thought was, in small part, as follows:

"Our theatre is strangled in a bottleneck. That bottleneck is made up of a group of men who are hired to report the events of our stage and who more and more are acquiring powers which, as a group, they are not qualified to exercise—either by their training or their taste. The sorriest aspect of the situation is that the mass of professional theatre people, including some of the most talented men in America, are impotent in the situation, and can do nothing more about it than bemoan the state of affairs privately and talk vaguely about doing 'something.' Nothing is ever done . . . there is a blackout of all taste except the taste of these men . . . If a dramatic standard which excludes just about everything except neatness and belly-laughs, and which takes no cognizance of what a play tries to say should become the rule of our stage, then the best playwrights will continue to be driven from our stage and the resultant impoverishment of our theatre will be the responsibility of all of us who allow the critics to have their way unchallenged."

There was, it must be allowed, considerable truth in what the Messrs. Clurman and Kazan charged, since much of current journalistic criticism in New York is at an all-time low watermark. But the truth went largely for naught in the minds of most people because its merchants had associated it with a very bad play which—whatever their other deficiencies—the reviewers had somehow appraised at its proper value, and because the two gentlemen were recognized as recent refugees from Hollywood who had tried to break into a theatre which contemptuously would have nothing to do with them.

Not dismayed, the author of the condemned play, Mr. Anderson, nevertheless in turn followed up the twain with another sizable broadside, and an even more saucy one. Proclaimed Mr. Anderson, after a preliminary testimonial to himself and to his play, "I am driven to believe that the men who reviewed it (the play) are either unaware of our current problems or disinclined or unable to think about them . . . The public is far better qualified to judge plays than the men who write reviews for the dailies. It is an insult to our theatre that there should be so many incompetents and irresponsibles among them. There are still a few critics who know their job and respect it, but of late years all plays are passed on largely by a sort of Jukes family of journalism who bring to the theatre nothing but their own hopelessness, recklessness and despair."

Still undismayed, the Playwrights' Company, of which Mr. Anderson is a member, in double turn followed up the vociferous trio with yet another loud splash which, after a tribute to Mr. Anderson's genius of such proportions as might have gratified even Shakespeare, proceeded: "In our opinion the reviews of *Truckline Café* did Mr. An-

derson a grave injustice and many of them were characterized by an intemperance and a vindictiveness that were unwarranted, undignified and a violation of decent critical standards. Anything that Mr. Anderson writes towers above the dozens of inept, tasteless, empty plays that are produced every season, many of which receive critical praise and some of which are even box-office successes. We believe that his work deserves something better than thoughtless vituperation."

The broadside ended with an appeal to the public, "Go to see it and judge for yourselves!" The public, however, declined the invitation and challenge, and the play was quickly hauled off to the storehouse.

In this particular argument—and though, as I have intimated, I certainly hold no brief for much of New York newspaper criticism as it is currently practiced—I found myself on the reviewers' side. It seemed to me that they were correct in their estimate of Mr. Anderson's wretched play and that its author, its author's associates in the Playwrights' Company and its producers were simply vengeful soreheads, blaming their combined failure upon others and seeking some self-satisfaction in misdirecting the issue. The occasion recalled the time when, some years ago, Elmer Rice, a fellow-member with Mr. Anderson in the same Playwrights' Company, let out a similar blast against the critics of that period after they likewise had denounced a play of his as trash. "I will have no more to do with a theatre," he howled in effect, "whose destructive critics are senile drunkards, degenerates, and worse." Yet not only did Mr. Rice continue to fasten himself upon the theatre, but now in *Dream Girl* has written a play, and a financially successful one, in which he peculiarly includes the following dialogue between the heroine, who operates a book store, and a newspaper literary critic:

Girl: Nobody wants criticism that is just destructive.

Reviewer: That's the only kind of criticism that's worth a damn. A good truck gardener doesn't waste his time nursing weeds. He yanks them up by the roots so that the tomatoes and lima beans will have a chance.

Girl: What's that got to do with it? I (Continued on page 125)



John Banvard was no small-time artist; when he put the Mississippi River on canvas, it measured fully three miles

When Art Was Long

by A. C. M. AZOY

SOME fifty years ago in South Dakota, John Banvard closed his eyes and passed into the Valhalla which republics reserve for their favorite sons.

He was one of the blithiest spirits of Americana. Few of our citizens achieved greater celebrity at home or abroad than did this same Master Banvard when he was in his prime as painter, inventor, poet, playwright and novelist. He was backed by an ability for showmanship and publicity that not even P. T. Barnum could surpass.

In his native New York City John Banvard achieved his first notoriety as a juvenile scientific prodigy. He all but wrecked his family's home by an explosion in a chemical experiment. Baffled in science, young John decided to become a printer and publisher. Refused money for press and type, he built his own printing equipment, and began pouring out verses, inspired by the fame of his much older friend Samuel Woodworth, author of *The Old Oaken Bucket*. Banvard's lifetime record was more than 1,700 poems, many of which were published.

At fifteen years of age, orphaned, John was forced to go to Louisville, Kentucky, to earn his living as clerk in a drugstore. The boy could not stay behind a counter learning to roll pills, for art was calling him, now with a new voice. He had decided to be a painter.

More completely than anyone before or since, he proved that art is long. For John Banvard executed the longest piece of art the world has ever seen.

His master canvas was measured not in feet, not in yards—but in miles. He painted a portrait of the Mississippi River.

The project was born as the result of a flatboat voyage to New Orleans with two friends. To pay their expenses the three youths erected crude dioramas on their craft and gave exhibitions along the route. They would tie up at a river landing and accept chickens, eggs and vegetables for admission fees. More by good luck than good management the adventurous trio escaped the twin dangers of river sandbars and river pirates, and when they finally set foot on a New Orleans levee, a lean and hungry Banvard swore he had finished forever with marine meanderings.

He eventually landed in St. Louis, still determined to be an artist. Most jobs that came his way were from people who could see no reason why a man who called himself a painter should not be willing to paint a fence or a house.

To establish himself as a practitioner of fine art Banvard determined to give an exhibition of his work as a landscapist. He had never painted a landscape. But he remembered that when he did not have a printing press he had made one. Straightway he dashed off a large oil painting of Venice. He did not know what Venice looked like, but none of his customers had been there either.

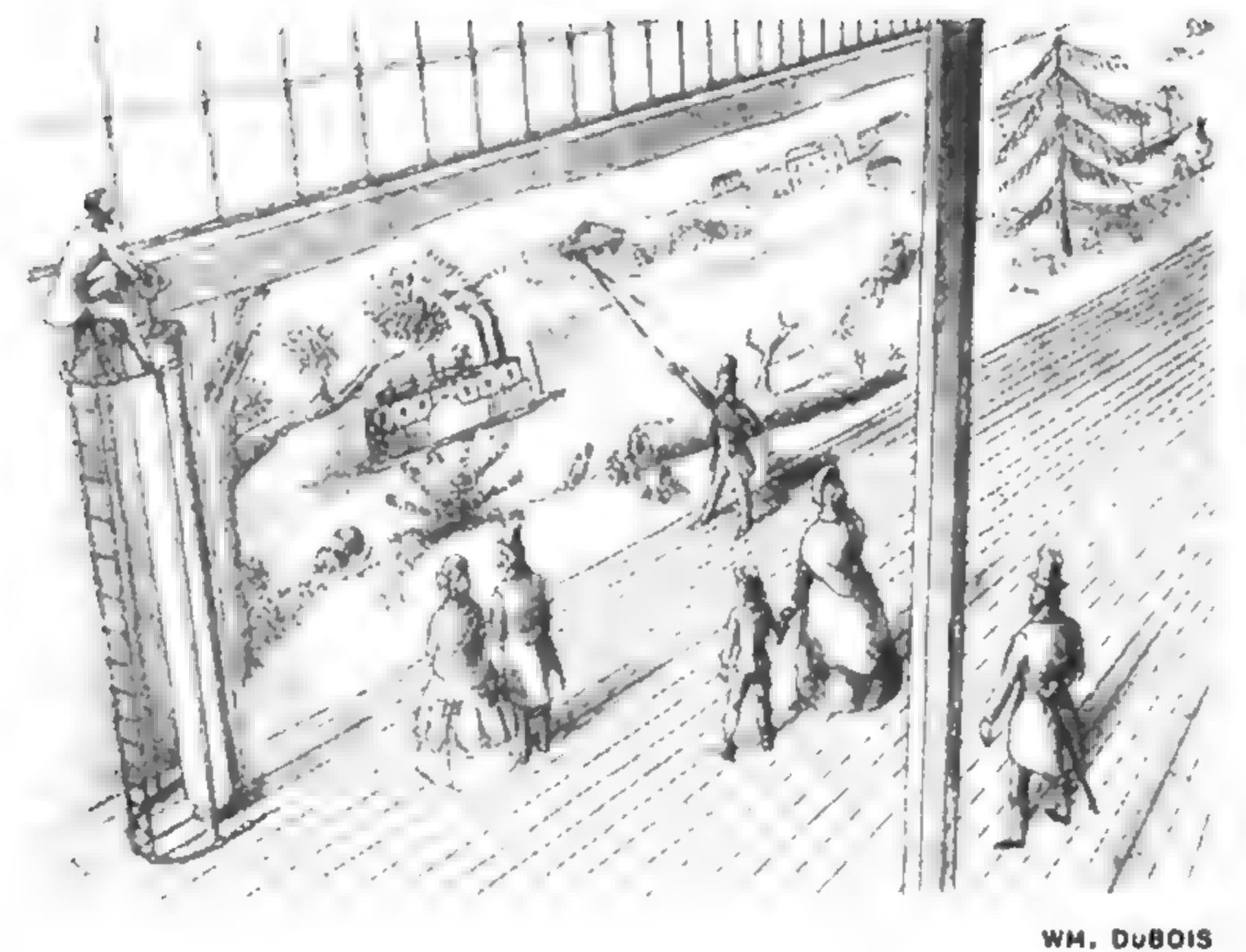
The exhibition was highly successful. Banvard made money. This was 1839, remember. He saw that there was more money to be made that way. Among his press clippings he found a sneer from a foreign art critic who said, "America has no artists commensurate with the grandeur and extent of her scenery." That was the spur that gave Banvard his Great Idea. All winter he was getting ready to start, and in the spring he pushed out on the Mississippi in a skiff loaded with camping equipment, gun, fishing tackle and artist's materials.

All that summer and fall, all winter, all the next spring and summer Banvard floated down the Father of Waters. His meat was what he could shoot or catch; he was burned by the sun, drenched by rains, chilled by frosts. For 400 days the artist kept doggedly at his work of sketching more than 1,200 miles of river, crossing and re-crossing the muddy waters to get the best views.

He ended his journey at New Orleans just in time to be quarantined in a yellow fever epidemic. He escaped the disease. As soon as quarantine was lifted he went back to Louisville to finish his great work. He rented an empty storeroom for a studio and began the tremendous job of repainting and elaborating his sketches on a long strip of canvas.

Afterwards the story was that a canvas three miles long had been specially woven for him at Lowell, Massachusetts. This explanation sounds well, but the painting was a huge enough task without doing it on one strip and waiting for sections to dry so they could be rolled up. And Banvard was a rapid worker. He ground and prepared his own colors. Months passed as he labored alone. When money ran out he locked the studio and went out to take any painting job he could find.

The mighty panorama was divided into thirty-nine main sections, showing the Mississippi's west bank above the mouth of the Ohio and the east bank below. Special attention was given to important features, such as the St. Louis waterfront,



WM. DUBOIS



GLANTZ

Cook's Tour: Carlos Vercesi

True cosmopolitan is Carlos Vercesi—an Argentine chef in a French restaurant. A distinguished confiseur, Carlos is top man over six cooks in the cuisine of Henri's in New York. After years spent in Paris on postgraduate work in French pastry techniques, his Gallic touch as applied to some sweets is deservedly famed. Carlos' love of confection-making is shared by many an amateur dabbler in the occult art of mixing a soupçon of this and a dash of that to produce mouth-watering candy. So—to your saucepans, men, for Carlos' fudge recipe: "Melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan, add three-quarters quart of milk, two pounds sugar, four ounces chocolate and stir gently till chocolate melts. Boil without stirring to 238 degrees F. or until sample forms soft ball in cold water. Allow to cool, add vanilla flavor or chopped nuts, and beat with a wooden spoon until it begins to stiffen. Pour into buttered pan to three-quarters of an inch thickness, mark into squares at once.

Jefferson Barracks, Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, Baton Rouge and the New Orleans levees. Scenes showed local crops, typical river vessels, and the manners and customs of the people along the river.

When the panorama was finished at last, Banvard's inventiveness was displayed in his stage setting. Two upright spindles were supported by a framework. The barrel-like roll of canvas could be wound from one spindle to the other and then reeled back for the next show. He arranged his studio for the first exhibition. He hung curtains, adjusted lights and rehearsed the patter for his lecture routine to accompany the passing scenes. A grand premiere was announced. Posters were slapped up around town. On the great night flaming torches showed the way to the exhibition. And then a deluge of rain snuffed them out and nobody came.

This setback may have been the making of Banvard as a showman. It aroused the publicity lion in him. He took no chances of an empty hall the second night. He gave out tickets lavishly to rivermen, relying on them to whoop up the show. His strategy proved completely correct. The rivermen came and saw the familiar sketches of bank and marsh, village landing and city levee unroll in convincing picturization before their wondering eyes and they went away to hurrah for the picture. The third night the hall was packed and from that time on it was standing room only.

What the long panorama may have lacked in artistic merit it more than made up in geographical accuracy. This was attested by such authorities as the Kentucky Historical Society, The U. S. Corps of Engineers, the Mayor of St. Louis and a committee of river pilots and captains. Later, in the Civil War, Union Generals Fremont and Pope got topographical data from Banvard to use in the Mississippi campaign. The show's first season, in the region where the subject was intimately known, netted Banvard 50,000 dollars.

The panorama came east to the old Amory Hall in Boston. Banvard had learned his publicity lesson. In presenting his exhibition to the hub of the nation's culture he papered the house, but this time not with rivermen. His complimentary tickets brought an audience in which were Governor Briggs of Massachusetts, Speaker Bradbury of the State House of Representatives, and the Honorable Mr. Calhoun, President of the Senate, surrounded by members of the Back Bay elite. Such was the enthusiasm with which the painting was received that at the conclusion of the show Governor Briggs arose and made an enthusiastic speech in its praise. Speaker Bradbury made another. Mr. Calhoun proposed a resolution of thanks to the artist—carried by acclamation. Speaker Bradbury climaxed the evening by feelingly but bewilderingly comparing Mr. Banvard to Robert Fulton.

The Louisville *Courier* had called the painting, "the greatest and proudest work of art in the world." The Boston *Times* now announced that the panorama "has no equal on the face of the globe." The *Olive Branch* critic said that Banvard's work "needs only to be seen to satisfy that it cannot be fully appreciated." The great Bayard Taylor was moved to exclaim rapturously, "Oh that I had the skill of a Banvard to depict the glowing scenery of the Nile as he did of the Mississippi."

Meanwhile Banvard was busy publishing (anonymously) a laudatory book about himself and his work. The book had a popular sale and paved the way for taking the panorama to New York. The approval given him there equaled what he had received in New England. After more than 400,000 Americans had enjoyed the show, he packed it across the Atlantic to London.

The British capital had never seen anything remotely resembling the Mississippi painting, nor, it might be added, the painter. Banvard dressed as he thought an artist should dress, and the result did nothing to keep him from public notice. His thick, black hair hung upon his shoulders and mingled with his beard, making a frame for his heavy features and swarthy skin. He wore corduroy trousers, embroidered velvet jackets, brilliant shirts and neckerchiefs, and skull caps with tassels. Charles Dickens wrote, "Everybody should visit Egyptian Hall, not only to see the beautiful painting but to see Mr. B. He is a greater curiosity than his picture."

A visit to the panorama became the vogue in London society. The American painter was summoned to give a command performance at Windsor Castle for Queen Victoria and the royal family. English approval was made binding when *Punch* cracked a Punchlike joke at the panorama: "We trust British artists will not be led away by Mr. B's wonderful success in London—it would certainly create a rise in canvas."

The craze to see the Mississippi masterpiece did not slacken until



El Presidente, Choice of all Parties

The vanguard of Manhattan cognoscenti has discovered what regulars of El Chico in the Village have known for many a moon: the El Presidente cocktail is elixir for jaded gullets. Chief American exponent of this heady concoction is George Stadelman, who deftly wields the mixing spoons and glasses at the El Chico bar. George came here from Switzerland in 1927, but along the way he eavesdropped on some very able barmen in Monte Carlo. He is shown here with all the El Presidente ingredients, and we whisper his secret: Use one ounce white Cuban rum, one-half ounce orange curacao, one-half ounce dry vermouth, a dash of grenadine. Add ice, shake well, strain into a cocktail glass. When stirred instead of shaken, it will pour a delightfully clear, deep orange color. A twist of orange peel may be added.

600,000 Britons had paid admission. John Banvard hastily painted another panorama, subject *The Holy Land*, but the public in England and America was apathetic to this one and Banvard decided that he had used up the possibilities of the panorama as a form of expression.

One more major painting came from his brush. In 1861 he painted *The Orison*, a large easel picture. It is notable as the ancestor of a long succession of artistic crimes. *The Orison* was the original of the first of all chromos.

Thereafter Banvard gave up the palette for the pen. He had already written two books on the Mississippi and the Holy Land, pendants to his paintings. Now financially at ease he tossed off in fourteen years two dramas, *Amasis*, *the Last of the Pharaohs*, and *Carinia*, which were performed in Boston and New York. But the volcano was only slumbering. In 1876 Banvard burst on the world again with a book that was a scandalous sensation. *The Private Life of a King* was its title. The subtitle gave the key, "Embodying the Suppressed Memoirs of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV." In this country and England the book raised a storm in literary and historical circles. And then it was proved that the book was a pure hoax straight from the fertile brain of John Banvard.

That calmed him for another ten years except for a fairly important poem, *The Temple*, in 1883. Then his inventiveness flowered once more in a textbook, *Banvard's System of Shorthand*. He announced it as the "simplest and easiest of all the various systems now in use. Requires no teacher." The booklet was only twelve pages long. It was so successful that on its royalties, plus his other invested funds, John Banvard decided to retire to the leisure of a country gentleman on his sixty-acre estate at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. His rural retreat, built from his own plans, he named "Glenada," and it lacked nothing of rugged individualism.

A weird pile of castellated masonry 115 feet long, it contained twenty-four rooms. Its architecture combined the Italian villa, English manor house, Moorish palace, Norman baronial and French chateau schools, with the worst features of each, including a dungeon. It was the show place of Long Island. There were suggestions that the name of Cold Spring be changed to Banvard. It was argued that a great deal of confusion existed in the public mind between the Long Island town and the Hudson River village of Cold Spring. The movement gained considerable headway until it was discovered that its chief backer was John Banvard himself.

Shortly afterward he closed Glenada and went west. He settled in Watertown, South Dakota, where he died at the age of seventy-six in May, 1891. #

How's Your Fashion Quotient?

Esq's own entrance examination for prep students, collegians and well-wishers covers the fashion front with twenty questions on accepted styles and fabrics

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

WHILE our quiz this month is slanted to the large group of young men going back to assorted halls of learning this fall, the questions and answers may be of general interest. So, as a pre-registration test on what's what for returned veterans and practiced civilians at universities, high and prep schools, allow 5 points for each correct answer. A good score is 80 to 100, fair, 60 to 75 and anything below that signifies it might be a good idea to pay more attention to what you read and hear about men's fashions.

1. A twill tie is (a) a tie with the knot askew, (b) a rayon or silk tie made of a fabric woven with diagonal ridges, (c) a way of tying the band on a hat.
2. A tooled belt is (a) one which is made of a thin cotton fabric, (b) a belt with small straps for holding various tools, (c) a



- Western style of belt which has a design impressed on the leather.
3. Reverse calf is (a) a kind of shirt inaugurated by dude ranchers and adopted by high school freshmen, (b) the suede or flesh side of leather, used for shoes, (c) a concealed pocket for secret-ing extra bills in a wallet.
 4. Paisley print is (a) a colorful Persian scroll pattern printed on fabrics for ties and mufflers, (b) a kind of type set used in uni-versity yearbooks, (c) a minute geometrical pattern, consist-ing of bands, meanders, zigzags and lozenges.
 5. Shetland fabric is (a) a woolen made from Shetland pony hair, (b) a soft loosely-woven woolen used for sport jackets, topcoats and other articles, (c) a fuzzy felt for sport hats.
 6. Crocheted means (a) a game played on the greensward, (b) a hand-tailoring operation for lowering the collar, (c) knitted, as in solid color and striped ties.
 7. A popular campus outfit consists of a small-pattern brown tweed jacket, tan sweater and grey flannel slacks, (a) True, (b) False.
 8. Pile lining is (a) a thin cloth inside the leather band of a hat, (b) a top card after the deck has been cut, (c) a soft dense in-sulating fabric, resembling fur in appearance.
 9. Rob Roy Tartan is (a) Kilroy's mark, (b) a large red and black check, popular in heavy wool shirts, (c) a striped muffler intro-duced at ski resorts.
 10. Corduroy is (a) a ridged cotton for jackets and slacks, origi-nally known as the fabric of royalty, (b) a cotton cord used as a drawstring on track suits, (c) a unit of measure for a wood-cutter.
 11. Bluchers are (a) open-throat shoes with tongue attached to the vamp, a style named after General Blücher, (b) a type of riding breeches, (c) another name for a navy blue pea coat.
 12. Pull-over is (a) a traffic cop's slip, (b) a non-elastic type of braces, (c) a closed-front sweater.
 13. Broadcloth is (a) material used for large size men's overcoats, (b) lustrous cotton fabric for shirts, (c) a rough-surfaced fabric with a heavy wale.
 14. Scuffs are (a) a new type of shirt cuffs, (b) slippers without backs or counters, (c) paper sleeve protectors.
 15. Braces are (a) booklets given out at the race track, (b) what the English call American suspenders, (c) triple-ribbed socks.
 16. Boxer shorts are (a) long right uppercuts, (b) a style of under-wear which has an elastic waistband, (c) a boxlike basket weave used in cotton fabrics.
 17. Scotch grain is (a) breakfast cereal, (b) a closely-woven fabric, (c) a pebbly leather used for shoes.
 18. A blue Oxford shirt with button-down collar, red ground fou-lard tie and brown hat go well with brown tweed suit, see illus-tration, (a) True, (b) False.
 19. Reefer muffler, (a) designed to save gasoline on an eight-cylinder car, (b) a scarf in coral shade, (c) an oblong-shaped muffler for wear with an overcoat.
 20. Shooter tab is (a) a smaller strip of cloth with buttonhole under one side of collar that may be fastened to button under other side of collar, when it's turned up, (b) a duck hunter's license, (c) an extension on the stock of a gun. #

a-02	q-91	a-10	q-5
c-19	b-14	b-9	a-4
a-18	b-13	c-8	b-3
c-17	c-12	a-7	c-2
b-16	a-11	c-6	b-1

Answers



TWEED AND COVERT CAMPUS CASUALS

Drawing by Robert Goodman

The undergraduate on the trail of information regarding courses and requirements in this university setting already rates a passing mark on his choice of campus toggery. Ready for school or for the usual rounds of extracurricular activities, he is wear-

ing a brown and natural tan striped tweed jacket of soft texture in the long roll three-button model with a center vent in the back. His white Oxford button-down collar shirt, red-ground foulard tie with blue and white small figures, the natural tan

shade covert slacks and the brown wing-tip brogues—all rank extremely high in campus circles. On the chair in the immediate foreground rests his dark brown hat with welt edge creased in the typical diamond shape with the pinched-front effect.



SEPTEMBER IN PARIS

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

Encountered in the courtyard of the British Embassy in Paris, the American visitor on the left is wearing a brown Glen Urquhart plaid worsted suit of subdued pattern. Topped with a brown narrow snap-brim hat with raw edge, his contribution to the con-

tinental scene is completed by an ivory-colored shirt, a dark green and yellow figured foulard tie and brown town-last shoes. Prepared for a change in the weather, he carries an umbrella with a wooden shank. His companion with the diplomat case

wears a striped grey sharkskin suit which has a minute pattern in its background. A closely-woven worsted, it retains its shape and wears well. His accessories include a Glen plaid tie, a white shirt, a welt edge turned-up grey hat and black shoes.



Dude Guide's Lament

The minor-key confessions of an Alaskan big-game guide who finds wrangling dude hunters a bittersweet brand of torment

by RUSSELL ANNABEL

I AM an Alaskan guide—a dude wrangler. That makes me a lot of things. First, I am to be pitied, because I am in love with my work and my work is torment. Also, I am an actor—the worst sort of actor, a ham. The dudes who hire me expect a guide to be a “colorful character,” a composite valet, cook, Kit Carson, backwoods fashion plate and encyclopedic authority on all things outdoor.

Frankly, I don't have quite enough ham in me to satisfy all my dude clients. If they had their way, I'd wear whiskers, a gaudy, squaw-made caribou skin shirt crawling with beads and quillwork, a picturesque beat-up hat. They also like you to chew tobacco and murder the English language à la Roy Bean, but even a dude wrangler has to draw the line somewhere.

Well, I've given more of my life to the dudes than I suppose I should have, and in retrospect I find that in trying to live up to the popular notion of how a big-game guide should look and talk I now have trouble telling where my assumed personality ends and my real one begins. I don't know whether I'm a normal guy making like a character, or a character making like a normal guy.

Dudes aren't the only drawback to guiding, by any means. For example, the standard wage is fifteen dollars a day plus expenses, but you're lucky if you get sixty days work a year. During the remaining ten months, the average Alaskan guide works at mining, lumbering or in the salmon fisheries. He can't distinguish himself in these industries, because the boss knows that twice a year he'll break out his hunting gear and disappear over the horizon with a dude. The boss may envy him, but he saves the good jobs for more dependable employees.

Why I keep wrangling dudes in the face of all the evidence against such an occupation is something that a psychiatrist would have to explain. I don't know, except that when you get down to it, dudes are a hell of a lot of fun. No matter how closely I work with them, I never completely understand them. They're too fast and too unpredictable for me. Maybe that's what makes me keep with them.

Take Johnny, for instance. You couldn't wish for a more pleasant client than Johnny. We have made three hunts together, we exchange letters several times a year, and when I am in the States I visit at his home. In short, I consider Johnny a very solid citizen. But he still rates in my book as a dude. In fact, he is a typical dude. As proof, I cite the sweet, blue-hazed autumn afternoon on the Kenai when he caused me more trouble in a few minutes than any other dude ever has in the same space of time.

Johnny's father had promised him an Alaskan hunt when he graduated from law school, and so here he was, togged out like a professional—buckskin shirt, levi pants, Maine pacs, neck scarf and a knife you could have paddled a canoe with. He had announced on his arrival that the great objective of his life was to kill a mountain grizzly, a big one. A mean one. If it could be arranged, he said, he would like to have it charge. Johnny killed his mountain grizzly, all right, and it was a big one, and possibly it was charging—nobody will ever know. But the manner in which he killed it was so unorthodox that it almost resulted in the end of my packtrain, my crew and myself. It was a debacle such as only a typical dude could have achieved. It required genius.

Above the trail the hillside was grassy and steep, dotted with brilliant clumps of frosted wild rose and saskatoon bushes, while below the trail there was a swampy blowdown area, soft and treacherous, crisscrossed every which way with fallen timber. I was riding at the head of the packtrain, Johnny beside me, and the assistant guide

and the cook bringing up the rear. We had closed up the train of twelve horses to give us an opportunity to examine the packs. We were only three days out from the railroad, and the horses were still feeling their oats.

The grizzly walked unexpectedly out of a saskatoon thicket directly above us, about sixty yards distant and upwind, where it had been feeding on the frost-sweetened saskatoon berries. It stood up, blowing sharply, rolling its head and peering at us in the near-sighted way of grizzlies when they haven't got your scent. It looked gigantic: tall as a house and wide as a barn door. Its pelt, rippling in the mountain breeze, was long and dark and silky. After one glance, Johnny informed us later, he was convinced it was the grandfather of grizzlies, the veritable pearl of the bruin tribe. So he didn't wait for advice. If he possessed any caution whatever, he promptly jettisoned it.

Now, you almost never open fire on a grizzly or brown bear when it is close above you on an open slope—and you never, never do when you have a train of pack horses strung out below the animal. Gravity and the talent of a wounded grizzly for death and destruction are too wicked a combination. But Johnny either didn't know or didn't care. Before I could stop him, he yanked his .30 '06 out of its saddle scabbard, jacked a shell into the chamber, and fired. Things happened, a lot of things, and they were all bad. Johnny's mount, from whose back nobody had ever before fired a shot, gave an outraged bawl and jumped ten feet off the trail, crowding several pack horses off with it. The grizzly, hit hard, sagged against the hillside, then suddenly came rolling end over end, clawing at the grass and bellowing. The scent of the bear had reached the pack horses, and when they saw the animal pinwheeling toward them and heard its roars, they stampeded. It was altogether the craziest rodeo ever staged.

Running in tight formation, packs banging together, the horses slammed down into the boggy alder thickets and the wild and savage tangle of down timber. They lost their packs, became entangled in their saddle rigging and lash ropes, and either sank helplessly to their bellies in the soft ground or piled up (Continued on page 173)



"It fits perfectly . . . look, no hands"

Concerning the terrors and troubles
of captive American males who yearn
to break clean with their loves

Farewell, Fair One

by HERB GRAFFIS



ALEXANDER POPE almost said, "The proper study of mankind is a woman." Men should be more advanced than they are in this study, inasmuch as they are compelled to devote a considerable part of twenty-four hours a day, all their lives, to it. But consider one phase of his ignorance of the atomic sex, woman: A man picks up a newspaper and reads that all the alimony in the United States, if laid end to end, would only be spent foolishly on something else, except creditors. By that time he probably already is well on the way to being roped, thrown and given a second matrimonial branding by an eager beaveress.

The man is vaguely but helplessly aware of what's happening to him, just as a lemming proceeds persistently to its briny grave, or a fly, in fatal fascination, stomps around in a roofless pie until the waitress plucks it out and squashes it.

The reason for this bittersweet inability of so many American gentlemen to escape feminine domination is that they have not learned how to say good-bye definitely. There apparently has grown up a native tradition that bidding a positive farewell to a fair charmer from whom the veil of glamor has been removed is something likely to result fatally for the woman.

That, of course, is an error usually rooted in the congenital vanity of the male. Penetrating inquiry of a fellow who has a strong hankering to escape from the web of a wench will disclose that he doesn't act decisively for fear the forsaken lady will leap from a high building, toss herself under a speeding train, or enter into what is called a life of shame, apparently because so many in it are shamelessly sitting richly attired at expensive night clubs, drinking extravagant beverages, chawing on choice chow, and generally having one hell of a swell time with their alleged heartbreak.

Investigation, although intermittent and casual, also has revealed that the female suicides attributed to love affairs are incorrectly so designated because of the instinctive vanity of men on coroner's juries and of reporters and rewrite men who follow an established formula. Thus the misleading idea of the male's farewell virtually being the sentence of doom to the female continues to be nourished.

Thus, too, has been maintained the error of its being forbiddingly

difficult as well as dangerous for a gentleman to say good-bye to an irksome woman before she muscles and masterminds him into the legal restrictions of wedlock.

That false notion of the peril involved when a gentleman calls off an affair of the heart has caused the high divorce rate in the United States. Most divorces bust up marriages that never should have been made, and never would have been made had the gentleman possessed sufficient technique to protect himself. Self-defense of the male in trying to get away from a woman is a pitiable or comical thing, depending on whether or not you're the male who is trying to get away.

About one soured suitor out of a hundred who thinks he has dismissed the lady with whom he once was enamored, actually has engineered his own release. But the lady lets him think he has. She either has his successor waiting to rush in the back door, or has found the departing swain so boresome, financially hopeless and physically unexciting she is eager to cast him off and begin all over. Furthermore, she has been warned repeatedly of the appalling consequences of allying herself with one who has or may develop snowflake shoulder, unkempt coiffure, droopy socks, floursack tailoring, hat-check allergy or other publicized maladies of men.

So, when the cooling lover shows signs of discontent his lady will beat him to the draw if she's inclined to let him go. If not, he'll have to use intelligence which his kind seldom displays.

The sophisticated foreigner, when he desires to tear loose of the leash of a lady, is a wily and conscienceless genius. He then employs a most reliable procedure known as the *mode continentale*. This method is to intrigue another fellow into making a strong play for the girl the plotter wants to lose and luring the charmer and the chump into believing they are double-crossing him. The system works best on a chump who is a very good friend of the plotter although the chump really does not know what a friend in need he is proving to be.

A good thing about this method is that the girl is a willing accomplice, either because she is somewhat too greedy as a man collector, desires to better her economic security, or is too thick to realize what is going on. There is reason for doubting the latter, but the way the foreign gentlemen operate is so smooth that it is too late for the awakened lady to back out of the trap she has sprung on herself when she does appreciate that she is letting the first man escape by his own deliberate design.

In using this method the man who wants to escape first must look around very carefully until he locates a fellow who fancies himself as a mean hand with the dolls. He should be a chump who is fancy-free at the moment, but always is shopping around for a hit-and-run romance.

Then the gentleman who plans to unload his dimming light of love must make a few apparently thoughtless remarks to the intended victim about the lady not only being surpassing in all comforting talents but eternally true to her present playmate. That reference to the lady's fidelity is bait the chump can't resist. M. le Chump probably is a chap of marked animal cunning and figures that with his charm he is certain to enjoy the favors of the lady without having her assume that he is committing himself on a permanent basis.

If M. le Chump has a competitive temperament --and a chump who makes a hobby of dolls generally has--he goes very earnestly at the job of ousting the other lad from top rating in the lady's judgment. M. le Chump does this just to demonstrate he is the better man. That's what he thinks.

Vanity spurs the chump (Continued on page 166)



"He's warming up to go in if the groom
starts to weaken"

Preview



The Esquire Gallery

Beginning in this issue, and coming to you regularly each month from now on, is the Esquire Gallery of art created for you by a group of America's leading painters. The artists of this month—Fritz Willis, Joe DeMers, Euclid Shook and Fredric Varady—are a quickening promise of the pages to come.*

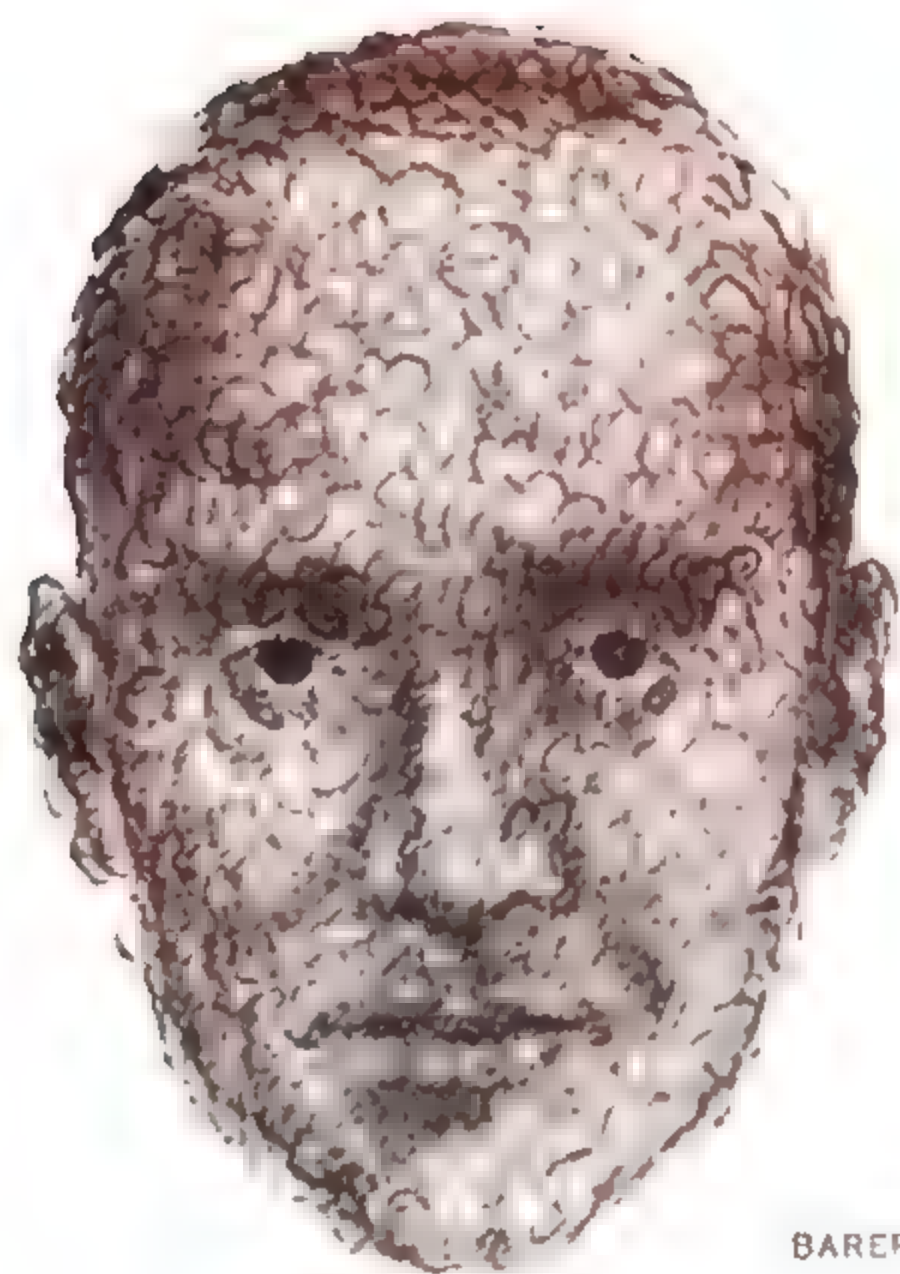
This entire group, fired by an enthusiasm we have never seen quite matched, brings a combined talent to Esquire worthy of your anticipation and renewed enjoyment with each issue. Such names as these need no words, only a place for their works:

BEN-HUR BAZ	WALTER KLETT
WARD BRACKETT	AL MOORE
AL BUELL	BILL RANDALL
MARIO COOPER	J. FREDERICK SMITH
TOM HALL	BEN STAHL
LARRY HARRIS	THORNTON UTZ
COBY WHITMORE	

*See pages 43, 44, 75, 76



"Puny Mae's kinda puttin' on fancy airs with that new mail-order corset, ain't she?"



Champion empire builder Ivar Kreuger built his fantastic structure on guile and chicanery only to be trapped in its crumbling ruins

The Match King

by **J. B. ROSENTHAL**

THE year was 1932. The month; March. The date; the twelfth. A long slow procession was winding its way through the streets of Paris. Solemn men and women bowed their heads; doffed their caps. Aristide Briand was dead.

Not far away in the Hotel du Rhin on Place Vendôme at about the same hour a shot rang out; a shot which was to have repercussions throughout the world. Ivar Kreuger, the matchmaker, was dead. His last will and testament was a short note: "Good-bye now and thanks."

Gone was the man who had built an empire out of the match. Gone the man who had virtually controlled finance over half of Europe. Kreuger, the Midas of his age, had fallen and with him had crumbled one of the great fortunes of all time.

What was Kreuger—a saint? a villain? a master builder? a swindler? Perhaps something of all these elements was embodied in one of the great enigmas of the twentieth century. Certainly he left the world in a state of panic and perplexity. His word and will had controlled millions as easily as most men control their own savings accounts. His hands had clutched banks, apartments and buildings as smoothly as most men possess their own homes. What he was and what he stood for may remain a mystery, but what he did is a fabulous and a known story.

Born in Kalmar, Sweden, in the year 1880, he was the son of an unsuccessful matchmaker. His father had inherited the business, but it was not until Ivar, after traveling over the world, finally settled in Sweden that the Kreuger family became a real contender in the Swedish match field.

At nineteen Ivar had completed his engineering training at the Stockholm Technical College, but he stayed on for an extra year to study civil engineering. Then, tired of books and the academic life, he took to the road and the sea as an adventurer and engineer. As a young man he came to New York with less than two hundred dollars in his pockets. Chicago and the Middle West sounded good, and en route he read an ad that said a real estate firm was looking for solicitors to sell property. After several attempts he got the job, sold a lot, made fifty dollars and quit. Next he worked for the Illinois Central Railroad as a lineman on a construction project. Hearing that a Chicago firm had won a contract to build bridge foundations in Mexico, Kreuger joined the outfit and went there with ten or twelve other men. All but two died of yellow fever while on the job.

On his way back to the States, as the boat was pulling out of Havana Harbor, a little girl fell overboard. Kreuger heroically recovered her and was rewarded with a gold medal. In later years when his sister found the medal and asked him about the courageous act, the match king replied modestly, "It is just a souvenir of Havana."

After a visit in Sweden, he returned to New York in 1902 where he took a job with the Fuller Construction Company and helped build the old Broadway Flatiron Building, the Plaza and St. Regis Hotels and the Syracuse University Stadium. From the States he went to Africa as a specialist in structural steel, but returned to Sweden in 1907 when he was unsuccessful. There he met Paul Toll, the man who was to help him build his industrial empire. Together they formed a team as contractor and builder, and called it Kreuger & Toll. With American skyscrapers as their model they set out to rebuild Sweden.

Then in 1913 they became interested in matches. Jonkoping Vulcan Match Company was the largest in the Swedish field. Kreuger & Toll brought many of the smaller independents together as the United

Swedish Match Factories, Inc. In 1917 Jonkoping came in with them, and Kreuger realized his desire—a match monopoly. But he wanted to expand. There were other worlds to conquer. He set out to get match monopolies throughout the world. With amazing wizardry he proceeded to sell his product all over Europe in exchange for badly-needed loans. Thus, with no danger of competition, he could sell his matches at a profit. The governments would then repay these loans from taxes collected on matches. The result was more coins for the Kreuger coffers. Gradually the dynasty spread. Real estate and large bank ventures were promoted. Credits were given for industrial concessions. Financial syndicates, amalgamations and trade operations were developed. The Kreuger enterprises grew until there were 225 subsidiaries of the match company in every country except Russia. One out of every three persons lighted his pipe, his ovens, his candles with the Kreuger product. Three-fourths of all matches came from the Kreuger factories. Twenty-four of the world's match monopolies were under the Kreuger thumb.

When a country granted a monopoly, it would be awarded with a cash loan. In less than ten years about 400 million dollars were doled out in this fashion. Some of this money helped stabilize the French franc. Part helped the Estonia railway system. A portion of it was used for grain purchases in Latvia. One hundred and twenty-five million dollars went to Germany to prevent financial collapse.

Kreuger owned a telephone company with factories over most of Europe. He owned paper mills, sulphite and sulphate pulp companies, iron mines in Germany, banks in Paris, Warsaw and Berlin. He owned movie companies, buildings, newspapers.

At the top of the match empire was always Kreuger & Toll. Lower down on the pyramid were the Swedish Match Company, below that the subsidiaries, International Match, Swedish American Investment, and then the banks, real estate, movies and mills. But each enterprise contributed to the making of the match.

Had Kreuger been satisfied with all of this he might have gone on indefinitely. He had the salesmanship, the magnetism, the acumen, but grandiose illusions diverted him, and (Continued on page 200)



"Best floating soap on the market!"

Assuming that their landlord had a better nature, the graduate students who dwelled in his cozy tenement planned their attack

A Party for Grodnik

by HENRY GORT



THE housing shortage has come as a jolt, no doubt, to most Americans. Lots of them are looking back with nostalgia on the halcyon thirties when a family, complete with child and dog, sometimes could find a place to live. But we who were graduate students in those days are plagued with no such memories, for the problem of renting respectable lodgings around a university was just as hopeless then as it is now.

I spent the academic years of 1935-36 working on my Ph.D. and acting as teaching assistant in Speech at a big university we shall call Metropolitan. All of the big universities up North hire their graduate students and call them teaching assistants. A teaching assistant teaches half time, grades papers half time, takes courses half time and writes on his dissertation half time. Believe me, it's a full life. The experience of teaching in a big place is worth money, but you don't have to pay for it. In fact, the university pays you. I got sixty bucks a month and my tuition free.

For a while we had a dangerous radical in the department who tried to make out that the teaching assistant system was exploitation. He was a funny-looking little guy with heavy eyebrows, swarthy complexion, a great mop of unruly hair and dynamite caps in his pockets. His desk was next to mine. I liked him, but he made me uneasy. There was always the possibility that, during one of our arguments, he'd give me the hip and one of his caps would go off. They never did, though. In fact, none of us ever saw any of them.

Well, he maintained that sixty a month wasn't enough for college teaching, even if we didn't carry quite a full-time load. He said that the big U's gave out assistantships so they could get most of their introductory courses taught for practically nothing; that U teachers who earned only one eighth the income of hodecarriers ought to do something about it, and lots of other Communist bunk. I finally stopped him one day with as neat an epigram, if I do say so myself, as anyone has popped up with since Oscar Wilde wrote *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. "Look here, Mytsytkowitz," I said (some name—Mytsytkowitz), "if you don't like it over here, why doncha go back to Roosha!" He was so surprised all he could do was spit.

Nine other grad students and myself lived in a quaint old house

near the campus. It wasn't a very big house, but it was plenty quaint and had been divided up into apartments by the installation of compo-board partitions here and there. Mine was an upstairs apartment consisting of a room and a small closet. Oh yes, and a window. The only bad part about the arrangement was that I had to go through the Duffys' and the Krokors' apartments to get to mine. Originally, you see, it was a great big room that had been cut up three ways by compo-board. Six of the grad students had wives with them and two of the wives, Mrs. Duffy and Mrs. Kroker, had kids.

Mytsytkowitz lived downstairs in what had originally been a pantry. He wasn't married but he never lived alone. Nearly every night he had some sort of meeting in his place. People would begin coming in about nine o'clock and then would keep coming and going until daybreak or later. The meetings were serious, although not especially well-behaved. Each one was opened by the singing of the *Internationale*. The song would be repeated whenever a new guest, or I suppose I should say "comrade," arrived, and whenever one departed. The periods in between were devoted to speechmaking and arguing. There were also plenty of fights (one guy would call another guy a Trotskyite and away they'd go, tooth and nail) and many whispered telephone conversations. These last really annoyed me more than the fights, because I was the only person in the apartment house who could afford a telephone. As many as six times a night a delegation of them would come barreling through the Duffys' and the Krokors' places, fling my curtain aside and mutter, "Gotta use your phone." Then they'd sprawl all over the desk at which maybe I was trying to write a paper on *Edmund Burke's Use of the Harrumph*, dial a number and hold a long, breathless palaver with a bunch of people having a meeting on the other side of town.

Finally one night I put my foot down, but as luck would have it, I put it down too hard and busted a hole right through the floor. A shower of plaster cascaded upon the heads of the comrades left in Mytsytkowitz' apartment (he lived directly beneath me). They raised a big hullabaloo at that. They thought I'd done it on purpose and started calling me a damned bourgeois isolationist. The Duffy and Kroker kids woke up (they were light sleepers, for kids) and started to scream. Then, as those things will, the story whipped through the whole apartment house that Mytsytkowitz had finally set off one of his dynamite caps and that maybe the revolution was upon us. Everyone sprinted out into the yard in nightshirts and began yelling for the cops. The upshot was that Mytsy and his gang and I were jugged for the rest of the night, and Grodnik, the miserly old landlord, made me pay to have the floor fixed.

That was Grodnik all over. He was the meanest, stingiest, most irascible landlord who ever made two suites of rooms out of a hall closet. He owned nine of these ancient flytraps and had compo-boarded them all up into what he jokingly called apartments. Naturally, none of us would have set foot inside one of them except possibly for the purpose of distributing Christmas baskets, if Metropolitan hadn't been situated in a college town where nothing was for rent. So in those days, and with our income, you were a Grodnik boy or you bivouacked on the Knoll.

Some of the things wrong with the Grodnik establishments were these: the drains did not drain (although this was ordinarily no great inconvenience, since most of the time the taps didn't tap); the roofs leaked; the floors sagged; the cook stoves were either plugged up or they exploded when you lit them; the iceboxes weren't any good at all; boards were always coming loose from the stairs



"He says he is a fruit picker left over from the old Grapes of Wrath days"

and whacking you when you climbed them. And I've told you already what happened when you put your foot down.

Had Grodniek even made an occasional token improvement, such as planting some chives around the place or leveling out the piles of ashes near the back porch, it wouldn't have been so bad. But he would do nothing. Nothing, that is, but replace the bad with the worse, as Kroker once put it. Thus if you griped to him long enough about the spring sticking out of your day bed, he'd finally get around to replacing it with one that had no springs at all. Or if you pointed out repeatedly that the front stoop had a jagged hole in it big enough for a kid to fall clear through, he would eventually hire someone to come over and haul the stoop away.

We ran the whole diapason of threats, cajoleries, sarcasms and snubs, but couldn't get a rise out of him. We even tried calling him "Mister" Grodniek. No go. If any of us had had any money I believe we would have taken a shot at bribing him, but of course we were all strapped. His invariable reply to our most reasonable request was, "Gentlemen, I am not unmindful of your difficulties. I shall see what can be done." This he would say pontifically, the while running his finger through his long, silken beard. That's right, his beard. He had a beauty and was, in fact, a handsome, almost saintly-looking geezer. He would then return with dignity to his own place, pull down the shades, dump a huge pile of gold on the table and make motions like washing his hands in it. Or so people said.

Kroker got the idea, but we all had a hand in adding details. It seems that he'd come home one night and found Mrs. Kroker all upset because there was no water in the place. Earlier in the day, one of the faucets in her sink had fallen off and she couldn't stop the stream of hot water rushing out of the hole. She had run over and told Grodniek about it and he had solved the problem adroitly by shutting off the source down in the basement, which was all right as an emergency measure, but it looked from what he'd said to Mrs. Kroker as though that was as much as he was willing to do by way of repair. Well, rather than argue with the old brute, we had all chipped in a few kopeks, scraped up a secondhand faucet and Duffy, quite a handy man, had installed it.

That night Kroker got his idea. We were all sitting out on the porch discussing who was the bigger heel, Tamerlane or Caligula, and Kroker's little kid got a big laugh by saying that as near as he could make out, neither of them could hold a candle to Grodniek. We toyed languidly with this notion for a while and finally Mrs. Courtney Beemer, a widow lady who was getting her Master's just for the hell of it and who lived next to Mytsykowitz, said that maybe Grodniek's incorrigibility lay in the fact that he didn't realize how uncomfortable he made the people who lived in his house. "My cousin Dan was like that," she concluded.

"Well then let's show him!" whooped Kroker.

"Oh, Dan's been dead these many years," Beemer sighed.

"Not Dan," said Kroker, "Grodniek. Let's show him what it's like to live in this hole. Let's give him a party. Gosh, the whole thing has sprung full-clad from my brain!" He quaffed off the posset he had been sipping (a Shakespearean scholar, Kroker always drank possets—his were hot spiced milk with gin. I couldn't stand the stuff) and burst out with his plan. "We've tried everything but being nice to the old guy, right? Okay. There he sits in his ivory tower, brushing off complaints as though they were flies. He has never been exposed to our point of view. He blandly replaces junk with junk but he doesn't know how that affects us. It's the whole story of the obtuse ruler in microcosm. Antoinette had the same trouble. 'Let 'em eat cake,' she said. Well now, suppose we have him in for supper; let him see how we have to live; show him, by indirection, that it's his own fault. There's just a chance . . . that it might do the trick!" By this time, Kroker was standing on his chair and flailing his fists eloquently. His wife was on one side, her arm around his waist, looking up at him with misty eyes. His little kids were on the other, gripping his pant leg. It was a moving tableau. It got us.

For a moment we were silent, and then, as from a single throat, we burst into prolonged cheers. Mytsy and some of his friends started up the *Internationale*. We were, as the lady columnists say, enthused.

Quickly we laid our plans. We would ask him up to the Krokers' place for an informal supper. When things went wrong, we would be embarrassed, blush, shrug helplessly. He would go home and think it over. Then slowly an ugly fact would insinuate itself into his mind. "I am the reason for what happened tonight," a little voice would tell him, and so on.

To be brief, the Krokers invited Grodniek and us to a buffet for seven o'clock the following Friday evening. It started out beautifully. Grodniek had a hell of a time getting in the front door because, as I said before, the stoop was gone. It was quite a stretch to the threshold for an old man. I steered him onto the loose plank and it socked him a good one. "Oh, Mr. Grodniek," I said, pointedly, "that this should happen to you! It socks us all the time, but then, we're not nearly so old."

"Ah, youth," he said, and blinked several times.

When we got into Krokers', Mrs. K. waved him into one of his rickety old chairs. I guess Kroker had loosened it a little, because when Grodniek sat down the legs pulled away and he crunched down good and hard on his coccyx. With many a cluck of tongue and wag of head, we hauled him up and got him on a hassock.

We had just begun a discussion of Gorky's *The Lower Depths* (Mytsy said that Krokers' place always reminded him of the setting) when Mrs. Kroker called from the kitchen, "Oh Mr. Grodniek, I wonder if you'd mind taking a look at my stove? It seems to have gone out." This was another plant, of course. Unsuspecting Grodniek went back and started poking around one of the burners with a bobby pin Mrs. Kroker loaned him. Finally he said, "It should now function beautifully," and lit a match. It sure did, all right. A nice big whoosh of flame blasted right in his face. Kroker was all ready and doused him with a bucket of water. He got a beard singe out of the deal but was otherwise unhurt.

Again we apologized heavily and hustled him off to the bathroom to get cleaned up. Here, more surprises awaited him. We all had to use the same bathroom in that house, the one downstairs having fallen into disuse, and since there were no laundry tubs, the women washed their dainties there, and dried them there, too. The room was hung with strings like the inside of a piano, and the strings were festooned with bras, camisoles, seanties, garter-belts and even one old farthingale. Grodniek, his eyes full of water, plowed straight into all the laundry, got tightly emmeshed and finally slumped down on the commode.

We got him unwound with no damage to anything but a pair of Mrs. Beemer's cheaters, which wedged themselves somehow into his belt buckle and had to be cut away. You've got to hand it to the old man, he had poise. While we were pulling the unmentionables off him he sat there with the dignity of Louis Quatorze being readied for bed by his attendants. All he said when we had finished was, "You are kind."

Supper went off as scheduled. The meat was burnt to chips "Because of that funny stove," Mrs. Kroker explained. The biscuits, for the same reason, were just warmed-over dough. She poured the ice cream into soup bowls and served it to us, saying that the icebox, unfortunately, was the hottest place in the house. Grodniek, good sport that he was, picked away at his food and tried to keep up the conversation. Every once in a while, we noticed, he cast a misty look at Mrs. Kroker. "Ah ha!" thought we to ourselves, kicking each other gleefully under the table. "He's beginning to catch wise. It's getting him."

After supper we sat around in the living room, talking mostly about how too bad it was that Grodniek had had all those mishaps. "Our humiliation is deep, Mr. Grodniek," I told him, "but we simply don't have the money to put our poor places in order."

"My cousin Ted had a similar experience (Continued on page 199)



"We give the customers their money's worth . . .
he interprets what I play"



Our experts hunt for athletic favorites and
come back with Williams, Rockne and Tilden

The Esquire Poll on Sports Personalities

by JIM CROSSETT

THIS month the Esquire Sports Poll samples opinion on the subject of sports personalities. Personalities make the turnstiles turn; they are the very heart of sports appeal. Just as surely as Babe Ruth built Yankee Stadium with his bat, homer by homer, so other personalities have given their teams—and their sports specialties—life, pull and staying power.

The top contemporary athlete in the opinion of our more than six hundred pollees is Ted Williams, string-bean hitting fool of the powerhouse Boston Red Sox. Ted polled almost one out of every five votes in a balloting which covered personalities from everywhere. Long Theodore's margin was clean and those who voted for him generally cited the same reasons.

A typical spokesman for the "Long Live Williams" brigade is Guy Butler of the Miami *Daily News*. Butler launches the Williams campaign by pointing out that Ted's "color on and off the field is the main factor in his popularity—backed up by just plain spunk and a big order of natural ability that cannot be questioned." Zipp Newman of the Birmingham *News* seconds this motion when he says blandly, "Williams is the greatest ballplayer in action today and possesses skill, poise, color and heart." And to make the argument complete, Bill Kastelz of the St. Augustine (Georgia) *Record* adds his voice to the chorus of praise for the Boston buster: "Despite the razzberries and vocal torment fired at Williams he is still in there doing his best. Needless to say, this takes the old moxie—and brother, he has it!"

Thus, Williams walks off with another honor to pair with the one given him by these same experts back in May, when they chose him as the outstanding service veteran returning to major-league ball. Clear-cut as his victory was in the present poll, three other personalities made him know he was in a race. Joe Louis, in racking up second honors, received the support of one out of eight pollees. Those who voted for the deadpan Bomber were all in substantial agreement with Cy Sherman of the Lincoln (Nebraska) *Star* who speaks the following piece: "Louis has lived cleanly and decently in a sport that has had its doubtful aspects in recent years and to top that off he has defended his title more times than any other of the modern ring champions."

Dead-heating for third place in the voting are Byron Nelson and Bob Feller, two especially gifted sports practitioners with more to recommend them than sheer talent, notably the ability to remain modest in the face of exorbitant praise for extraordinary accomplishment.

Jack Senn of the Toledo (Ohio) *Times* beats the Nelson drum by citing Lord Byron's "quiet manner and proven ability as a competitor and shot-maker against all forms of competition." And Larry Grill of the Phoenix *Gazette* speaks for all Feller supporters when he points out that the Cleveland fireballer's "hat still fits."

Going into the past, this month's poll investigated the popularity of sports personalities who are no longer with us by asking: "If you had the opportunity to call back any athlete from the great beyond for a few minutes' confab, who would it be?"

The man the largest proportion of our experts would most like to

beckon from the land of eternal peace is the old maestro of the square jaw and pushed-in face, Notre Dame's Knute Rockne. Knute was in his time the greatest salesman football ever had; he took a group of boys with polysyllabic names, added an Irishman or two to the team and manufactured a subway alma mater for most of America.

The Rock fathered such football legends as George Gipp and the Four Horsemen and the Notre Dame system. And he was a talker—a phrasemaker with a touch of evangelism and a soupçon of corn. Through it all he built a national reputation and was so admired that it was an American tragedy the Spring day in 1931 when he was killed in a plane crash over Kansas.

Says Mel Heidelman of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, "Rockne knew the ifs and ands about all sports, not only football. He was an interesting and intelligent speaker, had color and was unassuming.

He never took credit for the big things he did, but rather gave his players all the glory. I would like to sit down with the old master and get his slant on the modern 'T.' At the same time I would like nothing better than to show up the fallacy that there was never such a thing as the Notre Dame system."

Pushing Rockne for honors in the immortal category is the ill-fated Yankee workhorse, Lou Gehrig. Columbia Lou's hulking shoulders and heavy-legged walk are sorely missed by baseball writers and fans who admired him not alone for his baseball talent but because—as sports announcer John Peart of Zanesville, Ohio's WHIZ put it, "He was a great guy and possessed more intestinal fortitude than any six men in the game today." The picture of Lou, in his fading days, striding to the plate with that potent bat which had somehow, somewhere lost its potency, is one that will take a lot of forgetting.

Incidentally, old-timers who get nostalgic about the days of nickel beer, free sandwiches and outlaw bare-knuckle fights staged in the woods and on barges will be pleased to note that their own fabulous John L. Sullivan licked all the remaining men in the house—including Jim Corbett!—to finish a more than respectable third in the poll.

Winding up the personality hunt for this month, the poll asked for opinions on the athlete best equipped to give his own fading sport a shot of personal adrenalin. Scattered voting crystallized on one sport and one man—tennis and Bill Tilden. The experts agree that tennis—while never a consistent headline sport—is in the deep doldrums, and though not one seer ventures a second-hand guess on the cause of the illness, all agree that if anybody can save the sport Bill Tilden can. Big Bill—who, though past fifty, can still hold his own with anyone on the court in a one-set match—is at present touring as a pro.

Perhaps the USLTA, being the guardian of an ailing child, might care to take its troubles to the consultation room of the gentleman who was and still is the biggest name and greatest competitor tennis ever produced.

Should Big Bill attack the affliction with his customary topspin there's every reason to believe he'd run it off the court. #

How They Finished

Here are the tabulations on the sports personality poll. Only one finalist is listed under question three, because only Tilden polled enough votes to deserve cognizance.

I. Who is your favorite contemporary athlete?

Ted Williams	18.2%
Joe Louis	12.6%
Byron Nelson	9.3%
Bob Feller	9.3%

II. If you had the opportunity to call back any athlete from the great beyond for a few minutes' confab who would it be?

Knute Rockne	22.1%
Lou Gehrig	16.4%
John L. Sullivan	8.7%

III. Which of the so-called major sports do you think is the weakest and what personality, past or present who was famous in that sport, do you think could aid in helping to strengthen it?

Tennis—Bill Tilden

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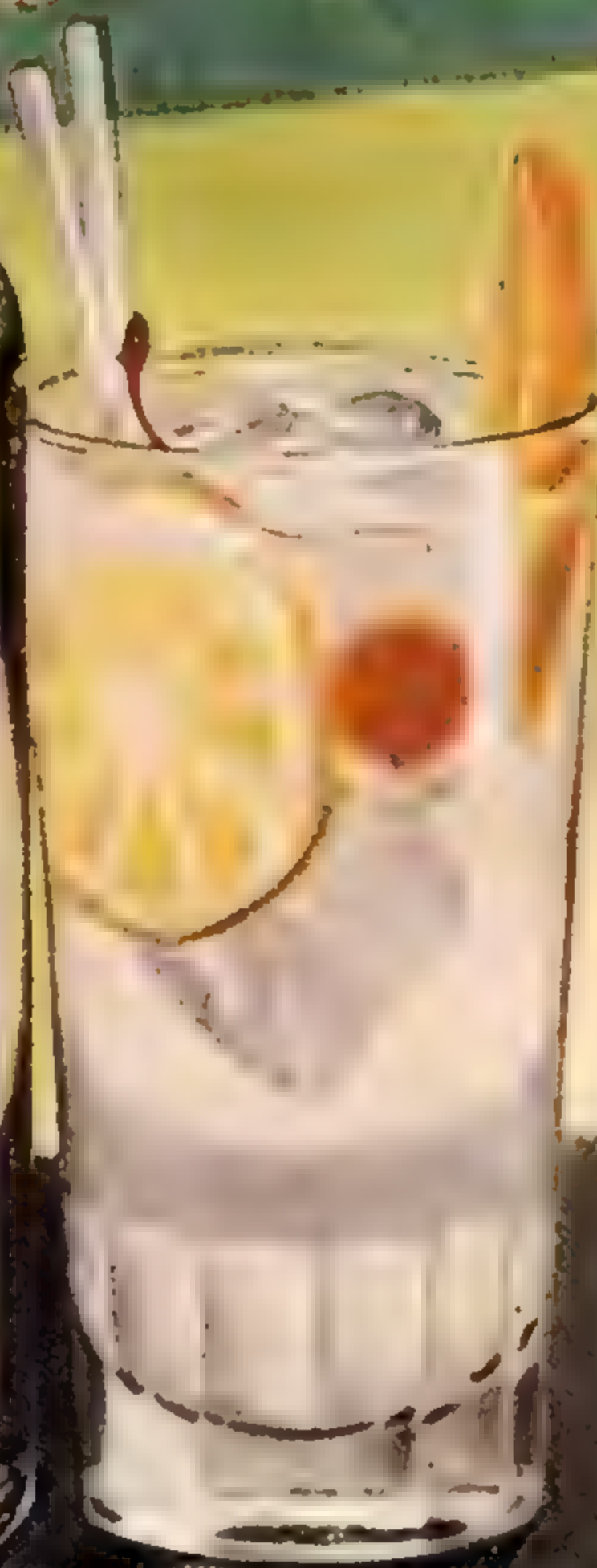
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From Khaki to Campus

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

FOR the past four years and more, millions of college-age Americans have been learning geography from the noses of B-17s, anthropology from Japs at the ends of bayonets, geology from unique mud formations in ETO foxholes. No more of that now. Today those same boys are mushing back to school where learning is easier to come by via textbooks, labs and accelerated programs.

For the veteran-scholar some hints about collegiate fashions are in order. However deep the practical wisdom his experiences have given him, he will want to follow the current style, as far as his clothes are concerned, in order to look less like an alumnus and more like an undergraduate—particularly when he reviews the wide-eyed crop of freshman co-eds.

A practical choice for his number one basic suit is a chalk-striped grey flannel or an unfinished worsted. A single-breasted jacket showing three buttons or two will be eminently acceptable in any seminar, hamburger joint or sorority house. A second suit might well be a brown herringbone or diagonal tweed. The tweed will provide lots of mileage and prove adaptable to almost any informal occasion.

Since the fashion of wearing odd tweed jackets and slacks to classes is general, he'll assuredly concentrate on these combinations. Two such jackets, one a brown and tan small diamond or check effect, the other a grey and blue small pattern, would offer a daily change. As for slacks, plain dark grey flannel tops the list; natural tan covert is a popular alternate.

Corduroy, a fabric of growing importance, shows up in the odd jacket, usually with a flap on the chest pocket. If the wearing of khaki hasn't prejudiced him against it, our G.I. Bill scholar is likely to choose one in natural tan shade. If he goes all out for this rugged fabric he can also have it in slacks, shirts and fingertip coats.

Among outer coats, the reversible raglan model with slash pockets ranks high in the estimation of upper classmen. The dual purpose of this coat, with tweed on one side and processed cotton on the other, has a strong appeal for a fellow with a limited budget.

Tweed is the headline-maker in topcoats, occurring in the classic herringbone and plain diagonals. Either of these, preferably in brown but also in grey, makes a good addition to the wardrobe. The single-breasted model extending to the knees seems to be most popular among fashion-conscious undergraduates.

Raincoat fabrics, which may be cotton or worsted gabardine, or rayon blends in poplin or twill weaves, are processed in various ways to resist the elements. Tan is the most popular shade. This year the student can choose from an increased variety of models, including the regulation-length raglan with convertible collar and slash pockets, a model with set-in sleeves, or a shorter fingertip coat which obviously offers less protection against the rain but remains very popular, for all that. As insurance against a wrath-of-heaven downpour, he will probably have a processed-cotton rain hat, in pinched crown or pork-pie model, stashed in his raincoat pocket.

When the late-season football games roll around, our boy will be in the home-team section, keeping warm in a tan processed cotton coat with a pile wool lining and collar. He can have it in fingertip or full length. This idea of the layer principal in garments, popularized by the military, has been adapted to civvies, with the innovation of spun-glass fiber quilted with fabric as an insulator.

He'll wear his hat (most probably a brown one)

with the narrow brim dipped casually and the crown dented in a casual diamond shape.

Now that Oxford weave shirts are increasingly available, he will be wearing them in solid colors and candy stripes, usually with button-down collar. He may also go for a couple of heavy woolen shirts in brilliant tartans.

Among the ties which he'll share with his roommate are large- and small-figured foulard, regimental striped rep or twill, and crocheted four-in-hands. He may also want a few figured bow ties, which are now enjoying a rising cycle according to fashion's horoscope. And after a few weeks on the campus, he will acquire a preference for shoes designed to look hefty, with thick soles and heavy uppers, often in grained leather.

During the evening study hours our hero will lounge comfortably in cotton or rayon pajamas. Fleece-lined slippers with soft soles are a must if he sleeps in an unheated dorm.

And two-suiter pieces of luggage in plastic-coated, plain cloth or leather coverings will see him through week-end house parties.

Incidentally, well-wishers who would like to give the returned and returning scholar a practical send-off toward the lecture room are advised to consider a matched pen and pencil set. They're essential tools to his collegiate trade. ##



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What's Your Potables I. Q?

A quiz to sample your savvy of what makes various liquors tick

by LEWIN W. WICKES, JR.

SOMEWHERE each of the alcoholic potables in the numbered list is a part of good living. You may never have sampled some of the concoctions, but true connoisseurs will be able to identify most of them. How many of the basic or characteristic ingredients in the second list can you match correctly with the items in the first? This is a tough test, because they do not match evenly. More than one ingredient may be used in different types of the same beverage, and more than one beverage may be made of one of the ingredients. So you cannot merely pair off the easier items and hope to get your respectable quota of correct answers from thence on by a process of elimination.

In rating your Potables I. Q., use the following measure: A score of less than six hints at teetotaline indifference; seven to twelve, pegs you as a drinker of some discrimination; thirteen or over and you may consider yourself omnibibulous.

Now—match the Potables with the proper Ingredients:

Potables

1. Cognac
2. Armagnac
3. Aquavit
4. Bourbon
5. Slivowitz
6. Vodka
7. Curaçao
8. Italian Vermouth
9. Irish Whiskey
10. Scotch Whisky
11. Absinthe
12. Sake
13. Schnapps
14. Kümmel
15. Rum
16. Kirsch
17. Koumiss
18. Arak
19. Tequila
20. Calvados

Ingredients

- A. Plums
- B. Cherries
- C. Grapes
- D. Oranges
- E. Mare's milk
- F. Camel's milk
- G. Caraway
- H. Wheat
- I. Quinine
- J. Potatoes
- K. Corn, rye and barley malt
- L. Apples
- M. Wheat, rye, barley (malted and unmalted) and oats
- N. Rice
- O. Molasses
- P. Juniper berries
- Q. Cumin
- R. Wormwood
- S. Barley
- T. Century plant juice

Answers

- | | | | | |
|-----|-----|------|----------|-----------|
| 1—C | 5—A | 9—M | 13—P | 17—E or F |
| 2—C | 6—H | 10—S | 14—Q & G | 18—O |
| 3—J | 7—D | 11—R | 15—O | 19—T |
| 4—K | 8—I | 12—N | 16—B | 20—L |



"I was grounded yesterday because of fog"

To My Wife, Elizabeth

In the will was the story of what he had really wanted most from her

by CAMERON HAWLEY

THIRTY-ONE years of law practice had taught John Cranwell's voice not to betray an emotion. Yet, sitting here at his desk facing Elizabeth, he was afraid of the sound of his first word.

Confound it, Bronson should have known better! Only a fool would have written a thing like that into his last will.

And the colossal nerve of the fellow, naming him as the executor of his estate! Probably wasn't such a fool at that. Bronson had counted on the fact that he wouldn't turn down the appointment because Elizabeth was his niece and he'd be forced into handling things so she'd never know about it.

Nothing to be gained by waiting, Cranwell counseled himself. May work out all right if I can just keep Elizabeth from insisting that I read the whole will, word for word, now. She'll never say a word afterward. I know her. Confound the fellow! Had no right to die and leave a mess like this for someone else to clean up. Well, might as well have a try at getting away with it . . .

"Elizabeth, my dear?"

"Yes, Uncle John?"

"Do you want me to mumble through all this legal language or shall I just give you the gist of it?"

He held his breath until she repeated, "Just the gist of it."

Cranwell issued a silent and completely reverent, "Thank God" and unfolded the document.

"I imagine it's about as you expected. It's all yours, my dear—the house, the half ownership of the laboratory, the securities, all personal property."

"Everything?" Elizabeth asked.

Cranwell dropped his glasses. It was a very useful trick, well rehearsed. "Yes, Elizabeth, your husband left everything to you—confound these glasses!—except a few minor bequests, of course. A thousand to the library fund, five hundred to the club—the usual odds and ends, you know."

He flinched at the thought of those "odds and ends" as he slipped the document in his desk. "There's nothing to worry about, Elizabeth. I'll take care of it all."

"There's one thing I want to know precisely," she said. "I do have control of the stock in the laboratory?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then there's something I wish you would do for me, Uncle John, right away. Make out the necessary papers to sell my interest to Dr. Van Horn. We agreed on the price this morning."

"Elizabeth!"

"I know I could get more by

holding but I want to get it over with and be rid of it."

"Yes, but . . . now, Elizabeth, my dear, I can understand that you may want to get away from the laboratory for a while. Only natural—reminds you of Edward—all the time you spent there together. But don't you think you'd better take time before you make up your mind? Your work there has been the big part of your life."

Elizabeth Bronson smoothed her glove on the glass top of his desk. "I may as well tell you, Uncle John. I hate the laboratory and I always have. I've hated working with Edward. I've hated being a . . . You're shocked, aren't you?"

"Not at all. But I don't believe you."

"It's true."

"Then why did you do it all these years? You didn't have to."

"Oh, yes I did!" She got up quickly, walking to the window, talking without turning back. "Dr. Edward Bronson was no ordinary husband. The only way I could hold him—the only way I could make a success of our marriage—was to live on the same intellectual plane that he did."

She turned, defiantly. "Our marriage was a success! I made it so. I was the wife of a man acknowledged to be the most brilliant mind in his field. He won every honor that could be given to a scientist. I know that you never cared a great deal for him personally, Uncle John, but . . ."

"Come, my dear, that isn't true. Edward was . . . well, we all know that he was a genius."

She sat down now, the full light on her face. Its bright keenness and sharpness gained from years of exacting work in the laboratory still had beauty, but he remembered her girlish softness when she married the great physicist.

"You don't know the responsibility of being married to a genius," she said. "He was a man whose life was in his science. I can say for myself that I saw at once that I could not be an ordinary wife. I gave myself to becoming his second self in his work. I became an expert technician. Instead of playing bridge I toiled at mathematics to do his computations. I was by his side in all his problems. Anything he was doing he could discuss with me. I made the rather careless girl that I was into his other self."

"And you got your reward," said John. "As far as anyone could see you were as close as any two people could be. You might not be Madame Curie but he let people know what he thought of

Continued on page 116

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To My Wife, Elizabeth

Continued from page 115

you. The dedications in his books—the last one was, "To my wife, Elizabeth, for her great assistance and intellectual companionship."

"Yes, intellectual companionship," Elizabeth said softly. She stood up. "You will see at once, won't you, about the papers covering the sale of the laboratory."

"You mean it?"

"I'll shriek if I ever see a microscope again."

"I'll do it as soon as I can, my dear."

Cranwell stood at the door watching her walk down the hall. His secretary came in from her office and said, "Mrs. Bronson is holding up very well, isn't she?"

"She always has," he replied. "She is a self-controlled woman."

"She got that from being the wife of that wonderful man," said the secretary.

Cranwell walked back to his desk and scribbled a memorandum. "Please make out this check chargeable to the Dr. Edward Bronson estate."

"Is this check to be mailed?" asked the secretary.

"I'm delivering it personally. Give it to me as soon as it's ready—and ask Jim to bring that information I asked him to get."

Jim, the investigator, came in. "She's living at the same address, chief. Gets home every night from

work about five-forty. Make it six and you could catch her for sure."

Cranwell rang the doorbell at exactly six o'clock.

Glenda Hopkins was neither blonde nor beautiful. He hadn't expected that. They never looked the way they were supposed to look. She wasn't as attractive as Elizabeth, yet . . . Better put on his glasses. Probably need them before this was over.

"I'm John Cranwell, Miss Hopkins—Cranwell, McGowen and Rivers, attorneys-at-law."

She was obviously startled, but asked him in. It was a tiny apartment. Good taste. Comfortable.

"Miss Hopkins, I believe you were acquainted with a gentleman by the name of Eddie Brown."

When he looked up she was avoiding his eyes. Probably thought that he was trying to . . .

"There's nothing for you to be concerned about, Miss Hopkins. I'm the executor of Mr. Brown's estate."

Her face was flat—no surprise, no shock, just flat. Clever girl, he said to himself. Not giving anything away.

"Is Eddie dead?" she asked finally.

"A month ago," he said in his most carefully matter-of-fact tone. "As I said I'm the executor of

Mr. Brown's estate. He left you a bequest. I'm here to give it to you."

He took the envelope from his pocket. She shook her head. "I couldn't take it, Mr. Cranwell."

He tapped the envelope against his thumbnail. "Perhaps I should tell you the amount."

"You don't have to," she said slowly. "I know how much it is. It's three dollars and forty cents."

Cranwell's glasses dropped, so suddenly and unexpectedly that he barely rescued them from falling to the floor. "Miss Hopkins, I . . ."

"Wouldn't you know Eddie would pull something like this," she said, looking past him. "He kept saying all that evening that he was going to pay for it but I wouldn't let him. It was my idea and I wanted it to be on me."

She paused and he saw that her eyes had filled with tears. "I remember him saying it, but I thought he was just kidding—telling me that he'd leave it to me in his will. I didn't want him to pay for it. It was the last time I saw him. And now he's dead, you say, and remembering to send me this . . . I knew something was the matter. He's dead."

The tears were flooding now and for a moment they drowned her voice. When it came back it

was barely audible, as if she were talking only for her own ears. "I'd got two champagne glasses. Borrowed 'em from a girl I know in a restaurant. But Eddie kept drinking his out of a cup. Said he was afraid he might get to thinking that he was a gentleman. I guess maybe—some ways—Eddie was more of a gentleman than a lot of guys that really amount to something."

She wiped away the tears. "Did you know Eddie, Mr. Cranwell, personally?"

He held on to his glasses. "Well . . . yes. Yes, I knew him."

"Then I suppose you know how I feel about him. I guess everybody'd feel about the same way about Eddie. He wasn't smart—not like a college graduate or—well, he never read any books or anything like that but . . . well, he was just different, I guess."

John Cranwell put his glasses in their case and snapped the cover. "Yes—yes, I suppose he was different—in a way."

She had turned, looking out of the window into the gathering dusk.

Three steps carried him to the door. She still was staring out of the window and he'd left the envelope there on the table with the check for 25,000 dollars inside it. #

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Post-Mortem Riddles

It takes a keen medical examiner to tell if it's murder, suicide or accident

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

IN the face of sudden death, the homicide squad is often puzzled not only on the "who done it," side but also as to whether the job was murder, accident or suicide. Then hawkshaws, stymied or no, usually turn hopefully to the medical examiner, who comes through with a solution a surprising number of times. These trained medical sleuths have proved so invaluable that the widespread demand to substitute them for the old-time politically appointed coroners is no mystery.

Consider Brooklyn's famous Sackett Street Case, for example. Down on the waterfront a policeman's suspicions were aroused by the furtive actions of a man carrying a bundle. When the cop approached, the man threw the bundle into the river and ran. When caught, his answers to all questions were evasive and unsatisfactory.

Identifying him finally, the police visited his humble quarters and, among other things, found the head of a woman, hacked crudely from her body. Confronted with this evidence, the man broke and confessed murder.

While they hustled him to the station house to book him, in strode white-haired Dr. Charles Norris, New York's pioneer Medical Examiner, and with a cheery greeting to the waiting cop, he asked what was on deck.

"One of those butcher killings, Doc," said the bored patrolman. "Guy killed a woman and carved her up. There's what's left of her."

Dr. Norris stepped over to the table, lifted the gruesome head by the hair, and chuckled aloud.

"No evidence of murder here," he said brightly. And wiping his hands, he left quickly in order

to make out his official report.

"No moider!" snorted the dumfounded cop when the doctor was out of earshot. "Why, the old gent's daffy."

But the doctor was right. The death had been accidental. Despite the confession, the suspect had not murdered her—he had merely cut up a dead body. For the woman had died from carbon monoxide poisoning and the doctor knew it because her face was a cherry red.

When he told the police, they questioned the prisoner and the story came out. He and the girl friend had been on a mighty binge. In a drunken stupor they slept for hours while an over-stoked coal stove filtered carbon monoxide into the room. She died; but the man recovered, attributing his ill feeling to the bad liquor. When he sobered enough to realize she was dead, he assumed that he had killed her in his intoxication and so tried to get rid of the body.

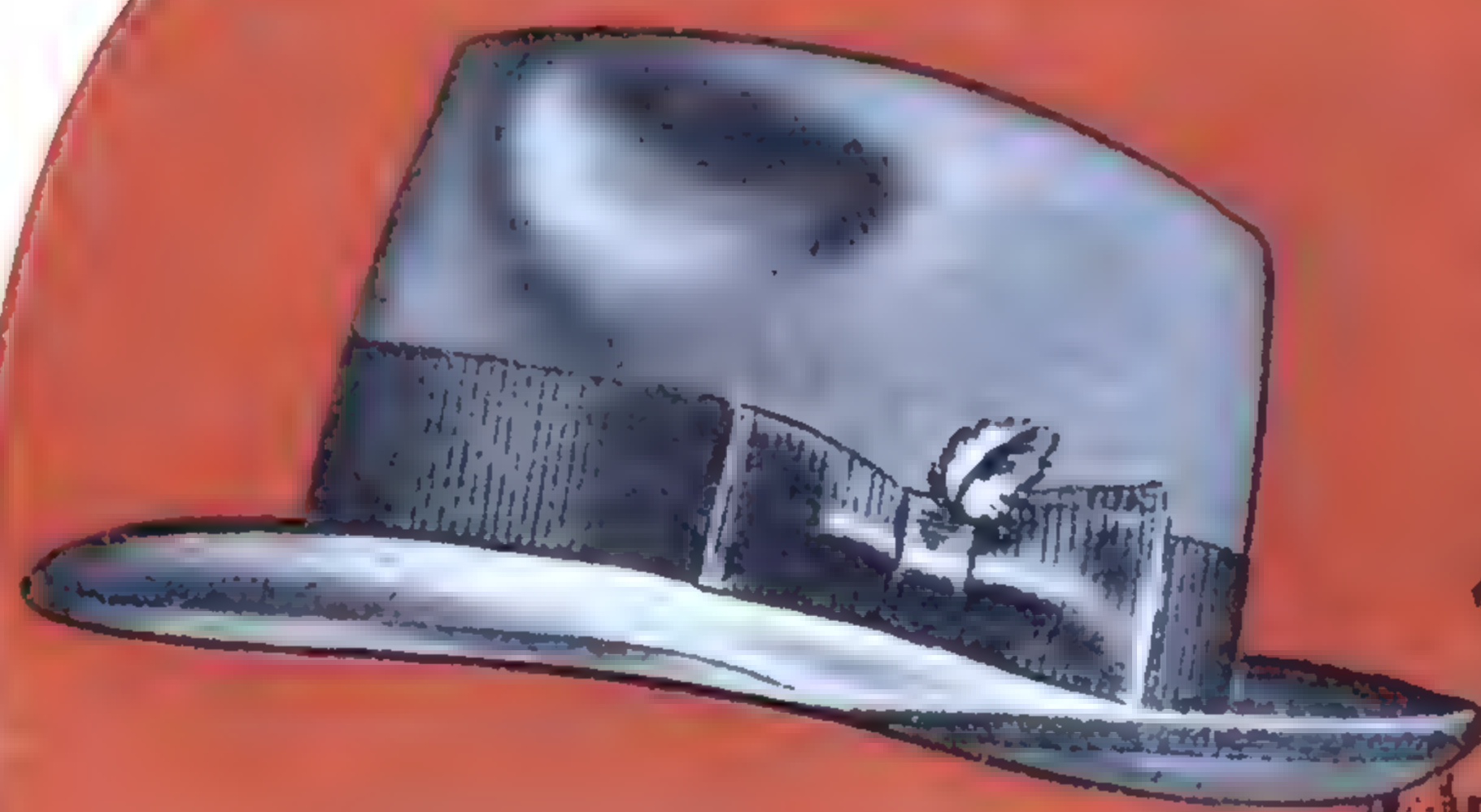
In the hands of the old-time coroner's jury, that poor dope would have been ticketed for a hanging. But homicide has grown too complicated for coroners, these days. Indeed, it always was—it is only now that we are beginning to appreciate the complexities which call for a skilled investigator to pass upon sudden death.

For instance, not long ago a vacation shack in the woods was burned to the ground and its lone occupant roasted in the blaze. A coroner's jury would have dismissed that in a few words. But fortunately there was a trained medical examiner in that county, and after one glance at the body he said "murder."

The police went to work and
Continued on page 118



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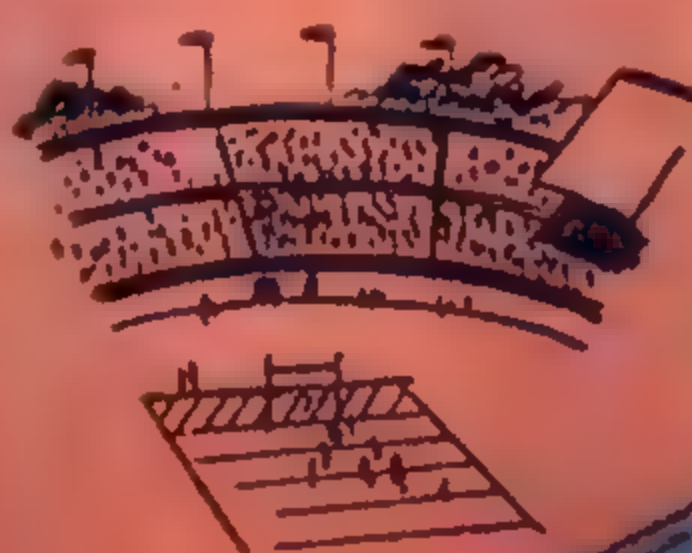
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Post-Mortem Riddles

Continued from page 117

finally captured the guilty man, who confessed. Because the medical examiner's trained eye noticed that the tongue of the corpse was protruding. And when a person dies with his tongue out, he's been strangled, not burned!

It's too easy for the untrained mind to jump to conclusions, and a lot of those untrained minds belong not only to policemen but also to police reporters who, we are led to believe, do much of the heavy deducing for the cops. On Long Island an artist's model was shot dead on her porch and a revolver was found some distance from her body. The medical examiner, after studying the wound, tracing the course of the bullet and figuring the angle from which it was fired, measuring the holes of entry and exit, pronounced a verdict of suicide.

Some of the wiseacre reporters on the scene disagreed, one of them publicly calling it a wanton murder. The examiner, therefore, called for an autopsy. And when the toxicologist reported finding enough bichloride of mercury in the body to kill two models, the newsmen started to write about something else. The girl had simply drunk the poison in the bathroom, then walked outside and shot herself to make doubly sure.

The obvious importance of determining whether a violent death is murder or suicide makes the authorities cover every angle. Thus the random thought (which most of us have entertained at one time or other) of shooting some cad and sticking the gun in his dead hand to simulate suicide is rather foolish. If a man dies a violent death while clutching a gun (or any other object), he will have it in such a vise-like grip from the "cadaveric spasm" that there's no mistaking it—or faking it, either. By the same token, the dodge of strangling a victim and then stringing up the body to suggest self-hanging—a subterfuge resorted to periodically by some unthinking murderer—is easily detected by the experienced observer. If the victim hanged him-

self, the fibers in the rope would run in one direction. But if the murderer tied a noose on the dead body, threw the rope over, say, the transom, pulled up the corpse and tied it, then the fibers would run in exactly the opposite direction from the chafing.

Another element, often important in investigating sudden death, is whether the cause was accidental or intentional. Insurance companies are often deeply interested in knowing whether the demise came about as indicated or whether it was self-inflicted. Because of double-indemnity clauses, a good many shrewd suicides stage their acts to resemble accidents—one reason, incidentally, why life companies won't pay double indemnity any more for carbon monoxide deaths in garages!

The gag in "accidentally" shooting yourself while cleaning a revolver is equally good and, so far as I know, still pays double to the heirs. It is often employed, however, to remove the suicide stigma rather than to hoodwink the insurance company.

The ingenuity employed in some of these cases is fascinating and sometimes startling. Although nobody can prove it, one air line crash a few years ago has been attributed to the murder of the pilot and co-pilot by a suicidal passenger who died with more than a dozen others in the ensuing crash. Several clues found in the wreckage supported this theory, and it is significant that immediately after this accident the old custom of allowing passengers to visit the cockpit was stopped by all commercial air lines.

In cases where the evidence is definite the medical examiner easily can provide the solution. In one instance a prominent broker, driving along a quiet city street, discovered that his car was afire and pulled over to the curb. Jumping out, he ran around to the side of the car, lifted the hood, then collapsed under the assault of smoke and fumes and flames which leaped from the motor.

Two men, a hundred feet away,



"She seldom connects, but I'm not getting any quicker on my feet"



"As of yesterday I'm the oldest child in the family"

saw the incident, but when they hurried over the broker had fallen into the burning motor and was unconscious. As it happened, the witnesses were two firemen off duty, so they quickly extinguished the flames and summoned an ambulance. When the intern arrived he pronounced the victim dead.

No apparent crime had been committed, of course, so the matter might have ended there had it not been that the insurance company carrying a rather large policy on the deceased had become fed up with the untimely demise of so many well-to-do men during the depression. They felt they had been tricked by several very clever suicidal accidents which they couldn't prove in court, so they investigated this one thoroughly. Questioning the two witnesses, they became interested when one of the firemen said: "You know, I thought it was a little queer that the guy fell toward the fire when he opened the hood. I know what a blast of heat like that is, and it seems to me that I would fall away from it. But he just dove in headfirst."

The insurance investigator nodded quietly and then phoned the medical examiner. After that he went to the scene of the accident, carefully searching the sidewalk, curb and street. He found nothing. Then, on a hunch, he went back into the grass and underbrush of the vacant lot near by and, after an hour's search, he found a small, empty bottle which still bore a faint trace of a telltale odor. Even more startling was the fact that the pharmacist's label attached bore the same name as that of the deceased!

A quick check-up revealed that the dead man was the druggist's brother who had bought the bottle of poison two days before his death. And the reconstruction of the plot, borne out by the medical examiner's autopsy, showed that the broker had arranged the ignition wires of the car so they would short-circuit and start a fire. He had driven to this isolated section intentionally; had cruised around until the smoke began to get pro-

nounced, then jumped out, swallowed the poison, flung the empty bottle into the brush, opened the hood and fell into the motor, unconscious and virtually dead.

Cases like this illustrate the fact that homicide investigation is a highly technical job requiring long training, much skill and a keen eye for the obvious. One day, for instance, a man's body was picked up along a fairly busy New Jersey highway, bruised and apparently the victim of a hit-run accident. "No," said the medical examiner, "that's a plain case of suicide."

"What makes you think so?" asked the police.

"Well, first, the pupils of his eyes are contracted to pin points. That means an overdose of some opiate. In concussion cases the pupils are dilated. Second, the bruises are apparently self-inflicted because they occur only on soft portions of the body and automobiles are not so considerate."

The resulting autopsy showed the contents of a full bottle of paregoric in the organs. And the conclusion was that the fellow had bruised himself with a rock, swallowed the paregoric, flung the bottle away and then run down the highway until he dropped.

Unless there is a skilled examination of a body from head to toe, many mistaken conclusions are possible. Stiletto or ice-pick wounds, for example, are very easy to miss—which is one reason why the ice pick has grown popular as a lethal weapon. Stab wounds from other instruments are mistaken for bullet wounds. Bruises sustained by a body in falling, frequently are accepted as signs of violence. Even the purplish patches of discoloration which normally set in on the lower side of a body about six hours after death are often interpreted as bruises indicating a struggle.

On the other hand, two black eyes on a dead body do not prove that the person was beaten up before death. "Shiners" are typical in suicides who shoot themselves in the temple. And the absence of water in the lungs is not definite proof that the victim

Continued on page 120

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Post-Mortem Riddles

Continued from page 119

died before entering the water any more than the presence of water fixes the time of death after going in. The ultimate test on this much-debated point, perfected by New York's famous toxicologist, Dr. Alexander O. Gettler, is the presence or absence of water in the left side of the heart. If water is there, it is conclusive evidence that the person died after submersion.

Suicides by cutting, frequently have "hesitation wounds" on the throat or minor gashes on their fingers which can be mistaken for "defense wounds" so common in murder victims who have fought their assailants. Similarly men have shot themselves four or five times in vital places, any one of which wounds might have been instantly fatal. A man must know his ballistics pretty well to be sure that such a case is suicide and not murder.

The frequent occurrence of these puzzles not only emphasizes the importance of intelligent post-mortem observation but also stresses the need for shrewd police work early in the game. It is the uniformed man who gets there first, not the homicide squad's specialists. And while the cop isn't expected to make post-mortem examinations, he should at least know what to observe and what to preserve.

One notorious case in the East was a bust because the first officers to examine the body very stupidly cleaned the hands to take fingerprints, thus making it impossible to determine from a paraffin test whether or not the dead man had fired a revolver recently. In another case in the South the police lost a sure-fire conviction because what they "thought" was blood on the accused's knife was not proved to be blood by a laboratory test. In still another instance a suicide was entered as murder simply because the first cop on the scene had removed the cap through which the dead man had shot himself in the head, and without thinking tossed it across the room

so that it lodged under the bed.

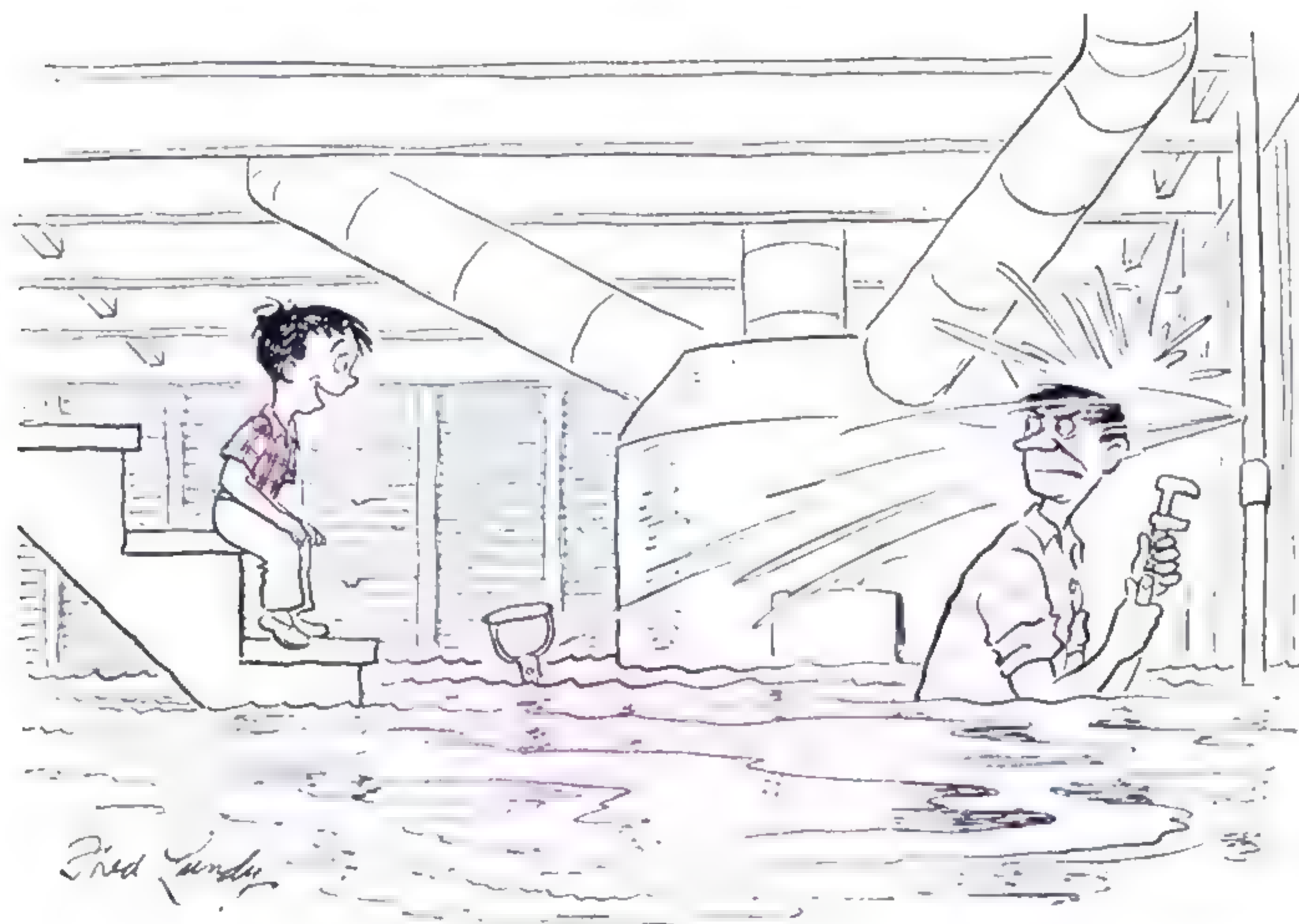
When detectives arrived, the patrolman left without mentioning the cap. And since they found no powder marks or flesh burns on the body, the police took it for murder and called the District Attorney in on the case. All of them worked for several hours before somebody unearthed the cap with its telltale powder marks which put them back on the right track.

So it is apparent that there is a lot of sense in the widely ignored admonition to leave the body and everything around it undisturbed until the authorities get there. Sometimes the authorities themselves may be dumb enough to smear every existing bit of evidence. But as police training progresses, smarter men are getting to the scene first—for which medical examiners give thanks. These men, even if they aren't able to interpret what they see, know that they should not touch anything until the experts arrive.

Yet even the keen observer can be hoodwinked by surface evidence sometimes, hence the medical examiner remains indispensable no matter how well-schooled our student policemen may be. In one case of record a man was stabbed over the heart in a bar-room brawl and died before the ambulance arrived. To every eyewitness it was a plain case of murder and even the knife wielder admitted the crime.

But the medical examiner soon found that the knife had penetrated no farther than a rib which stopped it. It hadn't touched his heart and, regardless of what observers said, couldn't have been fatal. Further examination showed that some of the vessels in the heart were hardened and plugged up from natural causes and death had really come from a heart attack induced by the excitement of the struggle.

Sudden death is not always what it seems. And that's why the trained medical examiner is an essential addition to any well-rounded police force. ##



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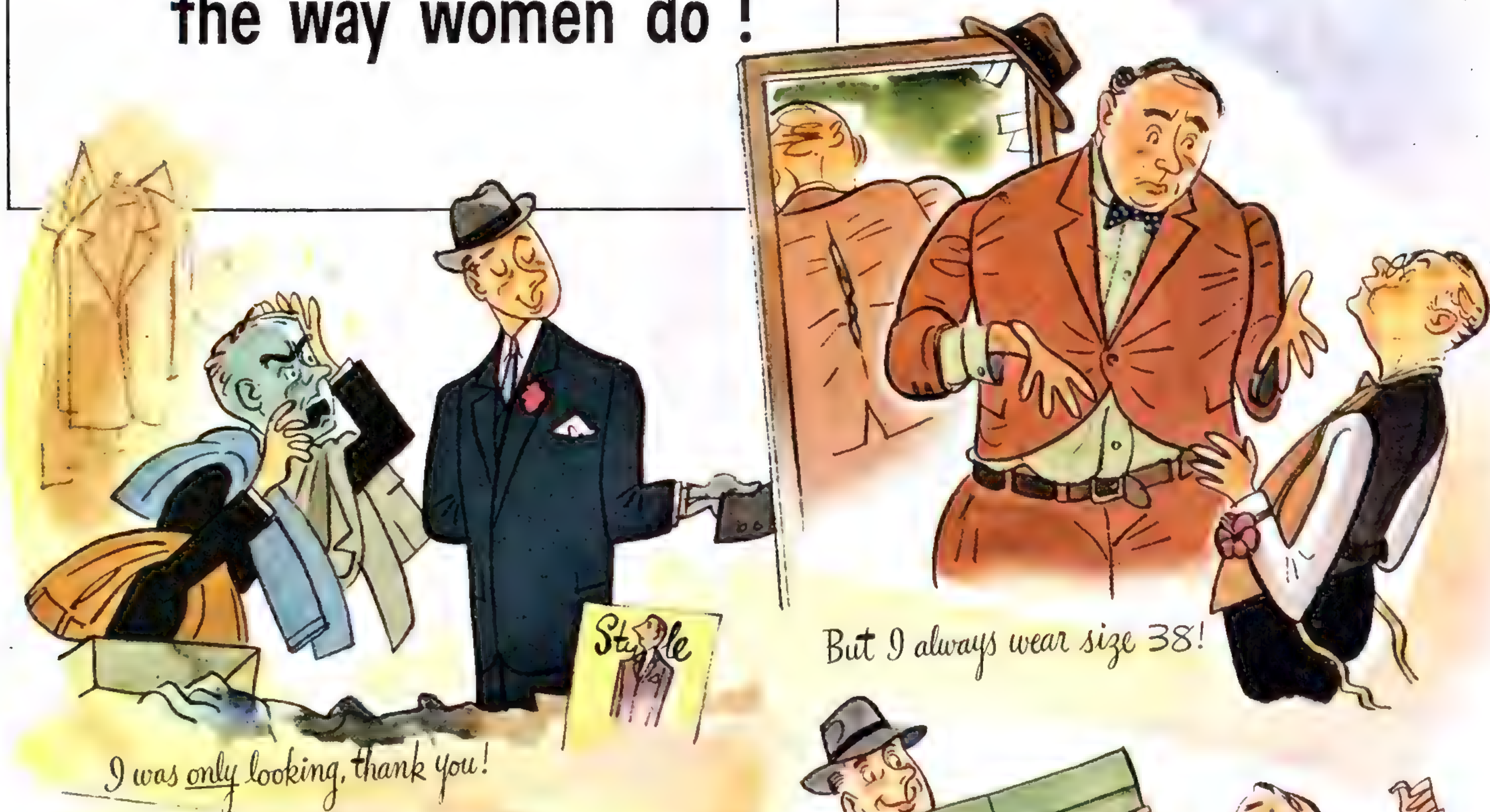
Here are accepted accessory combinations for fall. The man in the upper figure wears a Crane Grey snap-brim hat with his blue-striped sharkskin worsted suit. He chooses a grey broadcloth shirt, modern-pattern cuff links and small-figured Maccles-

field tie for contrast. The pipe smoker with green narrow-brim sport felt hat prefers a brown diamond-weave tweed jacket with his Oxford shirt and yellow-ground foulard bow tie. A gadget collector, he goes for the wish-bone-pattern money clip. The man

in the lower drawing combines a brown Homburg with the two-tone brown diagonal, worsted suit. His pale tan shirt is a good background for striped rep tie. Just to be sure that his keys are always in the same pocket, he wears a gold key chain.

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Diamond

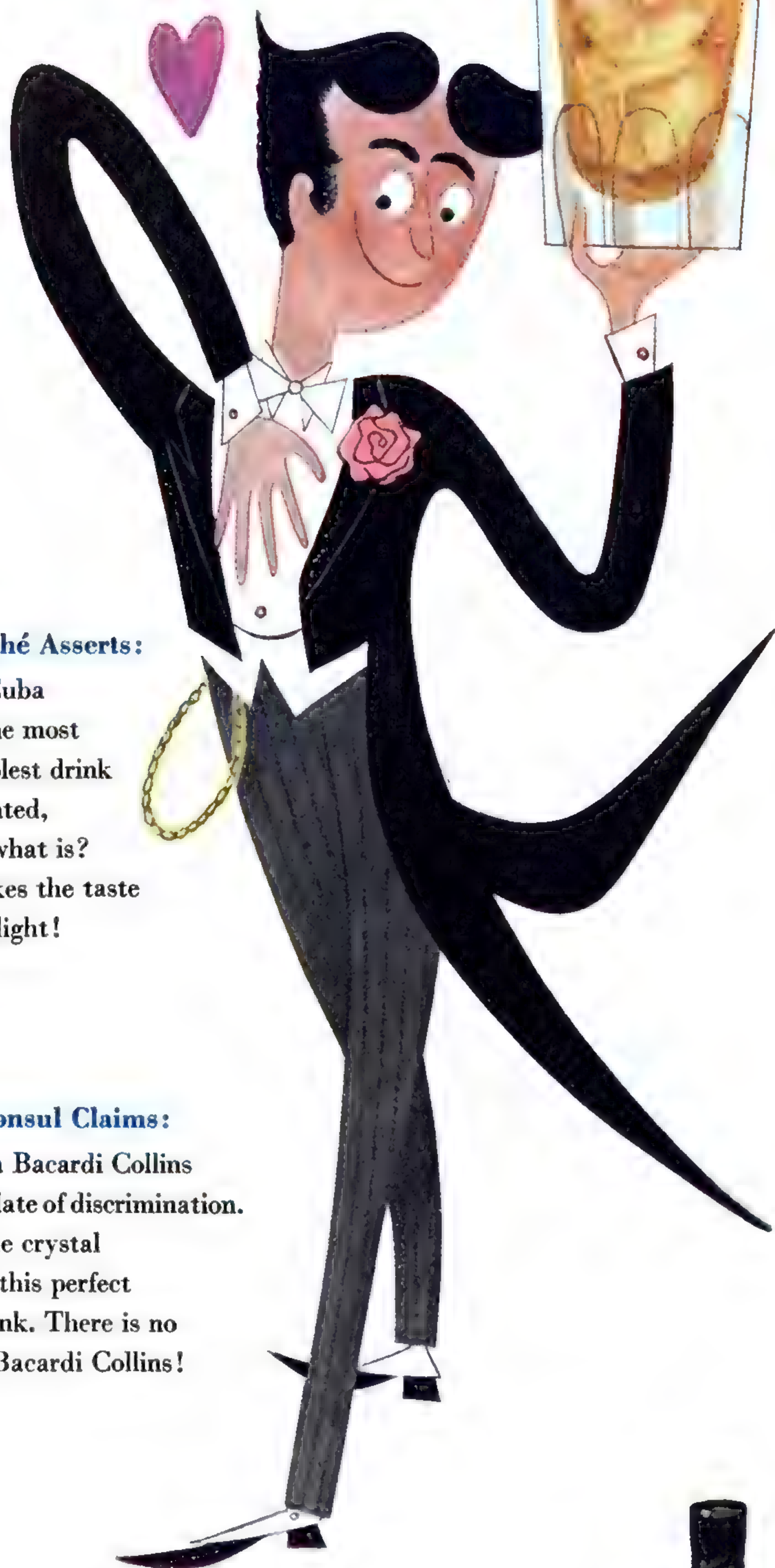
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all nations agree — **BACARDI**

RUM . . . 89 Proof. Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York



First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 95

say, if a critic can't be constructive—

Reviewer: You mean, you want the critic to do the creative job that you failed to do?

No sooner had the racket made by Mr. Anderson and his outfit died down than Mr. Herman Shumlin, whose production of *Jeb* enjoyed only nine performances before being interred in the storehouse, dashed into print with another whoop against the beset critics, addressed to the *New York Times*. Proclaimed Mr. Shumlin, "There is no value I can see, things being what they are in the theatre and its circle of critics, in arguing with your reviewer's low estimate of the play, but I think it imperative to point out that he and his colleagues are responsible for the lack of public interest in *Jeb*. Your reviewer and the other men who cover the opening nights wrote reviews of *Jeb* which discouraged any latent desire the public might have had to see it . . . The serious play . . . must have critical approval at the outset or it will not make the grade. Your reviewer knows this as well as I do . . . but I resent his shifting responsibility to the public, which has not seen the play and takes his word for its quality or lack of quality." And so on.

Mr. Shumlin's argument seemed to be that the reviewers should have treated *Jeb* with kindly consideration because "it was written and produced in the conviction that what it had to say was of the most vital importance to the public." "I am shocked," he continued, "that the majority of the critics did not feel as I did the importance of turning the public's attention to the problem it concerned itself with."

Jeb's problem was prejudice against the Negro, and what it had to say "of the most vital importance to the public" was that such prejudice is evil and should be done away with. The apathy of the critics and public to it was possibly induced by the fact that they already had had various plays with exactly the same problem and with much the same say about it. The majority of the same critics endorsed the earlier *Deep Are the Roots*, which argued the same points as *Jeb*. Some of those who didn't care for *Jeb* were favorably disposed toward *Strange Fruit*, which also argued much the same points. But when *A Young American*, further arguing much the same points, followed by *Jeb*, came along, they understandably, were a little fed-up. I know, because I was a little fed-up too.

Irwin Shaw, whose *The Assassin* got a bad break from the reviewers, and largely, I think, unwarranted, next jumped into the fight with a lengthy preface to the published edition of the play. "I would no more think of sitting down to dinner with certain of the critics on the New York papers," said he, "than I would think of breaking

bread with the master of Buchenwald . . . The inordinate attention paid to critics in the theatre does not come, as one might suspect, from the inordinate size of their talents. They are . . . a quite ordinary group . . . picked at random by managing editors, with no more distinction in their writing than might be found in the reports of men who cover the police blotter for the same journals."

Mr. Shaw went on at full tilt. "The rapt attention awarded the reviews in the daily papers by the public concerned is not a tribute to the perception and wisdom of the men who write the reviews. It is the attention awarded by the man accused of murder to the sentence of his judge . . . That the theatre should suffer under this arbitrary tyranny is an evil and oppressive thing. It was better in France. There the critics were perceptive and corrupt. The managers paid them off and bought good reviews and the plays were left to the honest decision of the audiences . . . The arrogance and irresponsibility of the theatrical critics of New York are a tarnished example of the dangers of concentrating power into too few hands."

After considerably more to the same effect, Mr. Shaw concluded that "the final item in this bill of particulars against the critics is that their standards are bewildering." I think that he had something there, and quite a lot. A body of critics who in majority prefer a slick piece of Broadway show-goods like *State of the Union* to a reputable play like *A Sound of Hunting*, a cheap, commonplace comedy like *O Mistress Mine* to an infinitely more distinguished one like *The Mermaids Singing*, and a trick-scened, inferior Hollywood script like *Dream Girl* to something like *The Assassin*, whatever its deficiencies, is surely a body whose standards are suspect. When we further find plays, worthy plays, like *A Highland Fling*, *My Heart's in the Highlands* and *Outrageous Fortune* brushed brusquely aside in favor of such stuff as the *Kiss and Tells*, *What a Life* and the sort, Irwin Shaw is not the only one to scratch his head and wonder, out loud.

The critic baiting extended to the laymen, and in copious numbers. Letter writers to the editors spent fortunes in stamps. I quote a single illuminating specimen, the product of one Alexander Williams and published in the *Boston Herald*. "Well," shouted Mr. Williams in sum, "I saw *Flamingo Road* and went on record to the effect that for at least two acts it was an absorbing evening in the theatre. If I were the Wilders, who wrote this account of politics in Florida, I would make haste and climb on Mr. Shaw's bandwagon." Which would, I fear, seriously embarrass Mr. Shaw, since even he would allow that *Flamingo Road* was rubbish and deserved its immediate demise. ##

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Mere Man Looks at Heroines

Continued from page 48

of European imperialism were threatening to inundate all Asia. Rama was a barbarian, but a cultured one. Modern scholarship owes much to the archaeological researches he conducted when a monk at Angkor Wat. Under such a man, the prime minister felt Siam had a chance to avoid the western enslavement, which always used a charge of "barbarism and savagery" as its extenuating pretext.

Rama left his contemplative monastic life to assume an educational grind that would have caused a Phi Beta Kappa to get measured for a dunce cap. After teaching himself Latin and English, he began a pell-mell dash through all of western culture. No one helped him distinguish between mythology and history—between religion and science.

However, there are limits to the mental working conditions which even a tyrant can impose upon himself. The king could educate himself, but he didn't have time to help his sixty-seven children with their homework and govern the kingdom at the same time. He spoke good broken English, but he was too busy to break the big words down for his little ones. So he sent for a British schoolteacher, Anna Leonowens. He thought he was hiring a governess, but, like most men, he didn't know what he was letting himself in for when he made contact with a woman who knew her own mind.

His first move was to ignore her; his second was to gyp her. Having promised her a house, he lodged her in the harem. This was a mistake. As a true subject of Queen Victoria, Anna damned near turned the kingdom into a matriarchy then and there. One pious female can transform a seraglio into a Sahara. Nine thousand concubines started singing *Home, Sweet Home*. Sixty-seven children spouted copybook platitudes about honor and the virtues of keeping one's word. This was a hell of a domestic atmosphere for a sultan to come home to. It took all the pleasure out of polygamy. Anna's war of nerves put the scare in "harem-scarem" and she eventually got her house.

East was east and west was west and forever the twain were meeting—with the impact of runaway freight trains. Yet the king needed Anna and it wasn't long before he was her most important pupil. Their partnership never became physical, but it was not without love—or sex. Anna proved that the appeal of all secretaries, "Can't we just be good friends?" can be answered in the affirmative by any boss—who has nine thousand women at home in his boudoir. The old saying, "woman's work is never done" did not hold true in Siam. There, it was departmentalized.

Anna kept her department lively, as the king often told her in his

self-taught idiom: "I am often angry on you," he shouted at her, "and lose my temper, though I have large respect for you. But nevertheless, you ought to know you are difficult woman, and more difficult than generality."

But if she was more difficult, she also was more helpful. She gave advice on innumerable subjects. "Should the western powers be permitted to have consulates in Siam?" Anna thought "Yes." "Should a Siamese girl, wearing a hoop skirt, also wear underpants—in case she has to bow from the waist?" Anna thought "Yes"—very decidedly.

The king developed an admiration for Abraham Lincoln and decided that he was losing the Civil War because the Union Army was low on elephants. To help Abe, he proposed to send a "gift of two male elephants, which could be released to multiply in the forests of North America." Despite Victorian primness, Anna was forced to remind his majesty that this was too much to expect from two male elephants—even in the Land of Opportunity. The king amended the biology of his proposal and received an appreciative letter from Mr. Lincoln, who explained that America's only suitably humid forests were at that moment in the possession of General Robert E. Lee.

Rama wore out his life trying to prove that the Siamese weren't savages. Yet they *were* savages. And he was a savage. The Siamese loathed the thought of being enslaved by Europeans. But they enslaved each other. The King's lovely slave girl, Tuptim (Linda Darnell), was torn from her betrothed to be the king's "good-morning" present. And because Tuptim was unhappy, she made her own slave girl equally unhappy. When Tuptim ran away from the palace to her youthful lover, the king's officials caught her and inflicted torture with sadistic relish.

Anna didn't always succeed in persuading these people to accept her concept of impersonal justice. Tact wasn't one of this virtuous woman's virtues. She might have saved the girl had she not rushed into the king's dining hall to plead for mercy—in front of his wives and children. As a man, Rama was patient and self-sacrificing—but he still was a man. He couldn't bear to have his inability to hold a woman advertised before other women. Tuptim and her lover were burned alive.

Anna failed to transform Rama into a perfect gentleman. But his son, whom they both instructed, grew up to be an enlightened ruler who abolished slavery and introduced religious freedom to Siam. He put an end to the laws that required a Siamese to abase himself in the presence of royalty, and decreed that wives and children no longer could be imprisoned for a husband's debts. You cannot

walk the streets of Bangkok today without contrasting the self-reliance and dignity of the Siamese with the cringing servility of many other peoples of the Orient.

Some years ago I climbed to the top of the Casbah in Algiers, to examine the advantages of European imperialism. Here I found no Charles Boyer making love to a Hedy Lamarr, but a "vocational school," where small children thrust their tiny hands through carpet looms and squinted with young eyes as they followed intricate rug patterns. By thirteen, their eyes were ruined for life. Siamese children were saved from such "advantages" by a king who was far from perfect and a woman who was often tactless and impatient.

Anna and the King of Siam proves that races can co-operate. The story is even more inspiring because it admits the imperfections of those who brought these good things about. Neither the scenarists nor Margaret Landon (who wrote the original novel) wandered far from historic truth. The result deserves to rank with civilized films like *The Song of Bernadette*.

In that great and dispassionate work, Franz Werfel, a Jewish writer, questioned the behavior of Catholics with compassionate charity and good taste. He proved that he could be a critic without becoming a bigot. Every Christian who read *Bernadette* felt grateful to Werfel for understanding him. In such a mood he was anxious to reciprocate. Thus a man of good will made more men of good will.

It would be wonderful if our literary men would bring the same honest maturity to the discussion of current problems. We cannot be saved by childish fables. Putting the world right is no boy's job. That's why *The Song of Bernadette* and *Anna and the King of Siam* are in refreshing contrast to such black and white parables as *Deep Are the Roots*, which achieves its effects by making all the black men white and all the white men black.

Such prejudiced plays ignore the fact that, in Africa, Negroes often enslaved each other, and

that the most ruthless and intelligent of the nineteenth-century slave dealers was a black man. Tippu Tib of Zanzibar, whose great-great-grandmother was a Negro slave girl. They also ignore the fact that a million white men were killed and wounded in the Union Army to end Negro slavery in this country.

America's history has not been perfect, but it never has been lacking in idealism. The conditions of Africa, where warring tribes preyed on each other through countless centuries, did not permit the Negro race to produce a Shakespeare, an Einstein, or a Woodrow Wilson. Yet America has seen the rise of Negro geniuses, including Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver. It detracts nothing from the brilliance of such men to say that their achievements were made possible by the sacrifices of other men like Abraham Lincoln, John Brown and Horace Greeley.

Present conditions might be improved if our playwrights encouraged such co-operation. The real heroes of the Negro race are the Carvers, the Washingtons and the Joe Louises. They are not the moronic Scotsboro boys or the *Native Sons*, who stuff bodies of white women into furnaces. Decent Negroes no more approve of Negro rapists than decent white men approve of white rapists.

The Negro's problem is not a sexual problem. He doesn't need a white woman. He needs white encouragement and sympathy. He needs white Annas (either male or female) who will help him free himself from the squalor that has been inflicted on him so that he can live, in comfortable surroundings, with his own woman. He needs the chance to bring up his children in cleanliness, knowledge and self-respect. But the playwright who exploits false sex issues in order to capitalize race hatreds is his enemy in achieving this.

Monsieur Beaucaire

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing. If you don't believe it, look at what a slight knowledge of French history has done to Melvin Frank's and Norman Panama's

Continued on page 128

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Mere Man Looks at Heroines

Continued from page 127

screen version of *Monsieur Beaucaire*. At the task of filling the picture with inaccuracies, the authors worked tirelessly and well. But just enough literature trickled in to make it the most expensive and least entertaining Hope picture in the last five years.

No one expects historical information in a Bob Hope movie. What Hope has done to literature is of no matter. But what literature has done to Hope is a crime. The picture is related to Booth Tarkington's original about as closely as a chameleon on a side-show barker's lapel is related to a dinosaur.

Tarkington's hero was a berserk young duke who fled from France to England in search of romance. Here he captivated a woman as spirited as himself. Everything went well until our hero discovered that fate had given him the moonlight, the June night and the wrong girl. The great lady stopped sighing over him and gave him the air as soon as she discovered that he had entered the country as a barber. He had fought his way to this woman through a forest of rapiers, but she had him beaten up when she thought he was a lackey. The duke concluded that two romantic people made any romance too congested. He was glad to return to the comforting

arms of the mouselike princess his king had wanted him to marry in the first place.

Tarkington's story satirized human behavior, while Hope's satirizes nothing but the old copies of *College Humor* in the libraries of his gag men. The original made an excellent high comedy for Valentino and it might have made a fine farce for Bob. However, instead of playing a swordsman masquerading as a barber, Hope plays a barber masquerading as a swordsman. (Unless you're a generous tipper you can't tell the difference anyway in many tonorial parlors.) Those who think Bob is too funny-looking to portray royalty haven't taken a good look at the ex-King Victor Emmanuel.

But this doesn't mean that *Monsieur Beaucaire* is an absolute flop. There is a fairly steady sprinkling of chuckles, interspersed between the not-very-frequent belly laughs. Bob fights an hilarious duel with Joseph Schildkraut. This is made doubly amusing by Mr. Schildkraut's murderously realistic characterization of a Spanish swordsman.

Still another uproarious bit shows Bob as a jittery barber, shaving Madame Pompadour to keep the suspicious Louis XV from catching her in the apartment of a

rival. And the scene of the council of state, where Hope keeps sticking a powder puff in the king's mouth while he is attempting to powder the royal hair, is almost as funny.

Constance Collier, who plays Louis' jealous queen, is a little too regal. She should modify her acting technique to suit the intimate confines of a movie theatre—where the projection is done by the projection machine. When you're seated in the back row at the Hollywood Paramount, you feel that Miss Collier is shouting over your head to an audience in Las Vegas. When she asks for a cup of tea, she sounds like a goddess ordering a deluge.

In the early sequences, Reginald Owen is excellent as Louis XV. But the rest of the cast appears to be in the right century only because the Western Costume Company didn't mix up its orders.

It is here that the schoolteachers have got in their devilish work. By teaching the public to read, they have led it to expect a certain amount of point in an historical satire. Mere inaccuracy isn't funny. Robert Sherwood wrote a provocative satire about Hannibal crossing the Alps. But he couldn't have written one about Napoleon crossing the Delaware.

But in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, the King of France drops in unexpectedly on the King of Spain, played by Howard Freeman, as though to borrow a cup of chili con carne. And both monarchs are subsequently imperiled by a prop villain who takes them prisoner by simply closing the doors. This is the time to stop trying for historical burlesque and start throwing custard pies. Every schoolboy is fully aware that such things just couldn't happen.

The screenplay makes the additional mistake of keeping Booth Tarkington's duke alive (in the person of Patric Knowles) and of interrupting Hope's comic escapades as a court barber with the duke's now irrelevant secondary romance.

Bob Hope's swordsmanship saves him every time he gets in a tight place—even at the climax. Hope doesn't portray a worm who turns—he just portrays a worm.

Because of this, there is something faintly unpleasant to *Monsieur Beaucaire*. The audience wants to laugh with Hope more than it gets a chance to. And we hate to see Hope calling himself a worm—not only because of the courage and self-sacrifice of his war record, but because his optimistic gullibility and his clumsy

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eagerness have come to be accepted as a kindly caricature of our national character.

Bob knew that in war nothing so became a man as cowardice. When all men are being forced to bravery, it is modest to exaggerate one's fears. But when the blast of peace breathes in our ears and all men are scared to death for the future of our country, then it might be heartening to see Bob emulating the actions of the tiger. It would be a reminder that there's a secret store of zany gallantry in all of us. And right now we need it.

Notorious

ALFRED HITCHCOCK's *Notorious* brings us back from sword duels to sex duels. So stick around while we open a fresh keg of adjectives in praise of Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman. This suspense-packed spy film undoubtedly will keep the accountants playing an anvil chorus on the bells of RKO's cash registers. It is bound to be one of the smash hits of the year.

In spite of this department's tendency to write sagas in praise of Bergman, one must once again cry "Skol!" to her for the interpretation of a drunk and moral tramp with which she enlivens this picture. In it, she is everything that would be kept under the counter in a Boston bookstore.

"Is this the face that lapped up a thousand sips?" you ask, as you look at the little woman who has had a boozy day. Yet even while staggering, she is a dream of fair women, and well worth Mr. Grant's efforts to redeem her.

By implying that a wild female can be lured on the water wagon for the sake of a good pure man, *Notorious* suggests a theory that has been absent from literature since they shaved the long chestnut beard from the features of John Halifax, Gentleman. It's quaint but comforting to think that a patient male can be an uplifting influence. There are the possibilities here of an interesting new technique. Now the wolf can hang around Red Riding Hood to set an inspiring example. With such a luscious lush, any masculine reformer

would gladly risk a lost week end.

The heroine's escapades are motivated by her father's treason. Humiliated when he is convicted, she begins a series of wild sprees to show the world that she doesn't care. When she learns that Mr. Grant (an F. B. I. agent) knows of the days when she was loyal and decent, her hysterical emotionalism is re-directed to an intense affection for him.

This may not be psychologically sound. Several thoughtful high school groups denounced *Spellbound* because they found it "psychiatrically incorrect." *Notorious* is recommended for the same reason *Spellbound* was—because it offers emotional and melodramatic entertainment. But no high school student should look upon his ticket stub as a diploma permitting him to practice brain doctoring.

Just relax, if you can, and enjoy it. Try to put yourself in the other fellow's place—Cary Grant's place. Cary probably hasn't been kissed so much since he fell off his rocking horse. Actors' faces are sensitive, but there seems to be a lot of lip service in the secret service—and Grant is constantly turning the other cheek.

Even though this is essentially a spy story, unlike *O. S. S.* it would not have cost you your life to have seen it in 1945. It cost more of life than many cared to give to see *O. S. S.* in 1946. In contrast to Geraldine Fitzgerald, who seemed as cold as Von Rundstedt's monocle, Miss Bergman's game of wits with a group of South American Nazis combines the more exciting elements of *I Spy* and *Post Office*.

Erotic espionage is not new on the screen but Mr. Hitchcock and his scenarist, Ben Hecht, make it plausible by a realistically ugly twist. As Grant becomes Miss Bergman's lover, he also becomes the procuror who must pander her charms to a susceptible survivor of the *Herrenvolk* (Claude Rains).

Mr. Grant is quietly terrific. He puts over the story's impact by facial expression and little dialogue—in short, by being an actor. Of all Bergman's leading men, he appears to be the strongest be-

Continued on page 130



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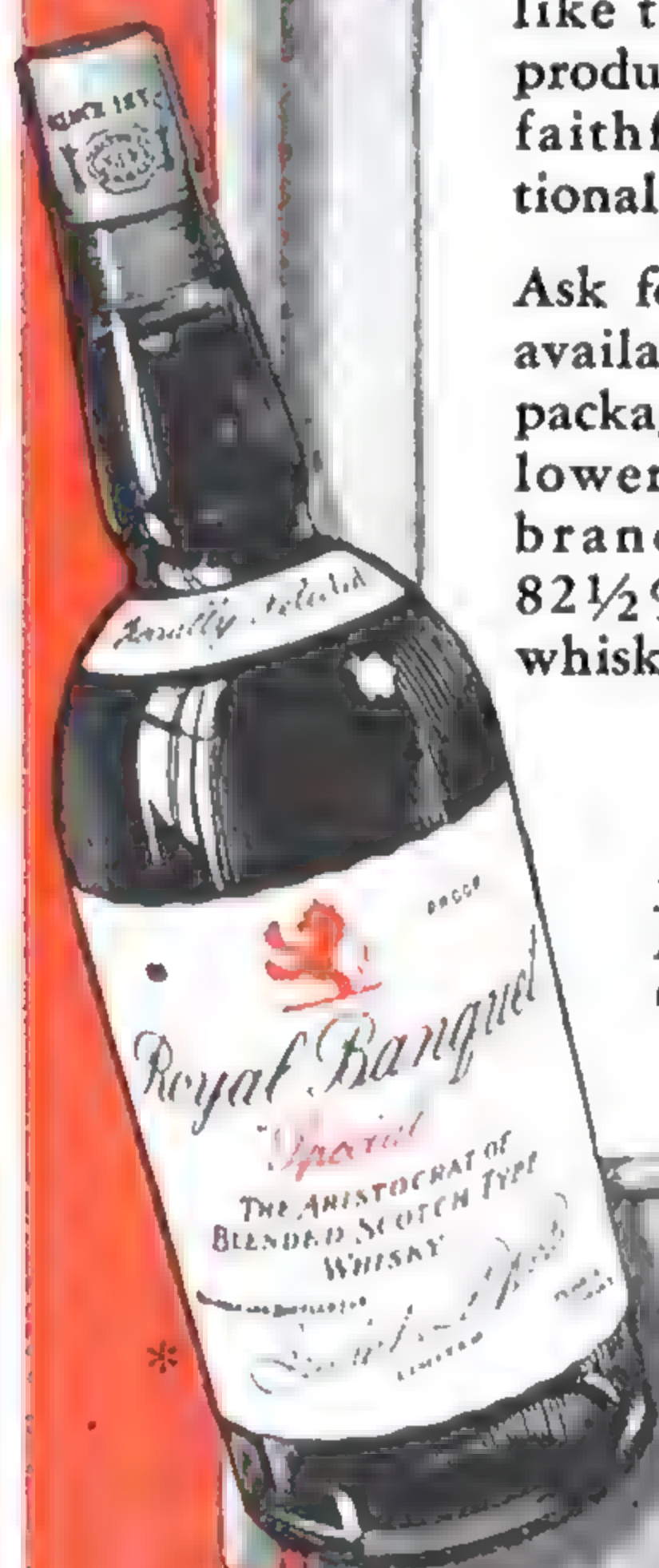


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Mere Man Looks at Heroines

Continued from page 129

cause he says the least. From first to last, he is a close-mouthed, self-disciplined Heathcliffe, with a badge for a heart.

The brilliance of Miss Bergman's performance also owes much to Claude Rains' skillful impersonation of the infatuated Nazi. He, too, requires no florid dialogue. You almost pity the enemy when you see the pain with which he receives the knowledge of Miss Bergman's betrayal. But sympathy vanishes when, urged on by his ruthless mother (played with deadly stateliness by Leopoldine Constantin) he begins the girl's slow, cold-blooded poisoning.

The picture is expertly underplayed. Once more, Hitchcock cues his tension on prosaic trifles. You squirm when the champagne starts running low at a Nazi party and each casual drink brings the moment nearer when the villains will go to the wine cellar—where the hero is searching for their secret cache of uranium. Hitchcock creates one of his greatest reels of suspense when Grant attempts to rescue the drugged and semi-conscious Bergman from the Nazi stronghold. No gun is drawn and no voice is raised. But death flickers through every inch of it.

Notorious needs no rave reviews. The public will acclaim it.

Of Human Bondage

THE importance of an adoring man in the career of a dynamic woman is further demonstrated in *Of Human Bondage*, which introduces Paul Henreid as Somerset Maugham's club-footed and bewitched protagonist. Mr. Henreid reached his dramatic zenith when he lit two cigarettes simultaneously. It looks as though he'll be unable to top himself until some director offers him the opportunity to drink two bottles of beer at the same time. In *Of Human Bondage*, he wears an Inverness cape and a muffler tossed roguishly over his shoulder. This, now and then, gives him the appearance of having been out on a bobbed ride with Queen Victoria.

But for the most part, Henreid looks strong and manly. The first scene shows the hero accepting his affliction philosophically and being reconciled to the fact that he lacks the talent to be a great artist. Neither Edmund Goulding's direction nor Catherine Turney's fine script embarrasses the audience by allowing him to sink into a wallow of self-pity.

But the picture suffers from good acting by the wrong personalities. Henreid never seems infatuated. That's why the new screen version of Maugham's classic doesn't seem to be about human bondage at all. It comes over as the story of a kind-hearted gentleman with an inexhaustible supply of patience. I found myself admiring Henreid when I should have been pitying him. He seemed the sort of fellow who would win the obedience test if he

ever wandered into a dog show.

Henry Blanke's artistically thought-out production is thrown for a further loss by the sympathetic character of Eleanor Parker, who portrays Mildred, the fatal waitress. Maugham's Mildred was a freak of nature—as evil as a monstrosity out of a Lovecraft novel. Bette Davis became great by playing her this way.

Miss Parker's Mildred seems a product of environment—a working girl whose haughty airs mimic the arch-eyebrowed elegance of the actresses she's admired from theatre galleries. There is something pathetic about her eagerness to spend a rowdy holiday with any guy who will say "tacky birthday to you." She's so earthy, you hardly blame her for flouting the cool, punctilious devotion of a man like Henreid. His grim affection seems to submit the girl to the real bondage.

This woman's sins stem from a yearning for independence. She wants to be free from the hero and from poverty. In Mr. Athelney and his daughter (portrayed with humorous finesse by Edmund Gwenn and Janis Page) Maugham sought to prove that poverty need not mean unhappiness. But the Athelneys had rich mental resources. In this sense, all people are not created equal. Mildred (as Miss Parker presents her) was a woman shortchanged at birth. She couldn't develop assets she didn't have. Therefore it's hard to condemn her.

This isn't the story that Maugham wrote. But it may be as true.

Night and Day

NIGHT AND DAY is another Cary Grant starring vehicle. This presents him in the role of the most gold-encrusted Inca ever to come out of Peru, Indiana—Mr. Cole I've-Got-You-Under-My-Skin Porter. Since I get screen credit as the picture's adaptor, it may appear immodest for me to conclude this critique with a cheer for this production.

But we have an old saying in Missouri about a self-conscious fly who perched on a wagon wheel and said, "My, what a dust we make!" Actually, I had about as much to do with the finished production of *Night and Day* as a dust-bowl calf has to do with a hamburger sandwich.

A lot of me went into it, but it was ground exceedingly fine and mixed with the contributions of other Hollywood meat balls. For a time it seemed impossible to believe that we'd all eventually be fried together into a savory morsel. The chefs who brought about this triumph were Michael Curtiz, one of the ablest directors ever to wear a cap turned backwards, and Jack Warner, who expended four million dollars and even more executive patience in getting the cold Cole facts down in warm and glowing technicolor. In one re-

spect, Mr. Warner was the most successful author on the picture. None of his checks bounced. But many of our plot ideas did.

Most of Mr. Porter's song hits are in *Night and Day*. They include the one played at your high school prom, and the one you danced to on the night you met your wife. The radio probably crooned one of them as you tore up handkerchiefs waiting for your baby to be born.

For the past two decades, the pace of American life has been orchestrated to these tunes—which are brought to the screen by a commando division of musical artists. Wit lurks, as pointed out by a needle that succeeds in getting out of the haystack, when Monty Woolley sings *Miss Otis Regrets*. A Yale glee club bearing down on *Night and Day* will produce gulps—even at Harvard. Mary Martin's *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* makes you envy daddy. When Jane Wyman warbles *Let's Do It*, the whole thing seems like a wonderful suggestion. And Ginny Simms melodiously moaning *What Is This Thing Called Love?* makes you want to help her find out.

Estelle Sloan's delightful nimbleness would make her a suitable dance partner for St. Vitus. Adam Di Gatano, a stubby man in a taffy-colored tuxedo, slings his beauteous partner around with just the proper degree of dreamy elegance. Even the jowl-shaking passion of a middle-aged baritone singing *Begin the Beguine* becomes sexy when it is accompanied by the hipless stepping of Milada Mladova and George Zoritch.

The story is all right, too. At first glance Mr. Porter did not seem to be the ideal Horatio Alger hero. His struggles consisted of being born of prosperous parents, inheriting a fortune from his grandfather, marrying a rich woman, and making another fortune for himself as a song writer. One cannot contemplate Mr. Porter without suspecting that his suspender buttons are star sapphires.

It was to convert his history into a simple parable of American family life that I first addressed my talents. But an air of bon-ton

could not be sacrificed. At our initial interview, Mr. Porter told me that his father must be referred to—not as a farmer—but as a horticulturist.

So went the happy hours. Eventually I contorted the great man's life and musical works (including one which he didn't write but which I erroneously used because it had been on the opposite side of a phonograph record) into a dramatic outline. Later, in collaboration with Elick Moll, this was expanded into a screen play. It would be mock modesty for me to say that I did not think this screen play was good. The producer, Hal Wallis, said he expected to win an Academy Award with it and, since he had already won two Thalberg awards (1938 and 1943), and an Oscar (for *Casablanca*), I took this as a good omen.

Frailty, thy name is omen. Fifteen days before the picture was scheduled to start shooting, Mr. Warner had a fight with Mr. Wallis, which resulted in the latter's leaving the studio. The production was then entrusted to Arthur Schwartz, who proceeded to rewrite the script from stem to stern. From then on, the writing of *Night and Day* continued on a basis of decentralized cottage labor. Rival writers, like the Hatfields and the Coys, plugged away at Cole Porter beneath every bush and thicket at Warner Brothers.

Being a broadly human man, I observed their efforts with a spirit of kindly malevolence. Whenever I heard of their difficulties I was filled with a warm and comforting rancor. Had they turned out a flop I would have panned it with a violence approaching ecstasy.

But this cup of joy was taken from me. I find the film entertaining and delightful. Mr. Curtiz' direction is darned near perfect. Tom D'Andrea, who plays a comedy role but gets no screen credit for the humorous lines he created, also rates congratulations. And Charles Hoffman, Leo Townsend and William Bowers will receive many compliments for their script—but no praise will be more hard won than these eulogies from a disgruntled competitor.##

Continued from page 48



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The Best Fireman in New York

Continued from page 65

up while we pumped water as though our lives depended on it.

We stood three deep behind the brakes, and as soon as a man could pump no more he was displaced by another. The water flew, but still we could not make the mark. When Jeff Penny came running out of the Riley saloon with a small barrel of ale and a boy behind him carrying cups, we took a breathing spell. Then we threw ourselves upon the brakes with a frenzy, pumping up and down in a terrible fashion. Higher went the water, an inch at a time, and even the White Ghost boys were quiet. Then we were right up at their mark on the pole, and every man in the crowd stared up. When we reached the silver mark, as though at a signal, one man fell exhausted at the pump, and then another, and I myself was glad to breathe a while, for it had been a terrible fight.

In his saloon Riley set up as much ale as we could drink, and drink we did. The White Ghost boys came in, and one of them boasted that his company was so fast that any man in it could throw a hat out of the upper window and be down in time to catch it on his head. We True Blue men hooted and we were ready to show them which was the better company of fire fighters. A few blows were struck, but Riley roared that if we did not stop he would have our engines put in storage in the Corporation Yard. That stopped us cold.

I learned from Jeff Penny that the White Ghost was indeed a company to be reckoned with. It had outrun the Old Maid Engine Company three months before in a race, and the Old Maiders were still wearing crepe arm bands and a black wreath on their firehouse door, mourning that disgrace.

I was with the True Blue for a month before I got close to a fire. Not that the company was not busy and occupied. Of a Saturday it was our habit to meet at the Tea-Water Pump Inn, and as a rule we were in high spirits in a few hours. On Sunday we might spend half the day polishing the metal on the engine.

And when it came to parading, the True Blue was ever there, spotless. I recall that at the funeral of Big Bill Poole there was a tremendous parade. The police marched, and so did the military, and every engine in the city was there. Not only that but Boston and Baltimore sent fire engines to represent them. Every hose line and pump brake was a mass of intertwined flowers.

The big fight between the True Blue and White Ghost at my first fire will long be remembered by both those companies, for surely the joke was on us when the Hoffbacher Warehouse burned down. It was a small fire and could easily have been put out by either crew. But the devil of it was that we both got there at

the same time, and neither would give in to the other. It was dark, and when Jeff Penny shouted that the hydrant was over to the right, off we dashed to it. But the White Ghost boys had the same idea about that hydrant, and in a minute we were at it, swinging speaking trumpets, heaving rocks, rolling around on the cobblestones, and showing no quarter. The warehouse was soon blazing high, giving us much-needed light by which to fight, for I found that more than once I had hit a True Blue man by mistake.

I saw two men trying to stamp Jeff Penny's face in, and I smashed them both. When there were but a few of us left standing, reeling, bloody and tired, we heard a great shout. We turned to see Jeff Penny pointing at the hydrant. The crash of the roof of the warehouse had lit the scene and Penny had seen that the hydrant we were fighting over was a cannon, buried in the ground, which was evidently used as a hitching post. We had to laugh, agreeing that the joke was on us. But by that time there wasn't much left of the warehouse.

Penny invited the White Ghost boys to drink with us, saying, "The laugh is certainly on us. That cannon had us fooled."

We left with our engine, and I noticed that the hose on our wagon had been cut and slashed terribly, possibly by some men from the Old Maid engine I had seen in the crowd. Even if we had beaten the White Ghosters, and even if the cannon had been a true hydrant, and the fire not too far gone, we could not have got water through the hose.

We had a fine chowder at the Tea-Water Pump Inn, and Penny boasted of how many men he had laid low with his speaking trumpet. He told how I had saved him by pulling half a dozen men off him, and he said to me, "Bill, you are the best fire fighter in the City of New York, bar none, not even myself."

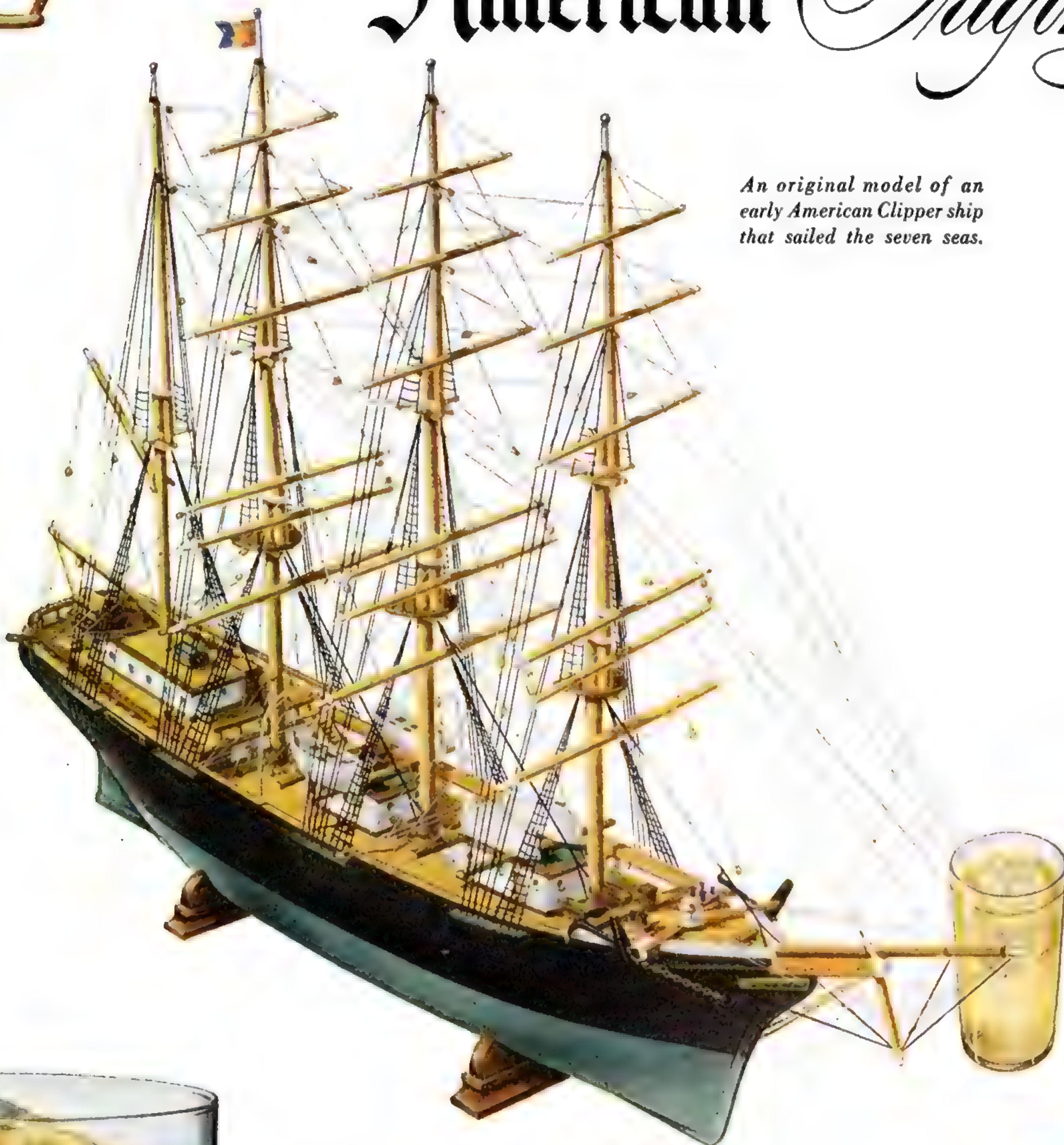
John Wilgus came around, wanting to know how we had fared at the warehouse fire, and Penny told how we had fought the White Ghost boys to a standstill. "It is due to old Bill here that we did it," he said, and he slapped me on the back. He told Wilgus what a fighter I was, and Wilgus said he was proud of me, and ordered a drink for us all. We told Wilgus how we had fought for a buried cannon, thinking it was a water hydrant, while the warehouse burned. Wilgus thought it was a great joke.

The next day Wilgus came around to tell me how delighted he was with my success as a fireman. He made a great speech, and he assured me that if I became foreman of the Blue Six Engine and Hose Company, nothing was beyond me in the political world, not even the Presidency of the United States. #



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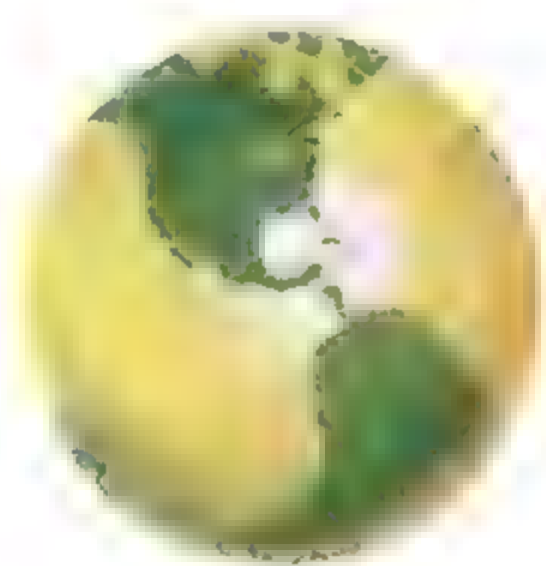
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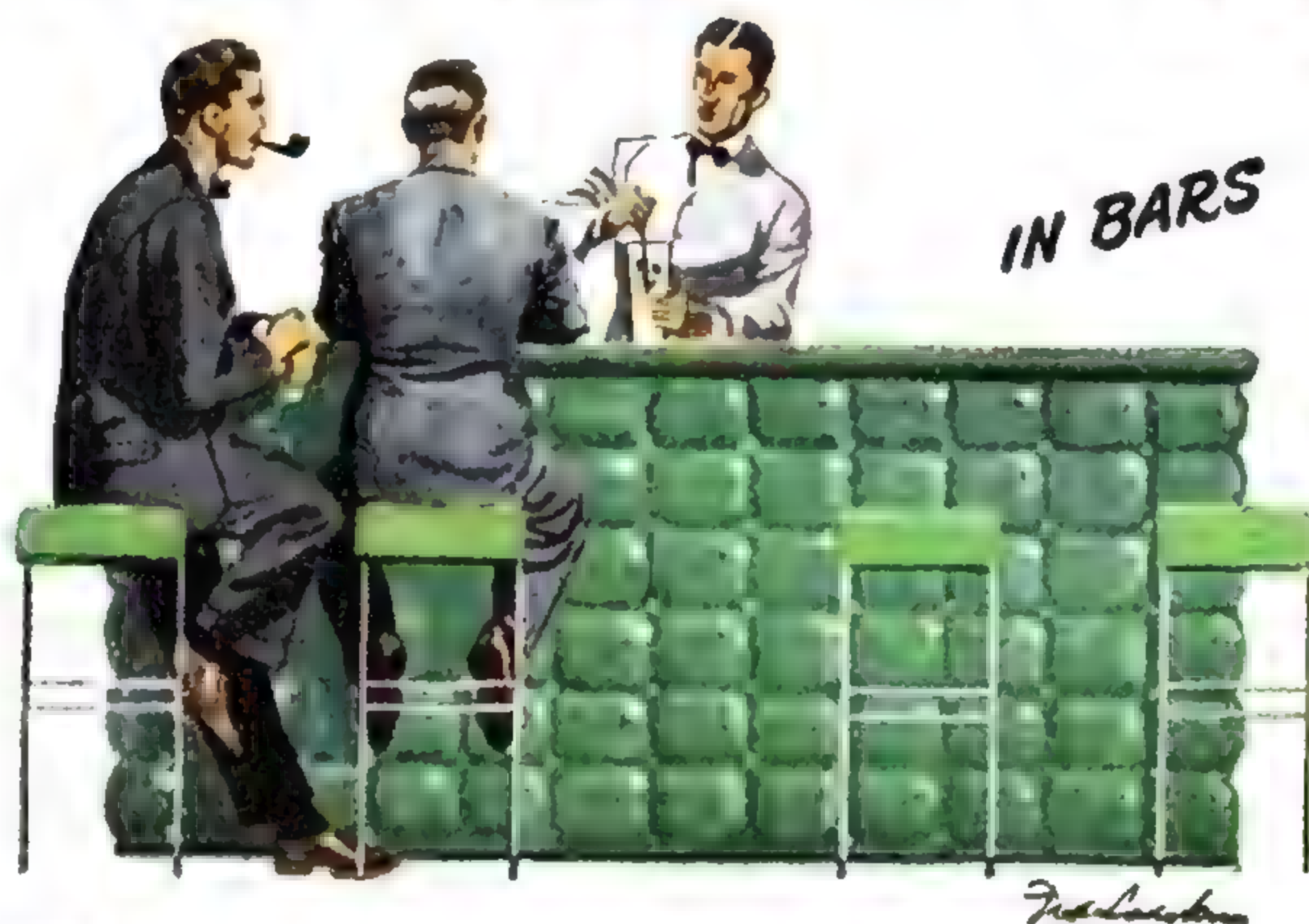
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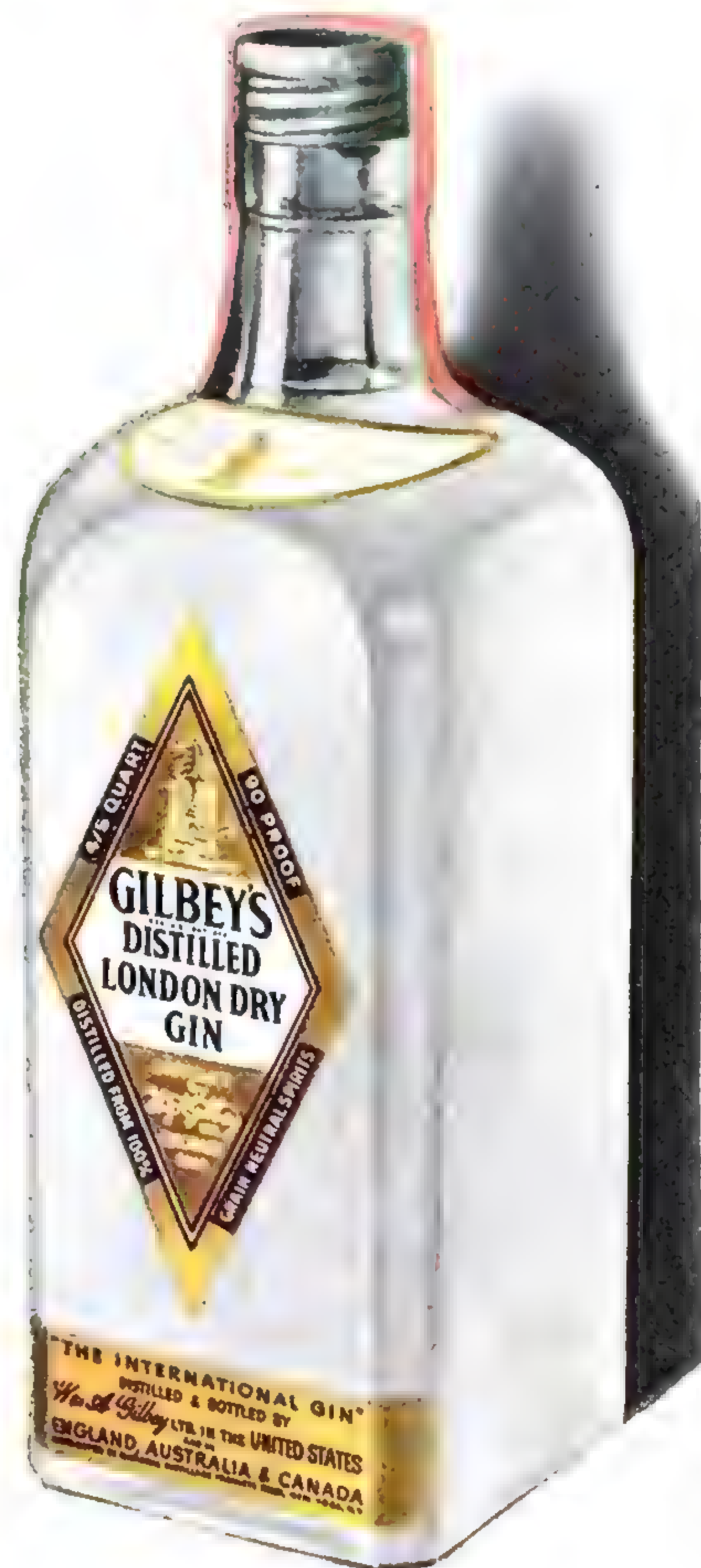
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Music for the Movies

Continued from page 42

umphal crash of drums and cymbals, topped off by a great tutti, bloated with horns and trombones. Strangely enough, the cymbals frequently crashed just as the name of the producer appeared on the screen, so that even the drowsiest customers were shaken out of their lethargy at the right moment to read the master's name. There were secondary "sweeps" for the director's name or the producing firm, and sometimes the composer would give himself a similar build-up.

Old music hands remember that the first sweep was created in a major studio where the big boss was opposed to having the music recorded by a large orchestra, "on account of the overhead." An ingenious composer scored and recorded a terrific sweep, with four trumpets, four horns and four trombones blowing the boss' name from the screen. When the boss saw the result in the projection room, he was so impressed that he readily agreed to let a large orchestra play *all* the music.

In the early days of movie music there were inserts whenever someone had the idea of showing an instrument on the screen. This was the era of "realism." If there was to be music, someone had to be shown playing an instrument. Hollywood's highest-priced gen-

iuses were busily inventing new ways of displaying pianos in bedrooms, glee clubs on beaches, and string quartets on mountaintops. The same "realism" prevailed in transition scenes. If a newly-married couple took a trip to Europe, you saw short flashes of a luxury liner leaving New York, the Tower of London, the Champs Élysées in Paris, the pigeons of Venice, Capri's Blue Grotto, musically underlined by *Always*, *Tipperary*, *Santa Lucia*, *O Sole Mio* and similar suggestive tidbits.

Originality was not considered essential. Soon everybody whistled passages from Tchaikowsky's *Fifth*, Chopin's *Funeral March*, and Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*. Hollywood's scores began to lean heavily toward Sibelius for gloomy mountain sequences, while Delius' influence was apparent when someone took a walk in the English countryside. Spanish backgrounds were made more Spanish by something that sounded like Debussy's *Ibéria*, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's melodic strains became evident whenever the Cosacks were riding.

Composers were paid by the number of minutes of music used on the screen—from twenty to two hundred dollars a minute.

Eventually the public began to get tired of being served the *Nut-*

Continued on page 138

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Music for the Movies

Continued from page 137

cracker Suite every other week. Today no Hollywood composer would resort to "borrowing," and scoring for the movies has become highly technical. Different methods are used and often blended with one another. There is the technique of "underscoring," which appeals to the listener most directly. It is basically pantomime. A group of girls run happily down a road, and the flutes run down with them. A tall woman beats a little man with her umbrella and the oboe groans when he does. The star or the villain has a recurrent musical passage that follows him everywhere. Underscoring has become a precision science. A scene is broken down into a certain number of feet of film, a stop watch gives the exact time, and the composer writes music to cover.

Another technique is the "mood" approach. Good mood music gives such a vivid impression that one can close one's eyes and know what is happening on the screen. It is in these musical moods that the sound-track composers have attained what many believe to be a new expression in music. Hollywood scorers have learned that suspense can be magically created by single notes of the harp or marimba, or by having strings play *sul ponticello*

(bowing near the bridge of the instrument), which produces a harsh, metallic sound. A high, sustained crescendo creates mounting tension. English horns have a depressing effect. Alto flutes radiate menace. Muted horns, trumpets or violins, high and harmonious, are naturals for fog sequences. Trombones are used for coronations; keep them muted, and they give out a luscious, sensual mood.

This is tricky business. A violin is an old prerequisite of love scenes; but nothing creates a colder, more loveless mood than violins playing very high in unison. Hollywood composers keep away from piano music. It seems that the piano is too familiar an instrument and its very sound would prompt the audience to look—for a piano on the screen.

One composer who has worked in Hollywood eleven years said to me, "There are certain things which we take for granted because we can't always explain them. Why is it that a most dignified man, walking on the screen, can become very funny when his steps are synchronized with music? Why does the oboe make a fat man fatter and the bassoon make a slim one slimmer? Never let the handsome leading man be accompanied by muted strings, or

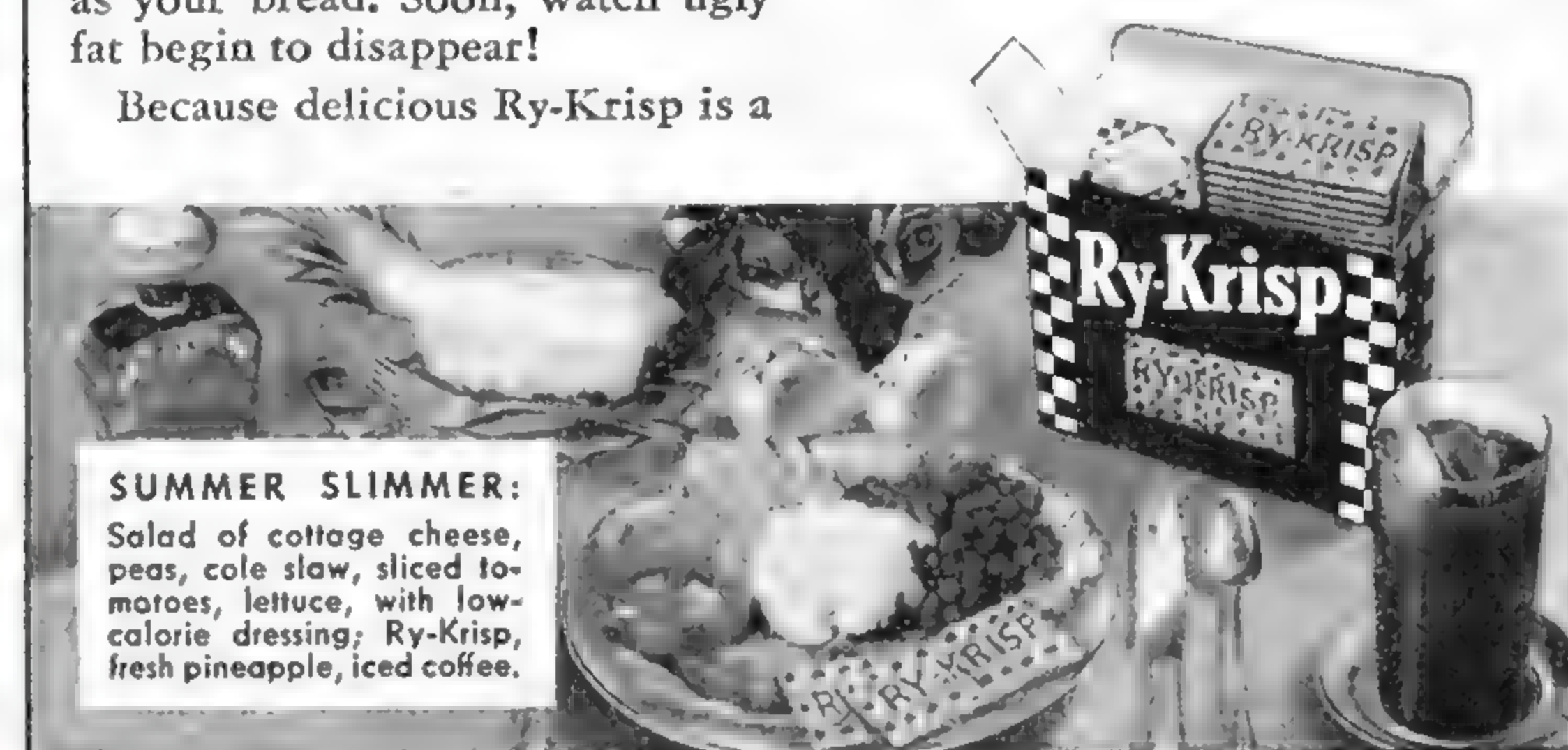


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the public will begin to giggle. With music we can make a skinny girl put on weight, play down the hero's imperfection in speech or diction. We can lift a dull picture and tone down a phony super-epic by injecting through music a feeling of sincerity."

The golden value of silence is now being recognized. When Hitchcock decided to use no music at all for *Lifeboat*, people screamed that it couldn't be done. Actually the sounds of the sea were more effective than the best score. Nothing is more impressive than sudden silence. An abrupt stop creates suspense, or prepares the audience for a momentous statement. Off-stage sounds can be effective too. In *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* Alfred Newman made effective use of a battered piano played somewhere, the sounds of a hurdy-gurdy, children singing. Frequently music fades out into natural sound.

Some movies have a "full score," background music run-

ning through the entire picture, but many composers oppose it. They say that movie music should be used merely to enhance the emotions and to tell something that could not be told otherwise.

About half a hundred men are responsible for the endless stream of music that comes out of Hollywood these days. Some of them were formerly known as composers on the concert or opera stage. Others orchestrators, conductors, or musicians at the studios. All are highly skilled craftsmen and experienced specialists who turn out music almost as fast as studio orchestras can play it.

Most of their names turn up on the credit titles week after week. Distinguished "name" composers never stay long in the movies because they find it impossible to subordinate their personality to the infernal ticking of the stop watch. Every Hollywood composer depends on the stop watch—and hates it. A scorer once observed,

Continued on page 140



"Send the reserves, chief, I just tried to break up a crap game at 7th and 11th!"

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DUTCH MASTERS

Music for the Movies

Continued from page 139

"I wonder what Richard Wagner would have done if he'd worked in a studio. Took him almost two hours in *Tristan und Isolde* to make his leading man die. I have to do the same thing in forty feet of film." The hardest thing is to score a phony picture which lacks a genuine feeling. "You have to fall back on tricks and devices. It's a hell of a thing to do." Almost invariably the composer labors under heavy pressure. A finished picture must be released soon because "the investment remains tied up"; in most cases a release date has been set. Thus the composer is forced to race against time. Frequently the score is delivered in batches of five or ten pages which are immediately arranged for large orchestras. Most composers rely on three or four orchestrators. They have no time to orchestrate their scores themselves.

Some composers conduct their own music; others leave the job to studio conductors. Because of the dialogue, conducting movie music is different from conducting on the concert stage, because the music track must be dubbed with the dialogue track. The conductor wears earphones, which enables him to listen to the dialogue track. While he conducts, he follows the picture that runs off on

a screen in front of him. He may have to synchronize his beat with the speed of the film. At long last the composer looks at the scored, finished picture.

"Then things begin to happen fast and furious," a composer told me. "There's a child actor whose lines are covered up by the music. One sequence is a tenth of a second too long and doesn't match with the dialogue. So it has to be rewritten, reorchestrated, recopied, re-rehearsed, redubbed. Another sequence doesn't come off. It seemed deeply moving to you when you wrote and rehearsed it, but now with the picture on the screen it has a perversely humorous effect. Out it goes. The violinists are mad at you because you've written an 'impossible' passage, one of your orchestrators got sick from overwork and you can't remember when you have had a good night's sleep. And all the time the producer and the front office are after you with a whip, clamoring that you hold up the release and the picture is losing money even before it's released. Finally everything is ready, the picture is being shown. You stand in the theatre lobby and ask the people how they liked the music, and they look surprised and ask, 'Was there any music? I didn't even notice it!'"

Continued from page 42

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The Great Grippo

Continued from page 74

ic nerve centers in the human body—one on the chin, the “button” prizefighters go for, one on each elbow which give you a shock when you knock them, one on the temple and one on the back of the neck. The Japs know about the latter and use it in judo.”

“But how about the shock you gave me?”

“The same hypnotic nerves,” he explained glibly. But I heard that he carries a small battery in his pocket and it sends a shock through his victims when he touches both of his hands against their bodies. It’s logical, so you can pick your own explanation.

Soon Jimmy was demonstrating some of the close-range card tricks that make him the idol of private parties. Such variegated people as the *Police Gazette* in their anniversary party at Monte Carlo, Elsa Maxwell, the Bankers Club, the Grand Street Boys, the U.S.O., and a group of the “racket boys,” who like mental relaxation during their

table-stakes games, pay fancy prices for his guest appearances.

Jimmy riffled the deck in front of my eyes and said, “Now concentrate on one card which I flash before you.” He flipped the cards quickly and almost imperceptibly stopped in the middle of the pack

so that I picked out the queen of hearts. The rest of the cards flew by so fast only stroboscopic eyes could have stopped one.

“Now what would you say if your card turned up in your pocket?” he asked.

“I’d say you were clever.”

Herolled up his sleeves to reveal a superfluity of nothing, handed the pack to a

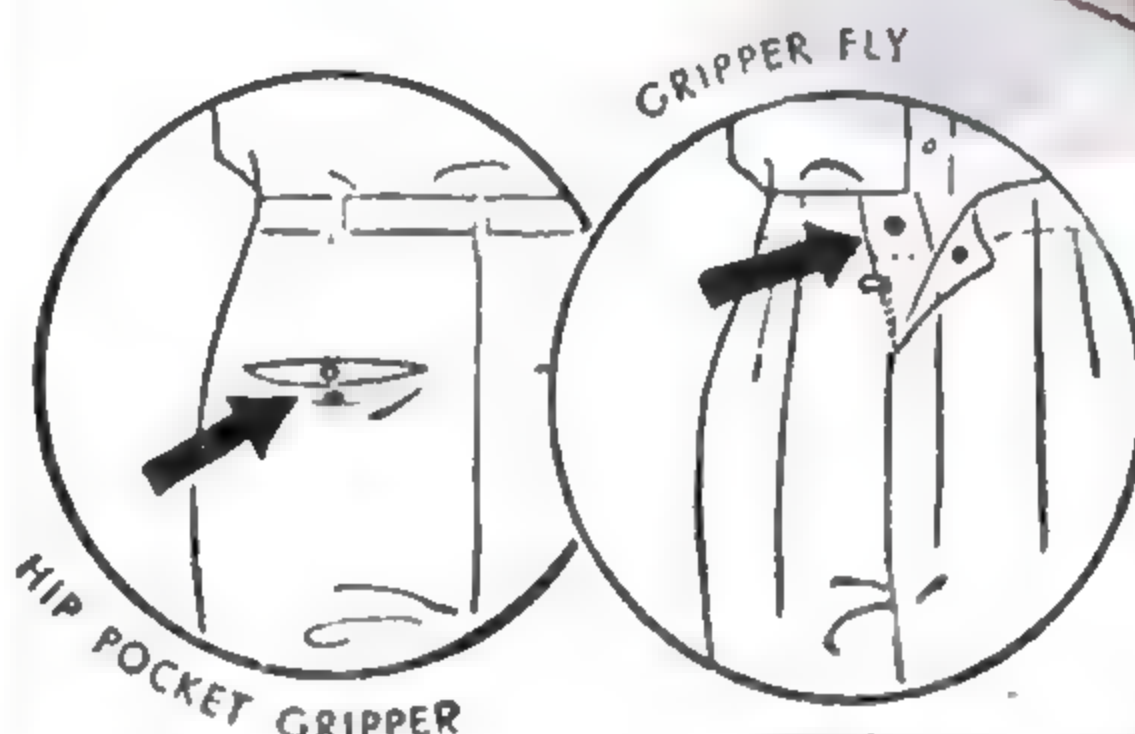
bystander and reached into my inner coat pocket. Of course, he came out with the queen. Then he laid it under the top card of the pack.

“Where is it?” he asked.

“Second from the top,” I answered, knowing it wouldn’t be.

Wordlessly he turned over the top card—it was my queen. Again

Continued on page 142



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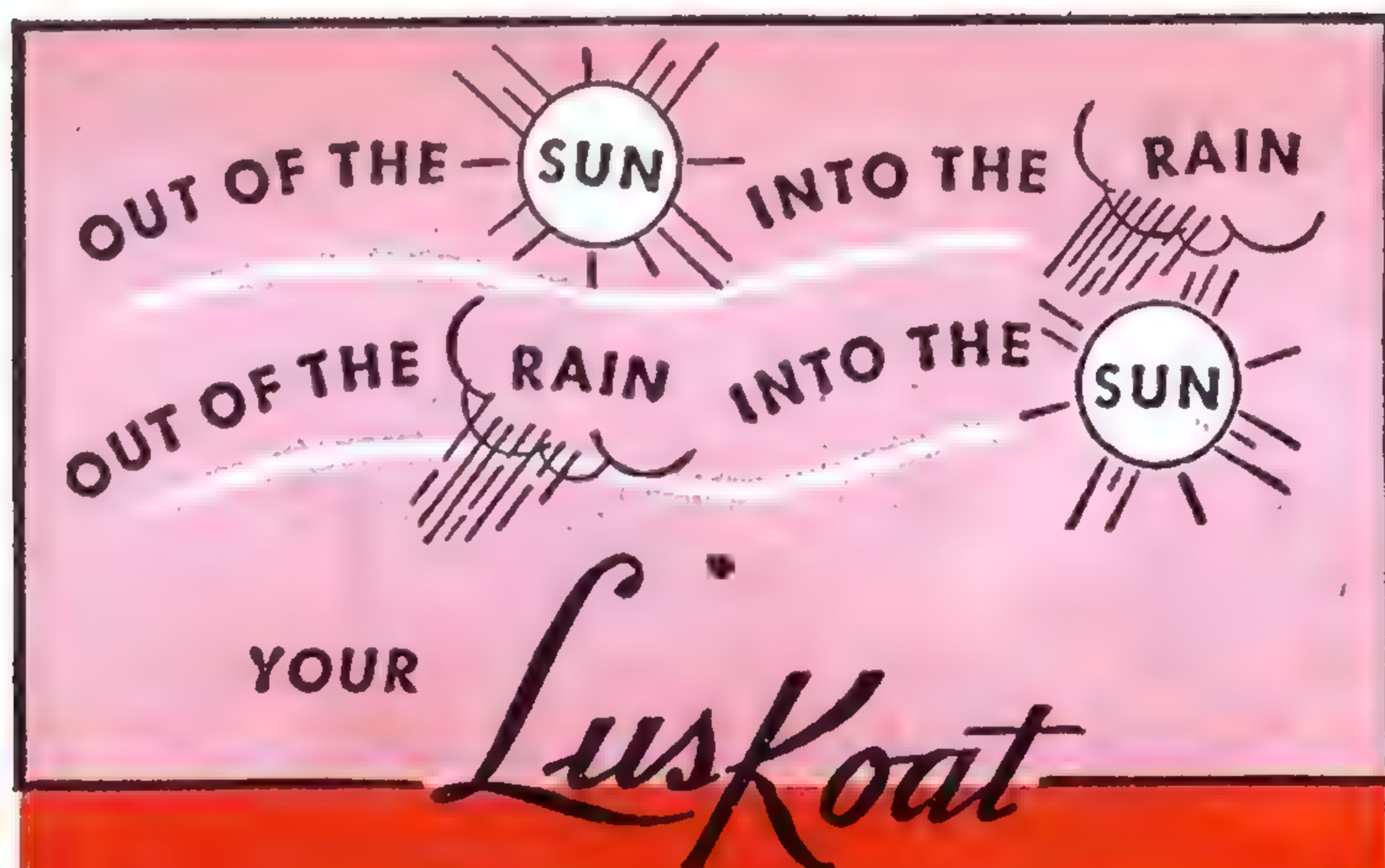
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The Great Grippo

Continued from page 141

he put it very slowly and very obviously *under* the top card. When he turned over the top pasteboard again it was the persistent lady.

"You probably suspect I have two queens," he said, a fact I was going to mention. He turned over the two top cards to show me only one queen and one deuce of clubs. Then he handed me the rest of the pack to see there were no other queens of hearts.

While I was busy looking, he was feeling my coat goods.

"Nice material," he commented. I handed him back his deck.

"They're okay," I said.

"Lend me a dollar," he said.

I reached for my wallet in my inside pocket. The hard-boiled drinkers around us laughed at my embarrassment.

"Oh, another Doc Giovanni, eh?"

Grinning like a Cheshire cat, Grippo handed me back my wallet while shaking my hands.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"It's..." I began, pulling back my sleeve. "Aw, nuts," I snapped when I saw my watch was gone.

Jimmy handed me back the watch, and I was beginning to regret not having read up on him more before meeting him. I would have learned how he had embarrassed a police lieutenant a couple of years ago by removing

his belt, holster, gun and badge. Grippo has also similarly denuded a judge, an F.B.I. agent and countless visiting conventioners at whose functions he has entertained—at 500 dollars a night.

Just then Rocky Graziano, the up-and-coming pugilist, approached. Jimmy grabbed him.

"So you're tough, eh?" he said, and took a half dollar out of his pocket. He bit into it and showed Rocky the two ragged pieces. Then he pulled a quick pass and it was whole again, but soon it began raining half dollars.

That's the kind of character Grippo is—a slick card-worker, a sleight-of-hand artist, hypnotist, mind reader and, the biggest paradox of them all—a boxing promoter. Before he was any of the mystical things he was a boxing promoter, but whatever success he had managing pugs he claims is due to his powers of persuasion, his ability to control and influence other minds. His most famous client is Melio Bettina, a light-heavyweight who almost earned the right to box Joe Louis.

Grippo is mysterious about his age—he's around fifty-three, I'd guess, but looks in his early forties. He came from Italy when he was fourteen, and settled down in Beacon, New York, where he still maintains a home. His first

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job was in a silk mill at one dollar and twenty-five cents a week, which is about one-six-hundredth of what he makes now free-lancing club dates. Once the Great Blackstone came through town and Jimmy became so enamored with his skillful prestidigitation that he decided to emulate him.

While he was deep in the practice of the devil's arts, he became friendly with young Bettina and his mother. Bettina had a nasty habit of getting beat up and coming home with black eyes, so Mrs. Bettina asked Grippo if he couldn't do something to make him stop fighting. Grippo hypnotized Melio, who kept on fighting but got fewer black eyes. One day Grippo decided he was ready for the big time. Since then, Melio has run up an impressive string of victories, marred by a sad engagement which Grippo missed. Jimmy was busy on magic dates and couldn't be by Bettina's side in Miami when he took on Buck Everett, who promptly laid him away.

Grippo has trained and man-

aged a couple of other good fighters—Jimmy Lowrey, who won twenty-seven straight fights with Grippo's baleful eye on him—twenty-six by knockouts. He had his kneecap shot off in the Philippines and his boxing days are over.

Jimmy lost another good fighter when Billy Murray was killed in action. He won sixty-two out of sixty-three battles. Jimmy's growing stable of cauliflower cultivators include Melio Bettina's brother, Joey, and Davey Feld, a light-heavyweight nineteen-year-old youngster who looks promising, and a half-dozen others, not as yet well-known.

There are a few bitter critics, notably among boxing managers, who have complained to the boxing commissions that Jimmy is the Svengali of boxing—that he not only hypnotizes his own boys into fighting demons, but that he "hexes" their opponents so that they become drooling robots who are easy victims to his protégés.

"They even suggested once that I put the whammy on Evil Eye Finkel, the greatest hexer of all

Continued on page 144



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The Great Grippo

Continued from page 143

time," scoffs Grippo. "Another time they warned the boxing commissioner to be on the lookout for me because I was going to hypnotize Tiger Jack Fox. Melio whipped him. Them kind of things hurt me," he avers, wearing a nobly pained expression.

I don't wonder so many sports writers have devoted whole columns to the doings of Jimmy Grippo, particularly his magic, while barely mentioning his slugging charges. Jimmy must hypnotize them, too, like he fascinates Elsa Maxwell, who is usually not given to associating with refugees from the Forrest Bar.

At one of Elsa's swlegant soirees, Jimmy demonstrated his clairvoyant ability with a trick he claims can be performed on any intelligent person. In her column, Miss Maxwell reported that "Doc" Grippo said to a girl: "We are going back to April 5, 1934. Describe what you were doing then."

The girl related what her experiences were supposed to have been that day.

"Now," said Grippo, "did you read a newspaper that day?" She nodded her head affirmatively, and reeled off the headlines to the astonished guests. Next days skeptical Elsa looked up the papers of April 5, 1934, and was compelled

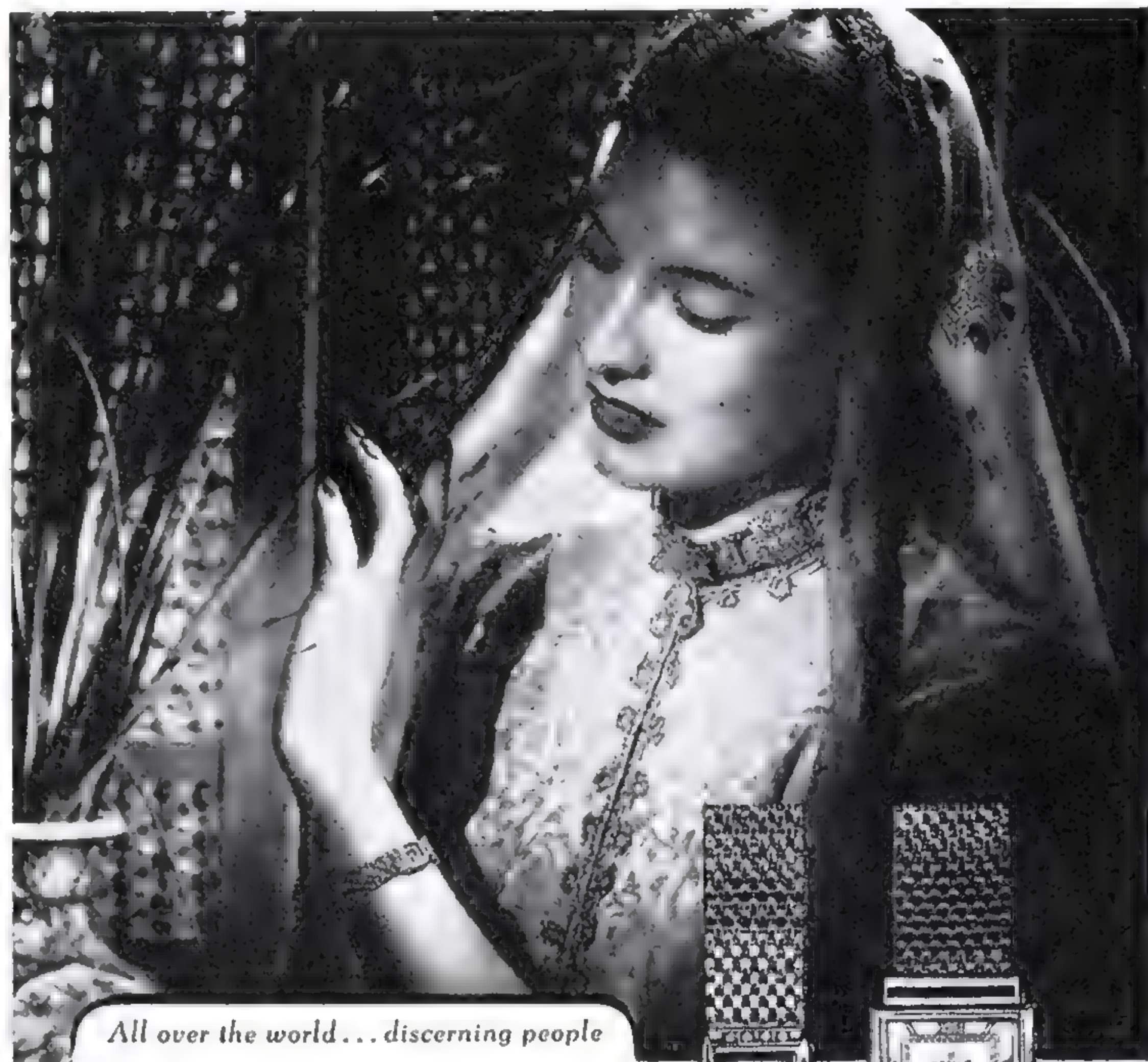
to comment that the hypnotized girl "had recorded the news of that day with the precision of a mapping camera." Of course, she didn't think it necessary to inquire as to whether Jimmy had prepared the subject for the ordeal by showing her a copy of the April 5th newspapers before the demonstration. That would have offended Jimmy, and he's very sensitive.

So sensitive is he, in fact, that he claims he can develop one's olfactory powers—"that's your sense of smell," he hastened to inform me.

Well, anyway, he claims once while he was in Miami Beach he developed a particularly good subject, a young girl, whose sense of smell he whetted to bloodhound sharpness. One day an hysterical woman came to him and told him she had lost a very valuable ring worth 1500 dollars. She wondered if Grippo could help her recover it. She vaguely remembered a patch of sand about an acre square where she had dropped it.

Jimmy got his smell-happy girl and had her sniff around the frantic woman's ring finger for a while. Then, in true bloodhound style, the olfactory detective prowled about the immense patch of sand, gradually narrowing down the area until—eureka—she found the ring. Saved by the smell. #

Continued from page 74



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*There's little, we think,
 Can match a cool drink
 In that cabin on moonlit nights!*

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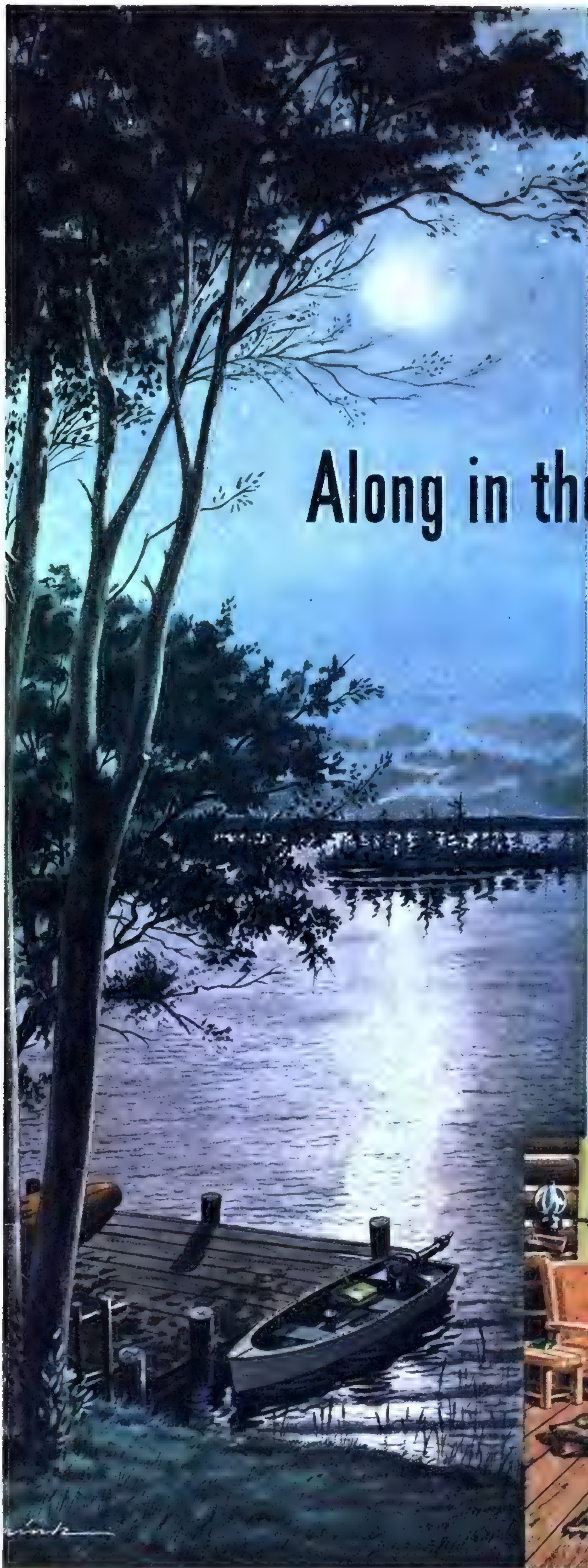
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A B E T T E R B L E N D F O R B E T T E R D R I N K S



HEAVY PROGRAM

Drawing by L. Fellows

Sliding back into the campus routine, a guy has to allow himself a little time between classes for a pick-me-up. These soda-shop majors, taking care not to strain a brain, are strictly Phi Bete as far as college fashion goes, however. On the stool at left, a brown

diagonal tweed suit, cut in conventional three-button style and easy lines. The color theme of his green-and-gold-stripe crocheted tie is carried out in lovat-toned wool socks. The other elbow-bender sticks to the regulation two-tone saddle-strap

shoes, checked tweed jacket and grey flannel slacks. He plays blue boy with a blue Oxford shirt, a foulard tie with a blue ground, and bright blue ribbed wool socks. Both wear brown felt hats with overtones of grey to put them in the neutral class.

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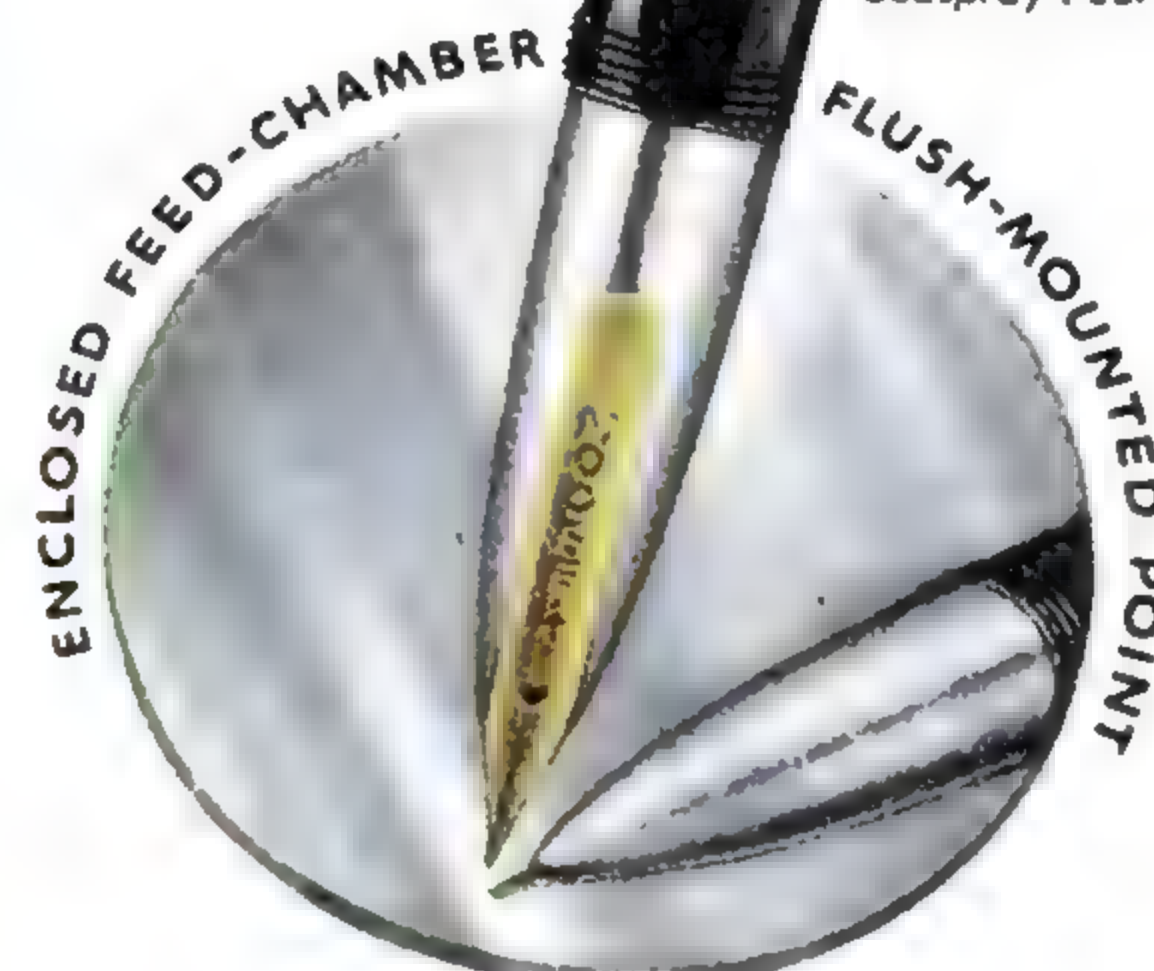
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The Knife and Fork League

Continued from page 83

Rube's contract, and the big pitcher went without animal crackers as long as he hurled for the A's.

Although Waddell, in legend, is baseball's top screwball, close observers award that unenviable title to another heavy-eating hurler—Bugs Raymond, of the New York Giants. Bugs could have been a great pitcher, except that he wore out his shoes on all the brass rails around the National League.

McGraw, who once said, "unless you've managed Raymond you've never seen anything," in the Spring of 1911 had him trailed by detectives. To shame his wayward pitcher, McGraw read the detective's report aloud to him in front of a group of newspapermen:

"Your operative followed Bugs Raymond for eighteen hours," the report stated. "At nine-thirty a.m. Raymond went into a saloon known as Joe's. He drank seven glasses of beer. From there, your operative followed him to the Knight saloon. At Knight's he drank nine glasses of beer. Next, he went to George's, where he had two whiskies. Then, in the Blue Grill at 10:15, he ate an onion and downed three more drinks."

Bugs, who had lowered his head in shame during the reading of the report, straightened. "That's a damned lie!" he shouted.

McGraw grew red with anger.

"Whaddaya mean? Do you doubt the detective's word?"

"It's a lie," repeated Bugs. "I ain't et no onion in months!"

Many players feel that certain foods are responsible for their success. Pirate catcher Al Lopez once ate kippered herring and eggs for seventeen straight breakfasts because he collected three hits one afternoon after he had sampled that combination.

However, Oscar Melillo, ex-St. Louis Brown infielder, believed in the theory of diet, because it was scientifically proved to him.

In the waning weeks of the 1927 season, Melillo suffered with kidney trouble. His doctor prescribed rest and plenty of spinach. Oscar ate the strength-giving food until even Popeye blushed.

After appearing in only 51 games in 1928, he came back in '29 with one of his finest seasons. Throughout the rest of his diamond career, Oscar was always known as "Spinach" Melillo.

Chief Myers, old-time catcher for the New York Giants, believed that he couldn't have a profitable afternoon unless he had devoured at least two steaks.

One afternoon Myers looked terrible behind the plate. As he came into the Giants' dressing room and began to shed his paraphernalia, McGraw yelled to him,

Continued on page 150

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The Knife and Fork League

Continued from page 149

"See, Chief, that's what comes of eating two steaks for dinner."

The Chief looked up. "Two steaks, yes, but very small ones. That's the trouble!"

A stranger dieting key to fame was that of Bubbles Hargrave, Cincinnati catcher who led the National League in hitting in 1926. Bubbles seriously credited his .353 average to buttermilk.

"I used to be overweight," he pointed out after he won the batting title. "Then I began to drink buttermilk. I felt better and my batting eye seemed keener. I started hitting and had a great year."

Eating habits nowadays are so important that scouts are often ordered to check on the appetites of their prospects before proffering them contracts. In 1928 Bill Essick, Yankee scout, recommended to Ed Barrow that the New York club cancel its option on a hefty Oakland, California, catcher because of his heavy liking for spaghetti. The rejected catcher was Ernie Lombardi, who, despite his ravenous appetite, became one of the game's great backstops, leading the National League in hitting in '38 and '42.

The difficulty which most players experience in the knife and fork league is rationing themselves—yes, even in these times. But there is the case history of one

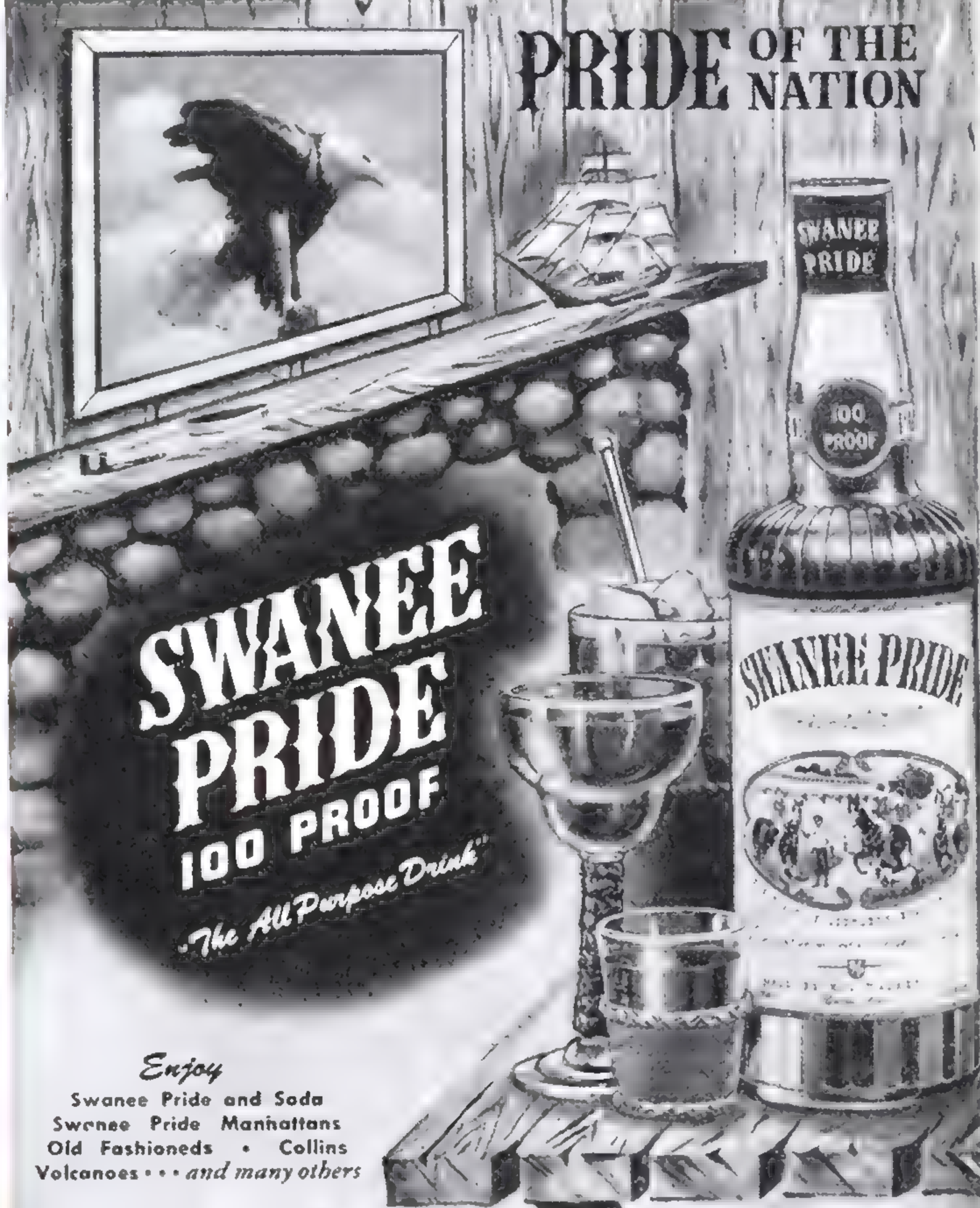
potentially great American League pitcher who actually starved himself out of the big time.

In the Summer of 1932, Monte Weaver was a first-year hurling sensation for Washington. He notched twenty-two victories. Dependable, intelligent (he taught analytic geometry at Virginia U.), and capable, he couldn't miss the heights. But he did.

Following his successful 1932 campaign, Monte failed to start well in 1933. Always a health worrier, he was impressed with a lecture on the horrors of red meat and the sweet virtues of green vegetables. He went on a vegetable diet. His weight dropped from 165 to 148. His curve lost its crease, and his fast ball didn't dance any more. For three seasons with the Senators he barely managed to win as many games as he had in his first year.

Shunted to Albany, Weaver finally built his weight up again by solid, sensible eating, and returned to the majors. But he never lived up to the experts' early expectations. His ill-advised diet robbed him of stardom, and though beefsteak and other flesh-building foods restored his lost poundage, it couldn't instill in him the confidence he needed.

Many would-be greats fall by the baseball wayside, the same as



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Weaver, because they lack weight and strength. Tommy Bridges, the Detroit 'Tigers' slender hurler, is one who overcame the handicap. Bridges, suffering from stomach trouble, never put on enough weight. Yet, he will go down in the annals of the diamond as one of the gamest twirlers in history.

In 1915 a skinny kid of 135 pounds reported to the St. Louis Cards. St. Louis had paid only 500 dollars for this rookie who had two mediocre bush league seasons behind him. He appeared in 18 games in those fading weeks of '15, batting a mere .246.

Manager Miller Huggins, once a skinny infielder himself, told the kid to hie himself back to Texas, get plenty of sleep and drink as much milk as he could hold.

The following spring the kid reported, weighing 160. He carved out an average of .313 in 139 games, and for the twenty-one seasons established himself as the greatest right-hand hitter who ever swung a Louisville slugger. He was the great Rogers Hornsby.

Andy Cohen, who came to the Giants in the late twenties as a replacement for Hornsby, ran into the misfortune of being hailed as the great Jewish star whom McGraw had sought so long. All the Jewish fans of the big city considered it as part of their personal duty to see that Andy was well-fed.

Slowed by his activities in the tablecloth circles, Cohen was shunted to Newark and never made the grade.

Hack Wilson, pudgy Cub outfielder and home-run hitter, was another whose favorite exercise was drawing himself up to a dinner table. Ping Bodie, old-time Yankee, also slipped to the minors when his chest happened to slip below his belt.

Indeed, if all the would-be stars who ate themselves out of baseball were laid end to end, they would probably wake up and want a sandwich.

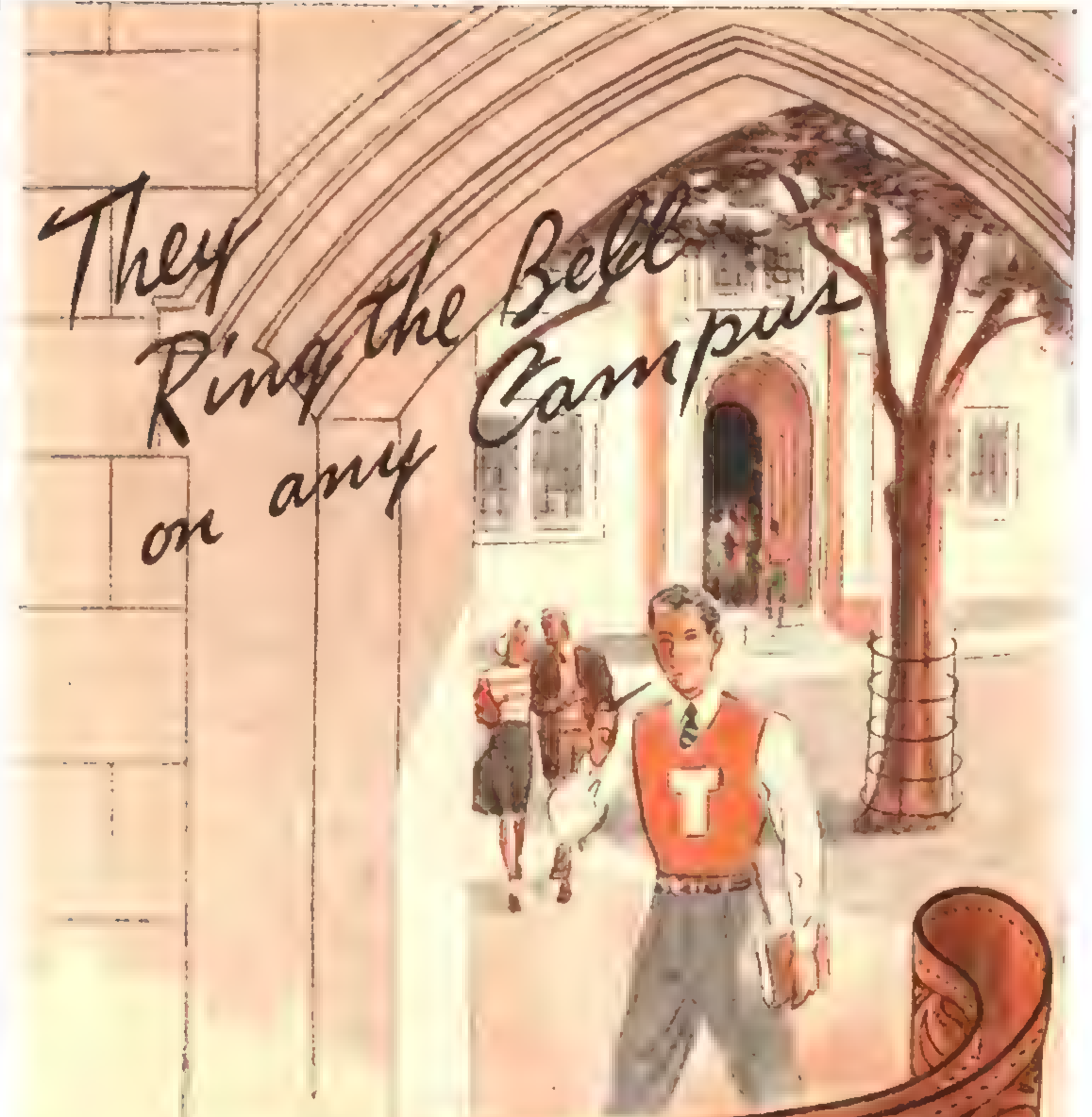
In diamond history food has changed careers, provided nicknames, altered contracts, and often meant the difference between victory and defeat. #

Continued from page 83



"It's all they had in my size"

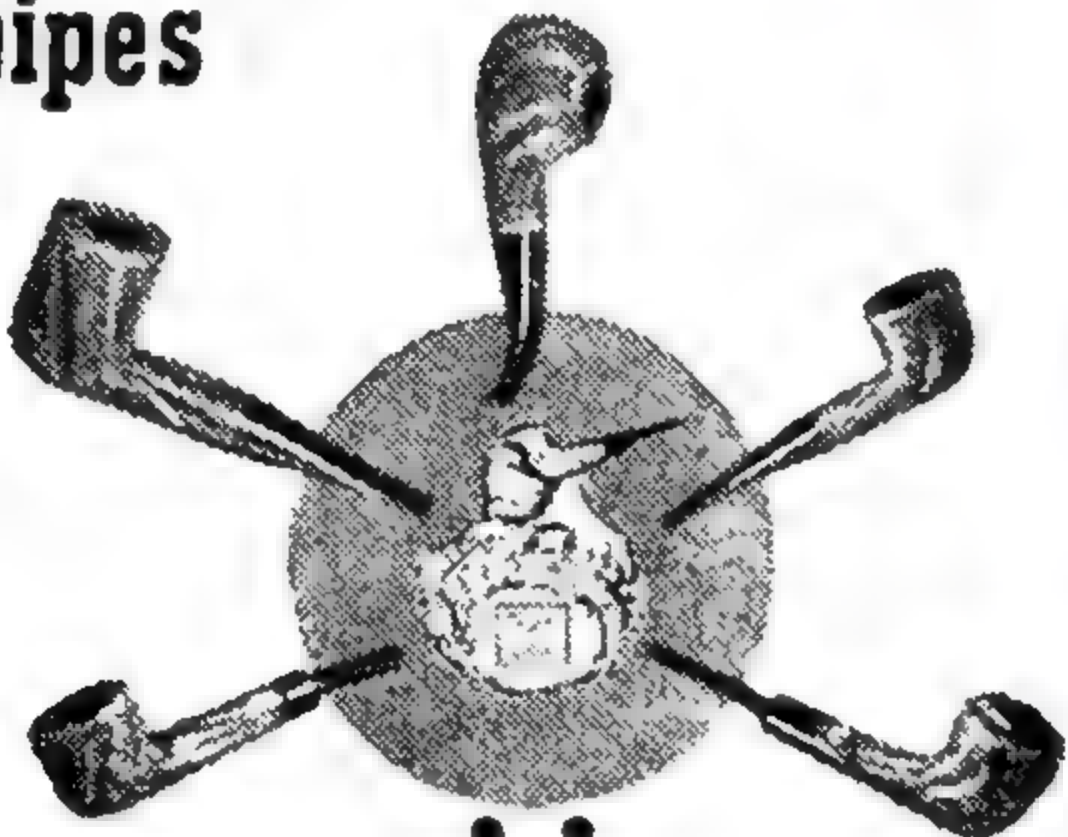
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The "BILLY DIXON" — Texas Ranger Belt, named for Ranger hero of "The Battle of Adobe Walls," (1874). Tooled design, "Indian Snake Plant," Heavy Saddle. Stitched, 1 1/4" Russet or Antique Pigskin with Full Grain Cowhide Liner. Complete with TexTan patented removable 1/4" Sil-Nic Buckle Set (as illustrated).....\$4.50, Hand Carved Belts, from \$5.00 to \$18.50

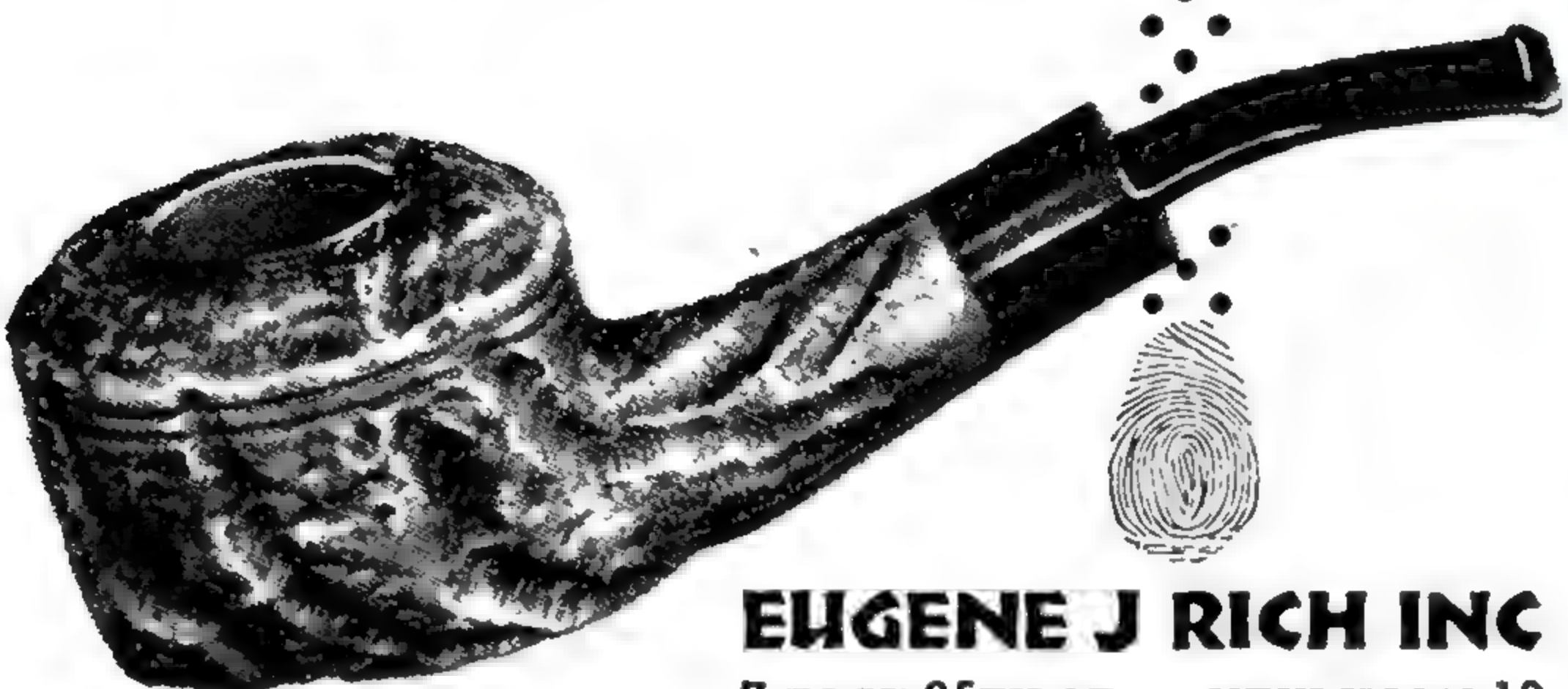
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individual as a thumbprint ...
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EUGENE J RICH INC
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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Rawhide Tanner says: "A feller can be as proud of his belt and his billfold as he is of his school ... when he picks 'em with these brands on 'em. Nobody has quite the knack of doin' things with leather like my sidekicks at Yoakum, Texas, that make Texas Ranger and Saddle Craft goods."



"BUFFALO GUN" — TexTan pikskin, tooled design. Laced ends, lined open bill pocket, four pockets, 2 cello envelopes, \$5.00, plus tax.

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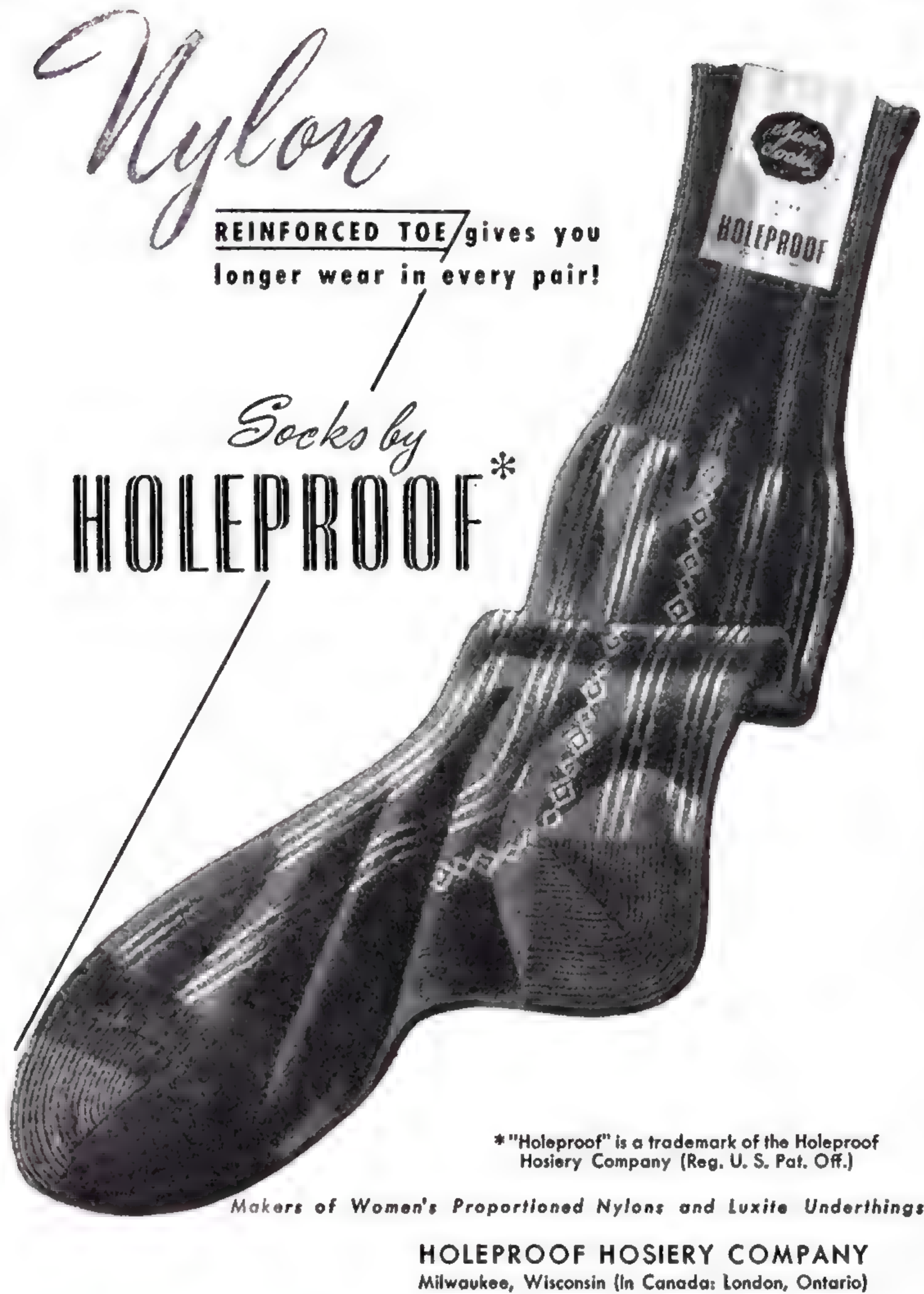
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Nylon

REINFORCED TOE gives you longer wear in every pair!

Socks by
HOLEPROOF*



*"Holeproof" is a trademark of the Holeproof Hosiery Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Makers of Women's Proportioned Nylons and Luxite Underthings

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin (In Canada: London, Ontario)

Sam Sea Gull's Last Flight

Continued from page 73

and find out where the biggest crab feast is today and then I'll call there. Baltimore mayors are always at crab feasts on Sundays in summer."

"Correct," I said, "but it is now twenty minutes to six. That means crab feasts are over."

"I'll call City Hall and find where he can be located," Red said. With that, he lifted the hook, dropped his nickel and dialed for City Hall.

"Hello," Red shouted, "where can I find the mayor? My sea gull is up in Orpheus' lyre and can't get down."

Red's eyes flared. "Don't give me a silly crack like sending a carrier pigeon up with a message to tell him to come down! I am a taxpayer and I go to the polls. I want service, see! I am a veteran, see!"

"Call President Truman? You think I'm nuts!"

Apparently the fellow at City Hall was straightening Red out, which is something to do.

"Oh," Red said, "I see. Well, thank you very much."

"So?" I inquired.

"Federal territory. Mayor can't do anything about the Fort. We should have known that."

"Yeah," I chortled. "We should have. So do we call up President Truman or do we prefer to let

Sammy fly down when he gets ready? Look, Red, that is what the head guy in there expects and what everybody expects. I, in my humble way, expect same."

"You mean you would let me down, too? You mean you would let Sam sit up there alone all night at the mercy of the elements? You mean—"

"I mean I have been let down," I blurted. "You loused up my chances with that Huron, South Dakota. You hardly mentioned that I am part owner of Sam!"

"Ha," said Red. "I shall take care of that personally the minute I can get Sam back to earth. Sure liked the way she snapped back. Hard to find a woman like that."

Red looked up at the ceiling, dreamy-eyed. "I am not one for losing my temper," he said, "that is, very often. Let us cogitate. I couldn't sleep a wink if Sam had to hang onto that lyre all night. He might fall."

We ordered coffee and hot roast beef sandwiches. We ate and thought. Red tried to get me to scale the fort wall. I refused. I have not enjoyed gunfire since Guadal, I reminded him.

We ordered ice cream and ate it. Red was ordering another when a fire siren screamed from a truck jolting down Fort Avenue. "Must be a dock fire!" barked the coun-

"Not for Me, Steve...
I Like to WALK!"



You can sail along brisk as a breeze, too—with the wonderful action-lift of Synchro-Flex construction. It's free and agile as a pianist's fingers—with support that's stout as the team's top tackle. *Synchroflex* stability is a secret others have tried to master—but the patent's ours—the comfort's yours—in these smart shoes, exclusively! ... Regular Styles from \$11.95; Custom Styles from \$16.00.

SMITH
SYNCHRO-FLEX

BRITISH WALKERS

For Men and Women

MADE IN THE U. S. A. BY J. P. SMITH SHOE CO., CHICAGO



The famous *FAIRWAY* in Yankee Brown or Black Calf, continues to hold first place in the esteem of active men.

ter man, running to the door. Red and I ran outside. The big truck stopped at the Fort McHenry gate, its headlights lighting up the semi-gloom down the road to the statue of Orpheus.

Red and I dashed through the gate when a guard opened it for the truck. It was a hook-and-ladder. The driver pulled it up for the circled roadway around the base of the statue. "Hi," called the custodian to Red and me.

The big engine whirred. A big ladder moved into the air. A fireman flashed a light on the lyre and Sam blinked and stirred.

"It's all right now, Sam," Red hollered to him. "Okay now, just sit tight." Red walked away from

me. He was trying to keep me from seeing he had tears in his eyes.

A fireman went up the ladder and lifted Sam loose and brought him down to Red. Red held him in his arms and Sam went kut, kut, kut and rubbed his head against Red's face. "Gee, thank you fellows so much," Red said to

the firemen. He went over to the custodian. "And you, sir, thank you so much."

"Had nothing to do with it," the custodian replied. "SPCA called and asked me about it. Said a girl or a woman told him the gull was stuck. Sent the fire truck down. Statue looks fine with the searchlights on it. Lights up the design on the pedestal. Congress appropriated money for this as far back as 1914 but it took eight years before the statue was dedicated. President—"

"Say," said Red, "will you do me a big, big favor?"

"Now what?" "Can I have a look at the registration book? It's after hours, but I know you won't mind."

"Guess I know why," he chuckled, "come on. Reminds me of the fellow from Dallas who came here and watched a girl from Detroit sign her name. Went there and looked her up. Married her. Called the first one Francis Scott Key O'Brien. Had to laugh."

Red picked out the day's only

Continued on page 154



"I always have the feeling people are staring at me"

Popular-and How! the Dopp-Kit *Air-Traveler*

The favorite hand-luggage with men and women alike, there is good reason for the popularity of the Dopp-Kit *Air-Traveler*. For, in addition to its "feather-light" weight and ultra-smart appearance, the *Air-Traveler* has an extraordinary capacity, sufficient to hold more than enough dress-articles, toilet and travel accessories for a longer-than-average trip. Available in several leathers, priced from \$11.50 up and for sale at better dealers everywhere.

CHARLES DOPPELT & CO.

2024 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. E-96, Chicago 16, Ill.

Originators of the famous DOPP-KIT toilet-case for men and women. Makers also of the DOPP-CRAFT line of fine leather brief-bags and business cases.



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Whiskey of its
type in America!*

FOUNDED IN 1840

"The Blend of Experience"

**- backed by
over 100 Years
of knowing how!**

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

OREGON

Each one chosen by hand
from sunny California's best
MISSION BRIAR
MONTEREY
PIPES

Specimen-grain \$5

Forty-Niner \$10

Each Monterey Pipe is chosen by hand for beauty, sturdiness and sweetness of smoking, from clear-grained blocks of well-seasoned MISSION BRIAR. These briar blocks are cut by hand from MISSION BRIAR burls, carefully hand-picked as shown in the picture, by men well qualified by experience, before being taken from the ground. You will enjoy smoking a Monterey Pipe because of the care with which it was prepared. Select-grain \$3.50, Specimen-grain \$5, "Carburetor" \$7.50, Forty-Niner \$10.

Copr. 1946, Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, "Where Pipe Making Has Been a Tradition Since 1851"

Sam Sea Gull's Last Flight

Continued from page 153

visitor from Huron, South Dakota. "Now watch your Uncle Red operate," he told me. "Thanks again, sir," he said to the custodian.

As soon as we got outside the Fort, Red went into the restaurant and sent a wire over the telephone to the girl's home, asking her parents where the girl was visiting in Baltimore. He gave his address as the boat.

Then we went back to the *Helen V.* I fed Sam two cans of sardines. Red, sitting in a deck chair, talked to him:

"Sam, my boy, I hate to tell you but it will be best if you are grounded. I am not complaining.

It is just that you might try to land on a smokestack or a flagpole."

Next morning a Western Union kid came down, cussing us both and complaining that he had had a hard time finding us. Red opened the wire while the kid was jabbering. Red grinned. He gave the kid a half-a-slug. "I shall see you

this afternoon, perhaps," Red said to me and off he went.

When he came down in the afternoon he had the girl with him. "No puns," she warned me. Then she laughed. She patted Sam on the back but he walked away and came over to me and started pecking at my white ducks, like he pecks at Red when he wants to sit in Red's lap. I picked Sam up and he nuzzled his head against my cheek. He'd never done that with me before. That was always reserved for Red.

I looked up and watched Red. He was looking at Huron, South Dakota, in a way I'd never seen

Red look at a girl before and I knew then that I would be searching for a new shipmate.

"Looks like maybe I have inherited a sea gull," I said.

"Yeah," said Red, putting his arm around the girl.

"Yeah," said Huron, South Dakota.

"Kut, kut, kut," said Sam. #

Continued from page 73



"I got in eleven holes last Sunday before I lost my ball"

KOMFIT

by Forstner

The watch band
of lasting
satisfaction

Thin as a dime
Flexible from tip to tip

Natural 14 Karat Gold—Stainless Steel Lined \$85.00
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At Better Stores Everywhere. Write for Illustrated Komfit Booklet.
Forstner Chain Corporation—Dept. E-2, Irvington 11, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Duet for Baritone and Brass

Continued from page 92

through Helen O'Connell, the singer. Miss O'Connell is the kind of woman you should never underestimate the power of. She got it into her head, possibly because Mrs. Haymes was one of her best friends, that Mr. Haymes was one of the best singers in the world, and she launched a campaign on Burton, availing herself of all modern conveniences, such as telephones, telegrams and phonograph records. Burton, who like other supersalesmen is a sucker for supersalesmanship, soon found himself glowing at the mere mention of Haymes' name.

Miss O'Connell suggested that a mere 175 dollars for carfare from Hollywood to New York was an appropriate gesture of good will. Burton put up the money.

It wasn't as easy as all that, he discovered. His six-foot thrush arrived threadbare and unhappy. He was a family man, and his larynx never worked right when he was separated from wife and child by three thousand miles. Burton sent for them. He then learned that it was understandably difficult for Haymes to emit pure melody when he thought every other listener might be a process server yammering to toss him in the pokey. Burton went whole hog, borrowed cash, and settled up the bills. He then booked

Haymes into a small theatre in Newark, and offered round-trip tickets and dinners to any booker who would risk New Jersey by night to hear Haymes sing.

Burton's genius and perhaps the fact that Haymes sang better on a full stomach resulted in a La Martinique booking. La Martinique is swank and does not fool around with two-bit crooners.

"I got him in on a one-hour contract with no options," Burton explains today. The salary was 350 dollars a week.

"No profit," Burton sighs. "I had to be there every night, with guests, to watch my boy work. When I picked up the tabs at the end of the week I discovered that it had cost me a few hundred dollars. Anyway, we all ate there." Haymes' contract was extended to eight weeks and the salary upped to 500 dollars a week.

This was the year that James Petrillo was mean to the radio and the recording companies. He demanded a royalty on each side of every record made by orchestras or musicians of every kind. You will recall the period as the one during which *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair* was broadcast to distraction. The ban brought record-making to a standstill. It gave Bill Burton an opportunity.

He got the ear of his friend,

Continued on page 156



Famous Queens

BY
FAMOUS MASTERS

QUEEN ELIZABETH
by ZUCCHERO

(Hatfield House Collection)

In Highland Queen there is a blend of choice flavors that establishes it as a true sovereign of choice Scotch whiskies, unmistakable to discriminating palates. Like all fine Scotches, you may not always be able to get Highland Queen...but it's worthwhile to keep asking!

HIGHLAND QUEEN

Blended Scotch Whisky

86.8 PROOF

"The royal name in Scotch"

IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK

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TIES

Presents PURE SILK PRINTS

Styled and Hand-Tailored
in the Regal Manner.



Ask your favorite store
to show you
Regal's Fall Collection
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Regardless of whether a Regal Tie is loomed in the U.S.A., England, Switzerland, or Italy... made of silk, wool, rayon or nylon the Regal label is your assurance that, at the price, it is the best tie that money can buy. Look for the Regal Label... for two generations the finest name in neckwear.

FRANK & MEYER NECKWEAR CO. • Manufacturers • ST. LOUIS, MO.

"You're asking Gock for a Good Sock"



Duet for Baritone and Brass

Continued from page 155

Jack Kapp, president of Decca records, and proposed a novelty. It was for Dick Haymes to cut some wax with a choral background instead of orchestra.

The song suggested was *You'll Never Know*, written by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren for the movie *Hello, Frisco, Hello*, and which had never been aired.

Jack Kapp winced at the thought of offering hepeats an *a cappella* accompaniment, but went along on the flood tide of Burton's oratory. The record sold 1,600,000 copies with a great percentage going to the starving juke boxes.

Meantime, Burton had placed one-inch ads in the *New York Mirror* ("because the rates were the cheapest in town") urging everybody to listen to Haymes' recording. This fetched some talent scouts to La Martinique. Haymes was featured in a coast-to-coast broadcast called *Here's to Romance*.

Burton began to dicker with Twentieth Century-Fox. He got a test for Haymes. Usually a test means simply that a singer runs over a few songs to a piano accompaniment for bored, tone-deaf executive producers.

Burton and Haymes appeared for the examination with a full-grown orchestra which made so resounding an impression that the

shock was imperceptible when Burton revealed that the only phrase in English he understood was "seven-year contract."

But if you know Hollywood, you know that a seven-year contract means that the studio has you for seven years, if it wants you, but that your option can be dropped at the end of any stated period. You get dropped because there isn't any immediate work for you, because somebody else comes along, or because Darryl F. Zanuck just forgot.

In this instance, Bill Burton specifically feared somebody else, a Mr. Perry Como. Mr. Como, Burton discovered, had also been signed by Twentieth Century-Fox and was scheduled to make a picture with Betty Grable. If Como got into pictures first, it was curtains for Haymes.

There was little that Burton could do except play *I Spy*. This he did, with Winchellean effectiveness, and uncovered an Act of God. An Act of God, by decision of the courts in the Helen Hayes non-performance of contract case, is defined as pregnancy. Burton learned Miss Grable was *enciente*, so that a delay in Como's picture was inevitable. He took heart, beat the brass around town for Haymes, and shoved him into a picture ahead of Como. In fact,

Continued on page 161

America's Finest Sportswear

Oldin-Dennis

1 EAST 33RD STREET, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

OLD
SPORTSWEAR

A quality jacket of water and wind resistant Ranger corduroy, insulated with Timme Tuft 100% pure Alpaca pile.

At Better Retailers Everywhere

Short, short story for golfers



1864 If you're one of this country's millions of golfers, here's how you got that way: 82 years ago, when Corby's had been a well-known Canadian whiskey name for six years, the first golf club was formally organized in England.



1913 Through the years, Englishmen perfected the game, but only a few Americans played golf. Then in 1913, when Corby's reached its 55th year of Canadian fame, a Boston caddy defeated the world's top players in match play.



1935 Golf was news in Corby's 77th year as a great Canadian name. There were 5,727 courses and 13 million players in the U. S. An American golfer had won the British Open, British Amateur, U. S. Open and U. S. Amateur in a single season.



1946 End of the War brings golfers back home, makes it possible to maintain courses properly. You can look for U. S. golf to regain its 1935 peak. And when you want to toast a good round of golf, you'll make a happy choice when you select Corby's, the light, sociable whiskey. Corby's makes your favorite drink just right. Ask for the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name in your bar or store.



CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



The advertisement features a man in a dark suit and a woman in a white sleeveless top and orange skirt. The man is holding a cigarette and looking at the woman, who is resting her chin on her hand. In the upper left corner, two gold watch bands are displayed: 'THE BARON' and 'THE BARONESS'. The text 'FOR SMART WATCHES' and 'SMART PEOPLE PREFER' is in the upper right. The brand name 'GEMEX' is prominently displayed in large orange letters, with 'watch bands' in smaller white letters below it.

FOR
SMART
WATCHES

SMART
PEOPLE
PREFER

GEMEX
watch bands

For Men: THE BARON—14 Karat gold \$75. plus tax. For Women: THE BARONESS—14 Karat gold \$32.50 plus tax
Other Gemex watch bands from \$3. upwards at your favorite jeweler. Gemex Co., Union, New Jersey

As Much a College Must
As Textbooks—
Bates Bedspreads
and Matching
Draperies

What'll you find on the campus '46?
Record-setting enrollments everywhere,
backed by thousands of ex-G.I.'s.
Determination, everywhere, to get the most
possible value out of the fewest
possible years. And—in campus rooms most
likely to succeed—BATES bedspreads and
matching draperies. They're good-looking,
they're rugged, they're *right*. Sprawl on
them. Study on them. They're wrinkleproof,
reversible—easy to launder, a cinch
to arrange. No wonder BATES' young College
Board puts them down as college requirements!



Ex-B 17 pilot Wiley Smith, North Carolina, and All American Bill Hackett, Ohio State, plan top-notch college room. Bill wears McGregor's shirt in BATES broadcloth. Coat in BATES Belleweather. Wiley's shorts (and the pajamas above) are BATES Broadcloth in college stripes, by Reis.



Reg. U. S. Pat. & M.



From a painting by James M. Sessions for the Stahly Live Action Series.

The Thrill of **LIVE-ACTION**

It's the *live action* that thrills you when the birds thunder up on a brisk, clear morning. And it's *live action* that will thrill you in the Stahly LIVE-BLADE Razor—every time you shave. Your first Stahly shave will be a revelation in comfort and satisfaction.

Imagine your own favorite double-edged blade gifted with vibrant, whisker-cutting *power!* 3000 side-strokes per minute to shear off the beard close, clean, quick...that's Stahly!

You prepare your face for a clean wet shave, pick up your Stahly, and at the turn of a handle get the shave-thrill of your life . . . vibrant LIVE-BLADE Action! The rapid, steady blade-action neatly slices off the toughest beard—easily, closely, smoothly. No more pull, scrape or burn; nothing to

learn or unlearn; shave in your usual way.

Only Stahly offers this combination of LIVE-BLADE Action, wet-shave cleanliness, and vibrant skin stimulation—as Stahly enthusiasts have been telling friends for years. Give yourself the thrill of this day-lasting shave that men say is "The World's Finest, Fully-automatic Shave".

NOW AVAILABLE at leading stores. If yours cannot supply you, write Stahly, Inc., 407 Columbia St., South Bend 4, Indiana.

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LIVE-BLADE ACTION

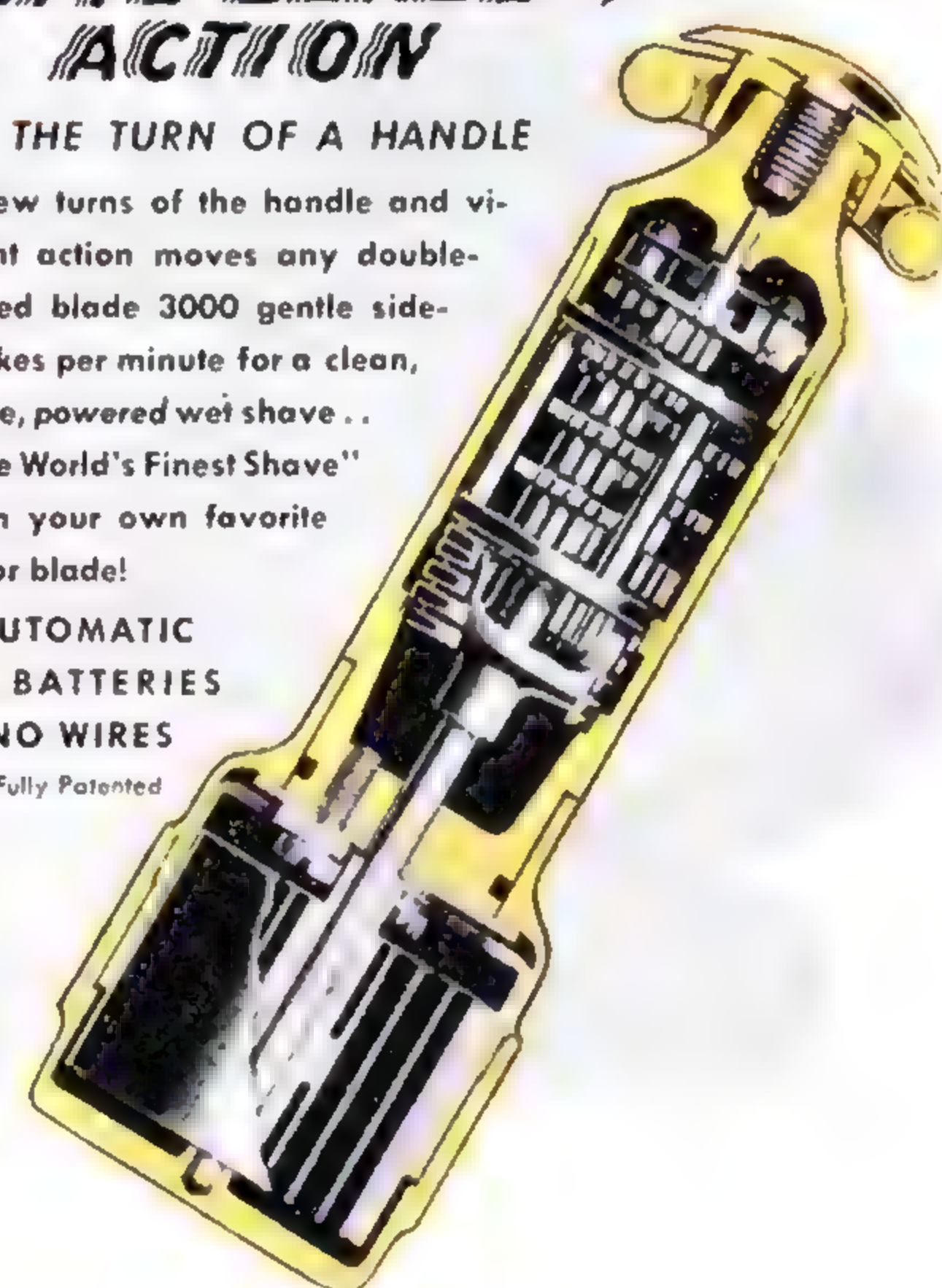
AT THE TURN OF A HANDLE

A few turns of the handle and vibrant action moves any double-edged blade 3000 gentle side-strokes per minute for a clean, close, powered wet shave . . .

"The World's Finest Shave" from your own favorite razor blade!

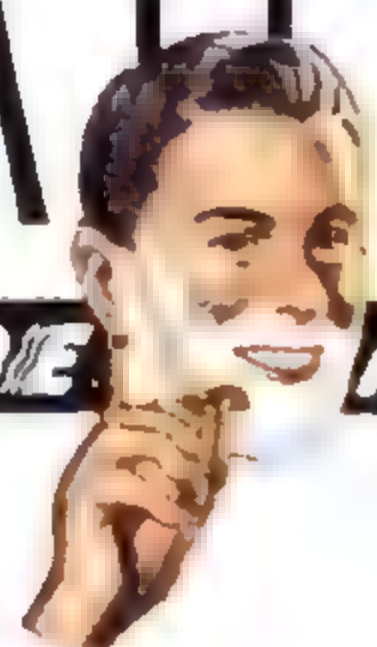
**AUTOMATIC
NO BATTERIES
NO WIRES**

Fully Patented



STAHLY

LIVE-BLADE RAZOR



Watch-like precision mechanism is factory-sealed; watertight in a reservoir of oil. Warranted for one year. Four handsome models, each in a walnut case: Gold plated, \$24.25; Gold plated-and-black, \$22.50; Silver plated \$21.25. Add 20% luxury tax to above prices. **CHROMIUM PLATED, ONLY \$19.95 (no luxury tax).**

A WET, CLEAN, POWERED SHAVE ANYWHERE—NO WIRES—NO BATTERIES

Duet for Baritone and Brass

Continued from page 156

he got Haymes into *two* pictures, one of them with Mother Grable.

Haymes has now made six pictures for Twentieth Century-Fox, the latest being *The Shocking Miss Pilgrim*, in which his *vis-à-vis* is again Miss Grable. They are fond of each other, and often discuss the rearing of their respective offspring. Haymes is working on his seventh picture, *Carnival in Costa Rica*.

Today, the Burton-Haymes alliance is one of the coziest associations in Big Business. Burton, who tried marriage recently, decided it was a "woman's racket" and bowed out, describes himself as a "profound bachelor"; but his fondness for the Haymes children is warm and real and he is an habitual fireside-sitter at the Haymes ménage. Also, there is scarcely a phase of Haymes' life that Burton does not supervise.

Their business as well as their private lives overlap. Burton has fourteen other clients, including writers, singers, directors and dancers, and Haymes has an interest in these people, who require no more than a brisk five per cent of Burton's time. The seven horses, headed up by a 7,500-dollar Palomino stallion named *Thunderbolt*, are actually owned by Haymes, but the herd was started when Burton gave Dick a present

of one of the handsome Palominos.

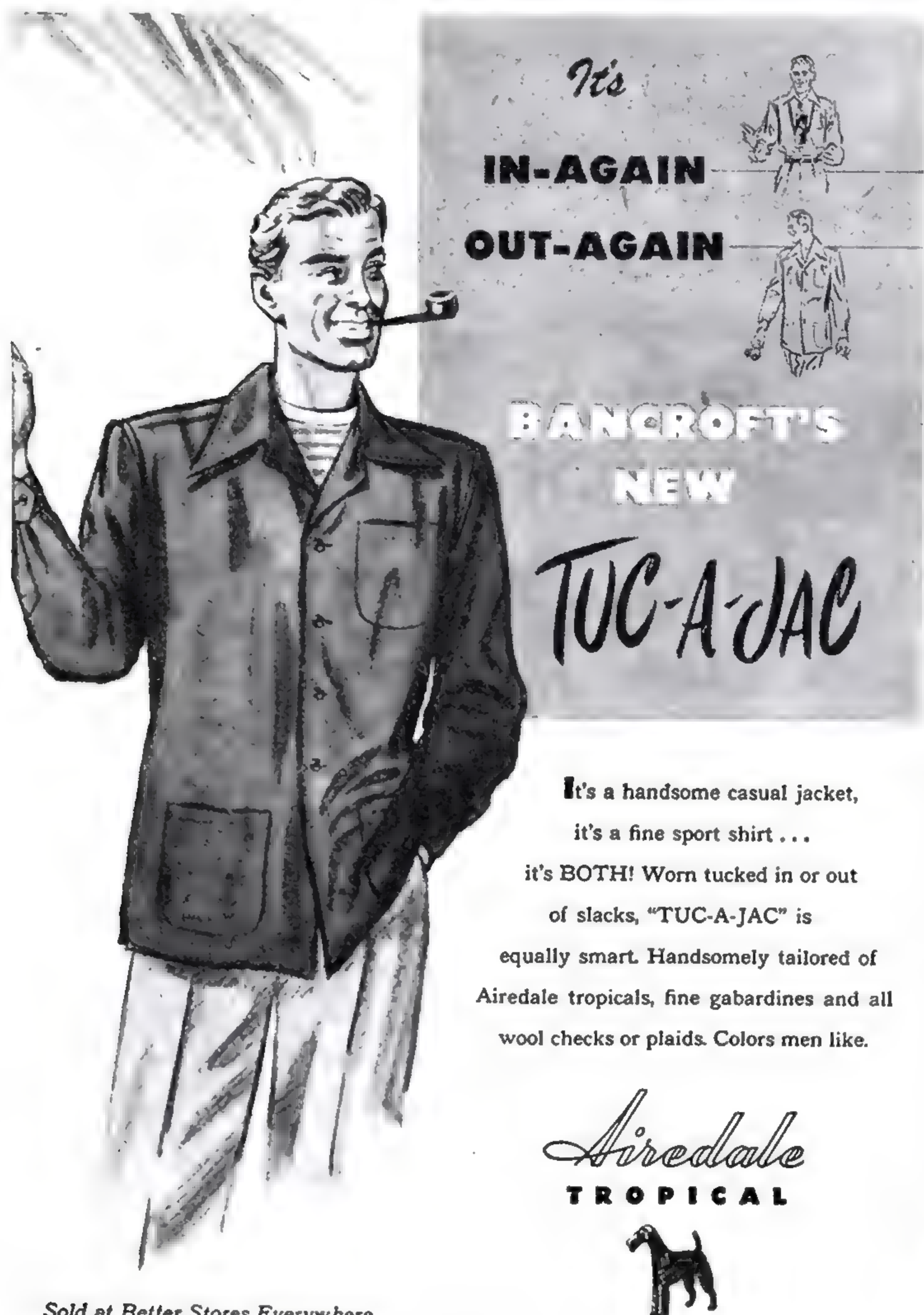
Between them they also own a music publishing business. It has issued one song (not by Haymes) called *Everybody's Saying Hello*.

Helen Forrest, throaty-voiced soprano who is Haymes' radio partner, is also a Burton client. By associating her with Haymes, Burton raised her prices from 200 dollars to 3,000 dollars a week.

Not long ago, Burton began to worry motion picture theatre managers with their own box-office figures. He showed them that they were making all their money on the evening shows, barely breaking even in the afternoons. A shot of baritone adrenalin was indicated, he suggested. His matinee idol theory has worked like a charm for everybody concerned: the Palace Theatre in Cleveland ordinarily does a week's gross of 18,000 to 20,000 dollars. In a single week at that theatre, Haymes drew 27,600 dollars. He netted 24,300 dollars for a week's work at the Oriental in Chicago.

Haymes performs over the national networks with a thirty-six piece orchestra and a chorus of twenty voices. These are ostensibly superintended by Gordon Jenkins, composer of *San Fernando Valley*, but in the control booth sits Burton. Haymes glances towards him after run-

Continued on page 162



It's
IN-AGAIN
OUT-AGAIN

BANCROFT'S
NEW
TUC-A-JAC

It's a handsome casual jacket,
it's a fine sport shirt ...
it's BOTH! Worn tucked in or out
of slacks, "TUC-A-JAC" is
equally smart. Handsomely tailored of
Airedale tropicals, fine gabardines and all
wool checks or plaids. Colors men like.

Airedale
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Sold at Better Stores Everywhere.

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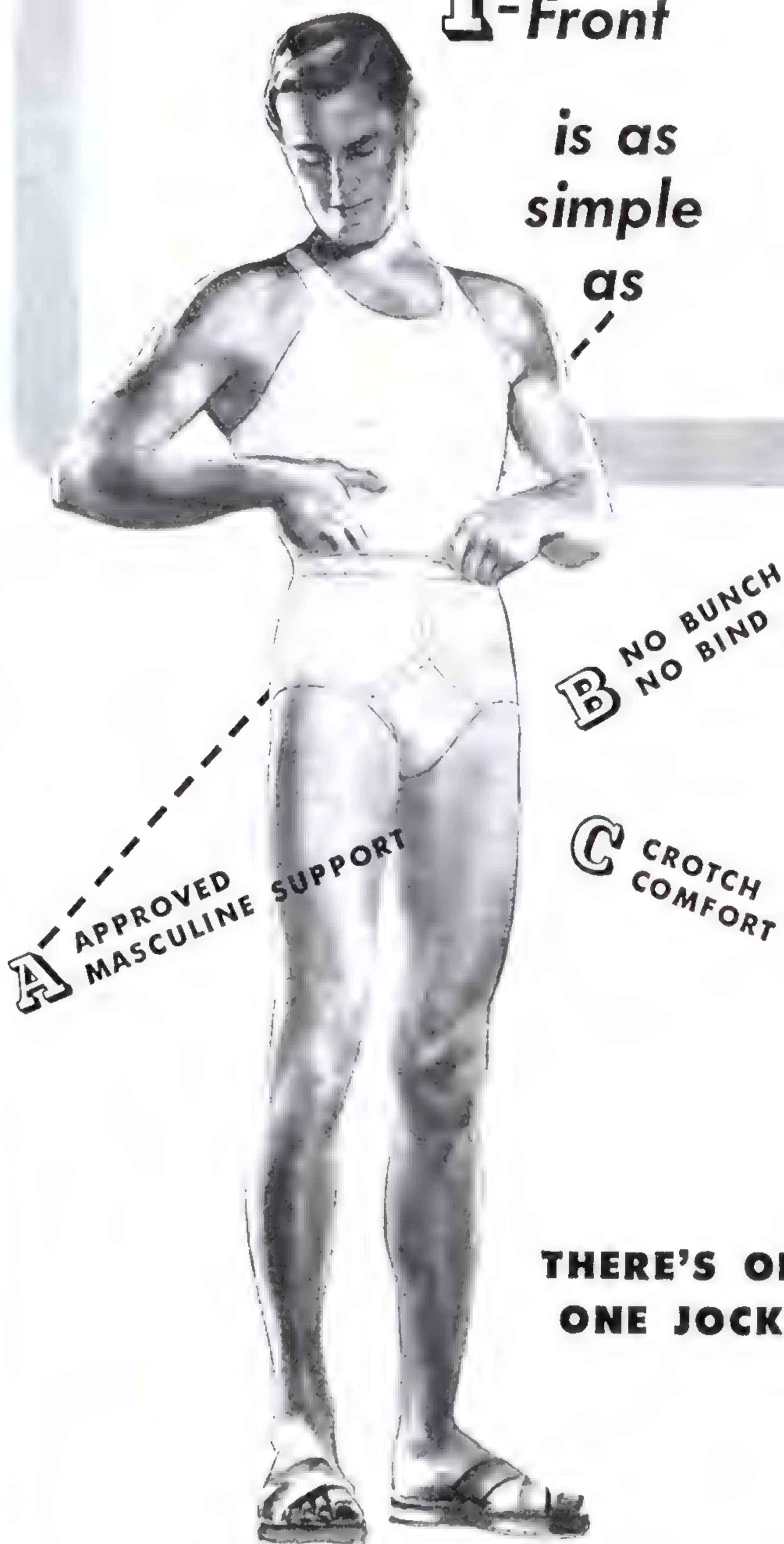
The Extra Comfort of Jockey

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Y-Front

is as
simple

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**THERE'S ONLY
ONE JOCKEY**

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as good
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You'll be sold on the styling of a Lamb Knit sweater the minute you see it in the store, but the real proof of its quality is in the wearing. You can't beat Lamb Knit's long-fibered wools for softness, warmth and resilience. See them at your favorite men's store.

LAMB KNIT Sweaters

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COLON, MICH.
100% PURE WOOL

 This label is your guarantee of a 100% PURE WOOL sweater

THE LAMB KNIT GOODS COMPANY • COLON, MICHIGAN

Duet for Baritone and Brass

Continued from page 161

ning through each song, does it over again if it displeases the master. The show rehearses a minimum of four-and-a-half-hours for a thirty-minute performance. Burton never permits Dick to sing anything he thinks is undignified, and nothing sexy. Lullabies are favored. Haymes is a conscientious workman at any chore Burton sets him, be it movie, radio show, or recording. There is scarcely a moment during his working hours when his mentor is not at his side, suggesting, smoothing, or battling.

Frank Sinatra has his George Evans, the sagacious press agent who created a Dionysian footnote to the history of these times when he inspired bobby soxers to squeal and swoon at Frankie's broadcasts. Mr. Evans is responsible for the jokes about Sinatra's underfed look, and for his tolerance crusade. Frankie-boy rarely makes a gesture that is not coached by Evans. But aside from this comparison, there are few performers so purely a product of management as Dick Haymes.

The struggle of the crooners for ascendancy is chronicled periodically in the trade journals and it shows that the taste of the listening public is an unreliable thing. Mr. Crosby, of course, is nonpareil

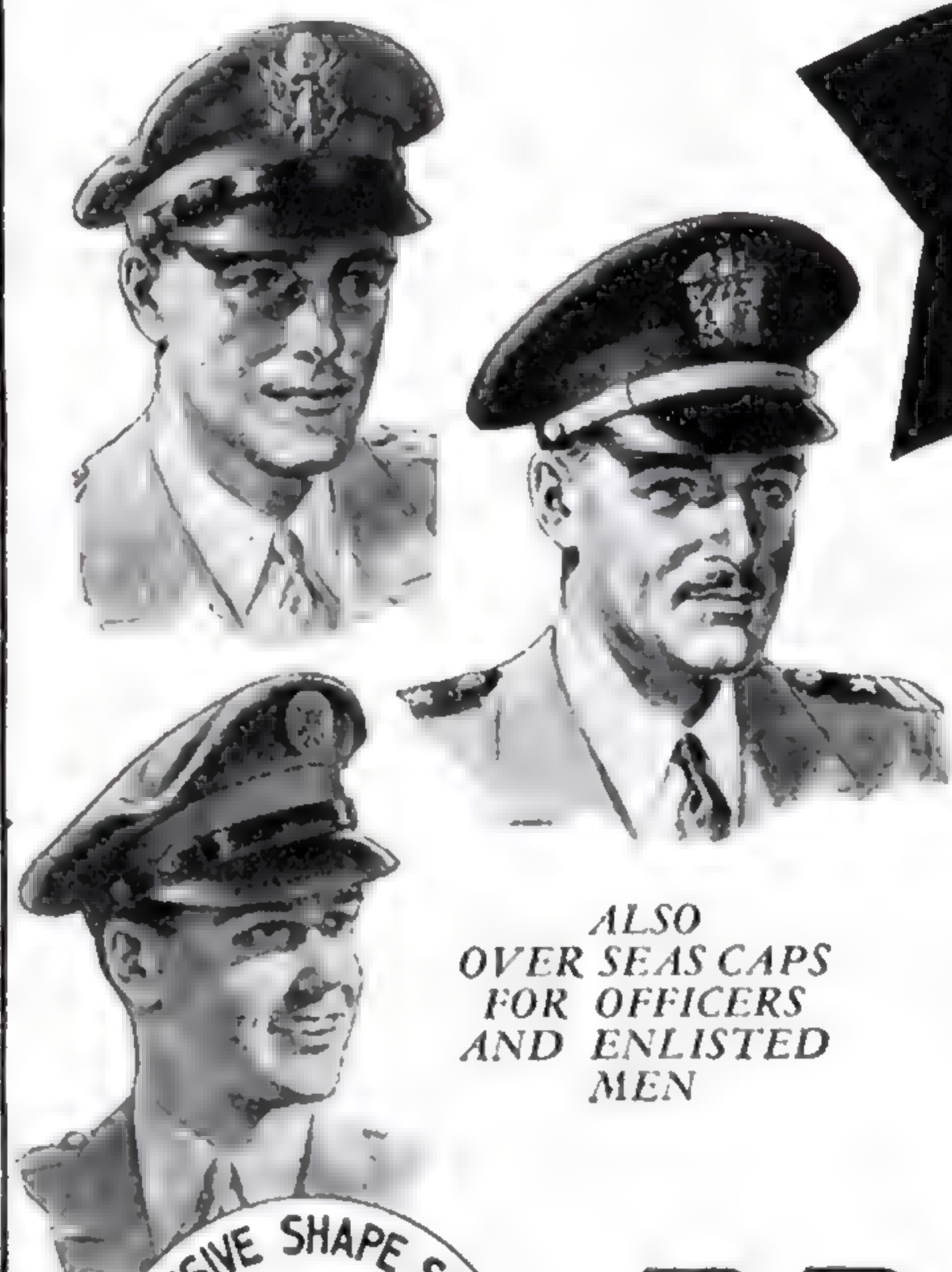
and unsurpassable. Besides his voice, he has a quality of personal authority that enables him to play a priest in one picture and a boob in the next, with equal grace. Below the Crosby level, Sinatra, Haymes, Como and Andy Russell are engaged in a battle royal. At times, Haymes has defeated Sinatra at the popularity polls. Last March Perry Como spurted ahead.

Of the four, musicians agree that Haymes has the best voice and the easiest delivery, next to Crosby, but he still lacks color. Burton astutely turns this into an advantage. Haymes minds his manners, cuts no didos, and sings for a potentially more solid audience than the bobby soxers, who seldom attend his shows. Burton reasons that without tricks or hyped appeal, he has better than an even chance of outlasting his opponents.

At any rate, Haymes offers one boon to every household containing a radio. His show offers much music and little talk. By stopwatch, it goes like this: twenty-one minutes of music, four minutes of commercials, and only four-and-a-half minutes of dialogue. If this glad news should increase Haymes' patronage, it couldn't happen to a nicer guy—with a smarter manager. ‡

Continued from page 92

Look Smart! Be Smart!
WEAR AN MC UNIFORM CAP



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**OVER 5,000,000 M C MILITARY
CAPS MADE AND DELIVERED
TO OUR ARMED FORCE
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Whether you are the proud wearer of a uniform in our Armed Forces, or in civilian life, you'll find the M C uniform cap your best choice on every count. M C caps lead the field today on quality, on craftsmanship and on style . . . as they have led it for years. Ask for an M C cap the next time . . . you'll find it's right on value too.



**WE ALSO SPECIALIZE
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- Elevator Operators
- Messengers
- Mail Men
- Policemen and Firemen
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Mid City UNIFORM CAP CO.

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World's Largest Makers of Quality Uniform Caps

Now and at the Hour

Continued from page 91

side. With a stab of alarm he remembered someone long ago having told him that more people die at sunset than at any other time of the day or night. He found himself running across the lawn. At the porch he slowed down and then stole as quietly as he could through the unlighted living room to the bedroom. He stood in the doorway, trying to see into the darkness and straining to hear through the mocking sound of the electric fan.

He struck a match and met his mother's gaze, like the painted stare of a statue. She was sitting in a low rocker with her arm resting on the bed and her lax fingers touching the pillow.

"I'll take your place," he said huskily.

"All right." She rose, sighing heavily, and switched on the electric light, the shade of which she had covered with brown wrapping paper to soften the glare. "There is nothing to do. Just wait."



"Why don't you turn in? You'll be able to sleep, won't you?"

"I don't know. I suppose so."

She stood erect and unmoving at the foot of the bed, looking with clouded eyes at the dark and shrunken figure as it slowly drew in and exhaled breath eight or nine times. He thought she was going to speak, that she was charged with some final message of endearment or lament, but she turned abruptly and without a word left the room. The sound of her steps faded as she went upstairs. He heard the kitchen door close as Edna left to go home for the night.

Moving with the dragging awkwardness of a child who is awed by the presence of a stranger, he carried the rocking chair a distance away from the bed and sat down. The breath was coming and going at a much slower and more tranquil tempo than in the afternoon. The fine white counterpane scarcely stirred on the chest with the slow taking and

Continued on page 164

Refrescante!

Refreshing as a mountain breeze
is this "mountain distilled" rum



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Zest and tang and the clean, clear taste of rum from sunny hills! That's Ron Merito, Senor! The distinctive "mountain" rum with the finer, smoother flavor. Well you know—the better the rum, the better the drink. So—better ask for Ron Merito!

Send for free Ron Merito Recipe Booklet



Ron MERITO

AVAILABLE IN BOTH GOLD AND WHITE LABEL. 86 PROOF. WRITE NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, DEPT. E35, P. O. BOX 12, WALL STREET STATION, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

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JUVENIA WATCH AGENCY, INC. 604 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 20, N. Y.

Friendly to throats



The smart-looking Kirsten Cigarette Holder provides a cleaner, more healthful way to smoke cigarettes—for men . . . for women!

By condensation, nicotine, tars and other throat-irritating residues are removed from cigarette smoke and deposited on the inside walls of the light-weight radiator . . . no messy filters to handle!

With the built-in ramrod, the holder can be easily and thoroughly cleaned . . . gun-barrel clean! There's a quick-acting ejector, too!

Kirsten Pipe Co., Dept. 349, Seattle 9, Wash.
Kirsten Pipe Ltd., Vancouver, B. C., Canada



AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED CIGARETTE HOLDER

Now and at the Hour

Continued from page 163

slow losing of breath. After each exhaling there was a pause, a long interval of utter quiescence; and each time Bruce felt that this now must be the end. But always the gasping would begin once more faintly and swell slowly, painfully, to the loud and snorting crescendo. And again the quiet exhaling and again the dead pause. And then the slow beginning again, the struggle which seemed to suck up all the air in the room, and then once more the almost imperceptible lifting of the chest under the counterpane.

The little electric fan on the bookcase in the corner swung its face back and forth eight times between exhalings. He was startled once to find that he was timing his own breath with that of the dying man, and changed to a quicker tempo.

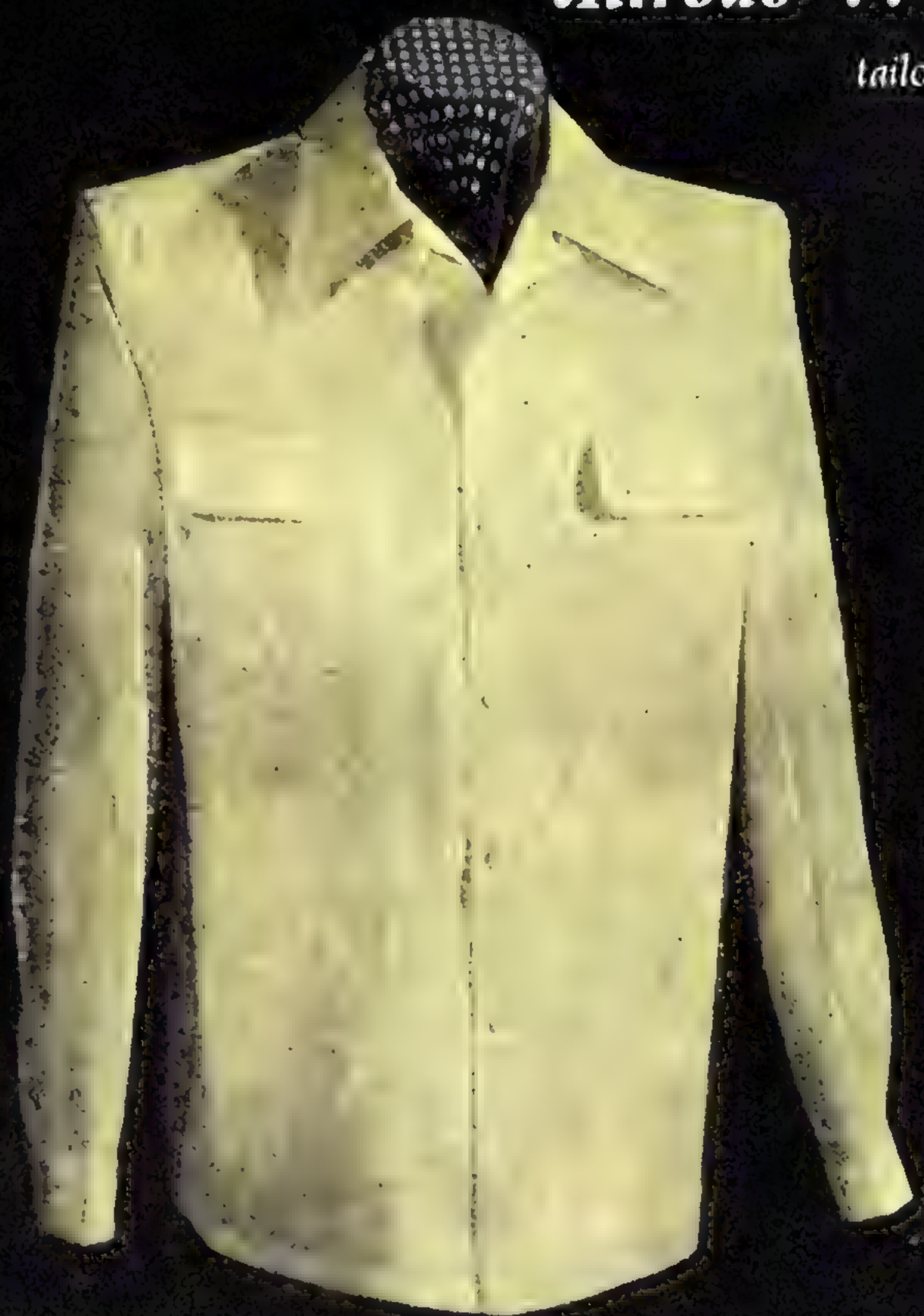
He counted as the fan swung back and forth; there were nine oscillations between exhalings now, almost nine and a half, to be exact. He steeled himself at the next pause, and when breath started gasping again and he relaxed and drew breath into his own lungs, he thought how frightened he would be if his father, instead of dying now, should open his shut eyes and turn and look at him and ask for a drink of water or say, "Hello, what are you doing here?"

The breath swelled to its loudest and sighed and began its slow escaping. How peaceful the giving out of breath! The pause was longer this time. This time surely . . . The gasping in began again.

At nine o'clock the fan was swinging its face back and forth eleven times between exhalings. It was a loud little machine. He kept fingering the package of cigarettes in his pocket. When the kitchen clock struck ten, the pause in breathing alone took five oscillations. There was nothing for him to do but wait. At the half hour the fan began swinging its face with new violence, as if obsessed, and whirling its blades in a fury of destruction. Something had gone amiss. And he waited tense in the chair for the fan to blow out a fuse or smash itself with a clatter and stink; he waited for the terminating clatter, wishing every now and then that he might go out for a cigarette until the clock in the kitchen pompously struck eleven, and still the fan whirled and swung back and forth. He half expected the tumult to waken his father.

He was painfully tired from the train trip, for he hadn't yet regained his old strength; and while he listened to the fan beating at the air and watched his father struggling for one more breath,

"Alfredo" . . . a new leisure shirt, luxurious in look and feel, impeccably tailored in a variety of mellow pastels, 50% worsted, 50% rayon.



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Dayton:	METROPOLITAN
Houston:	SAKOWITZ BROS.
Kansas City:	ROTHSCHILD'S
Los Angeles:	GUS S. MAY
Minn.-St. Paul:	HUBERT W. WHITE, INC.
New Orleans:	GODCHAUX'S
New York:	SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
Philadelphia:	MORVILLE
Pittsburgh:	JOSEPH HORNE CO.
Richmond:	BERRY-BURK & CO., INC.
San Antonio:	FRANK BROS.
San Francisco:	BULLOCK & JONES CO.
St. Louis:	WOLFF'S CLOTHIERS, INC.
Washington:	LEWIS & THOS. SALTZ, INC.

Alfredo
of new york

105 WEST 40TH STREET • NEW YORK 18

a drowsiness came over him; he felt irresistibly drawn by sleep. He let his head fall forward and his eyes close to experience for a moment the luxury of darkness; just for a moment he told himself. He heard the faint triumphant climax of inhaling as from an immeasurable distance. He nodded and let sleep, humming with the fan, woo him like a lover and slowly gather its hold on him until he longed to lie down; he would have to lie down somewhere and stretch out comfortably; and he felt sleep tugging to show him the place.

He jerked up his head, shoving the thought and sleep away with all his strength. Then he inhaled deeply, more than enough for two men, and turned himself to his vigil again.

His father's face was slowly gaining a look of peacefulness. But something had happened while he had closed his eyes and nodded; something was out of order in the room. The breathing seemed quieter, the crescendo of inhaling very faint or else dimmed

by the noise of the machine; for the life of him he couldn't tell which. The counterpane over the chest did not stir at all now with the slow exhaling. The face had so altered that at last he could see some resemblance to the man his father had been, something about the brow and the slant of the nose; and the mouth was closing. This now was the longest pause of all. He waited with the battle noise of the fan beating in his ears. He waited. But the gasping did not start again.

With an effort he wrenched himself up from the chair and tiptoed around the bed and pulled out the plug from the socket in the wall. The room grew deadly still.

And as silence swept around him he knew that again he had missed the sign and the word; waiting had not been and would never be enough. Silence ran in darkness through the house and spilled into the night. Yet he was free, he told himself, to look for other signs and words, from then on, as long as he lived. #

Continued from page 91



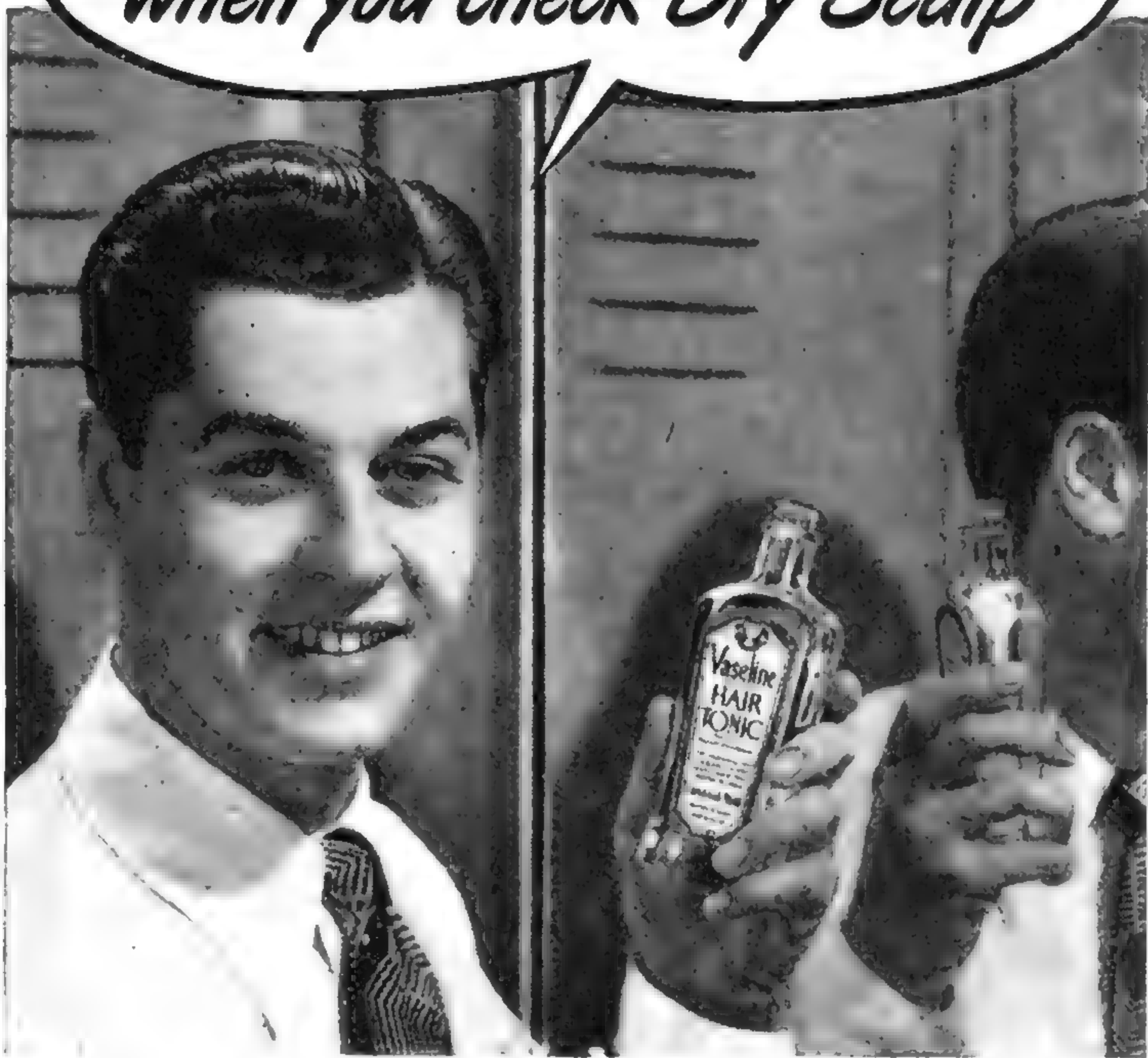
Bob Gallivan
"I hate to—you tell him"

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... LOVE MEANS NOTHING in more things than tennis when a man forgets his hair. How in the world can he comb that tangled mop? It's so lifeless, too. And that awful loose dandruff! He's got Dry Scalp! I'm going to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



CAN THIS BE the same man? Yes, and 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. A few drops a day and your hair regains that natural look. It's so easy to comb... no more itchiness and loose dandruff. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements the natural scalp oils... contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care... to both scalp and hair... and it's more economical than other hair tonics.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

WASH THEM ANY WAY YOU LIKE...

TUB'em RUB'em SCRUB'em

THE SIZE REMAINS THE SAME!

100% Virgin Wool Socks for Sport and Casual Wear

ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND...

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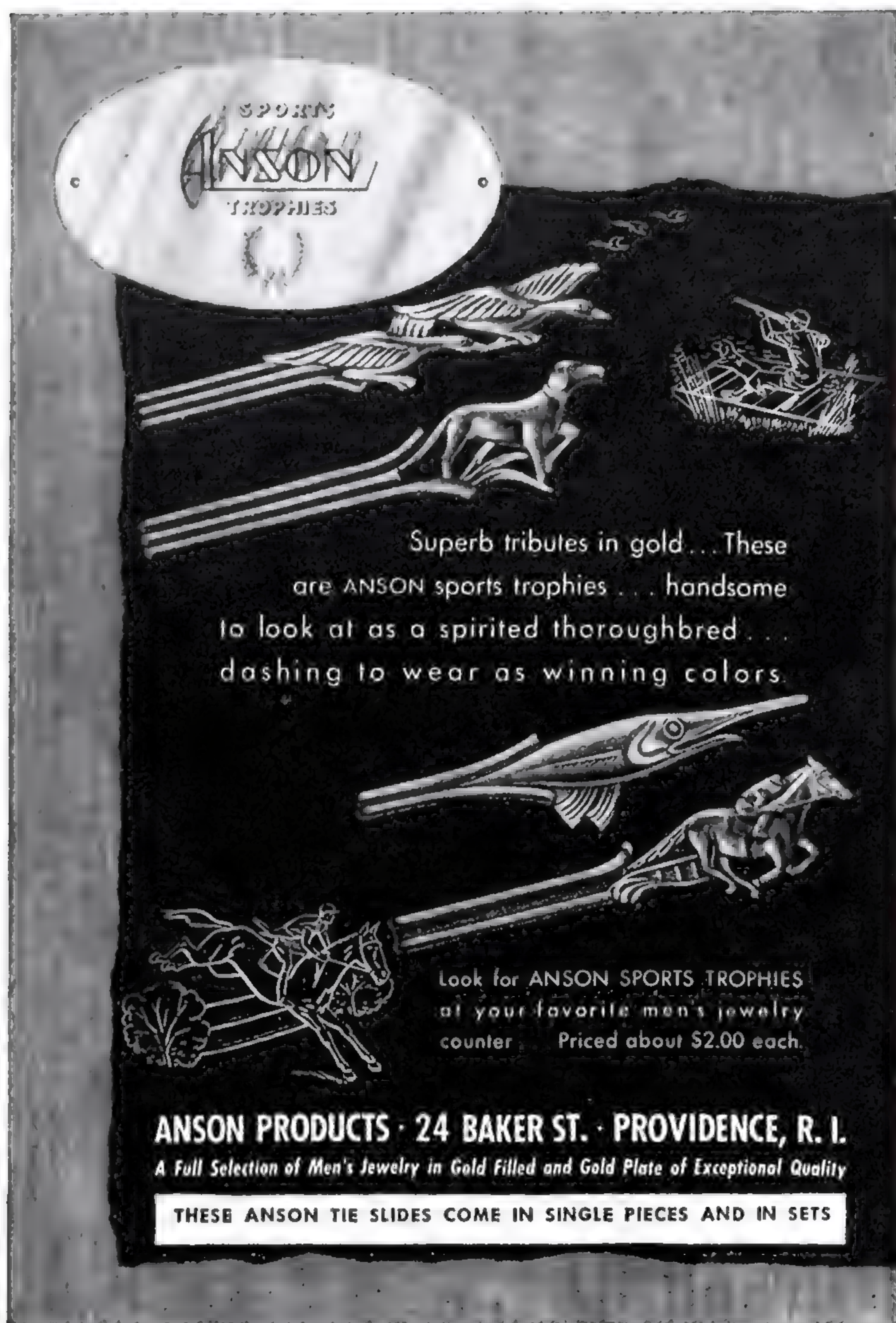
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ADLER SC* SHRINK CONTROLLED RETAIN ORIGINAL SIZE 100% VIRGIN WOOL

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Superb tributes in gold... These are ANSON sports trophies... handsome to look at as a spirited thoroughbred... dashing to wear as winning colors.

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A Full Selection of Men's Jewelry in Gold Filled and Gold Plate of Exceptional Quality

THESE ANSON TIE SLIDES COME IN SINGLE PIECES AND IN SETS

Farewell, Fair One

Continued from page 102

to try to move in on the property of the fellow who's conducting the shrewd campaign to get rid of the girl. Believing that he is showing the watchful public that he can take a girl away from one who has loved her madly for some time, the chump does precisely what the other fellow wants him to do.

While the continental method of shaking off a defunct love affair is in progress, the lady herself quite often recognizes the signals and co-operates with commendable skill in helping make the trade of the old love for the new. She tacitly acknowledges that she is being shown to the exit by a chivalrous master.

The lady is wise enough to be grateful to the erstwhile lover who is discarding her but in the process setting her up in business with a successor. She appreciates that she is being presented with a man who is such a chump she should have no trouble at all in making him follow at heel.

The continental method creates happiness all around. The girl is happy because she gets a husband, and that is what she is after. The ex-lover is happy because he gets free from the girl; and M. le Chump is happy because he doesn't know any better, and never will.

The nearest our untutored fellow citizens get to the very smooth

and successful continental method is far away indeed. And instead of inducing the lady to go along, the American plan merely tips her off that the boy chum is getting the wanderlust, whereupon she stands watch over him. For what the inexperienced American usually does in planning to release himself by turning the lady over to another gentleman, is to endorse to her the substitute he has selected and shove them together as though he were trying to make them companion passengers in a subway car. Thereupon the lady becomes wary and the man who is trying to escape doesn't have a chance.

The restive captive can get dramatic about the situation when trying to turn the lady over to her next playmate. But she is unmoved, and responds to it derisively.

The captive can put on a performance that he believes should win him an Oscar but the only response of the lady is "Ixnay on the unkay." Pretty soon she has him practically back where he started and promising to meet her at a certain time and place. Then he despairs of ever being able to make a getaway unless somebody slips him a file in a loaf of bread or feeds his girl an arsenic soufflé.

It is a backhanded tribute to the refinement of American males that more of them do not erase

You'll enjoy Lansdowne



The Old Fashioned Blended Whiskey

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possessive females by murder when all other means of bidding farewell have failed. Murder, however, is no challenge to brains. It has in its favor, according to the testimony of some who have tried it and have been tried, the fact that it is a simple way to get rid of a woman. Putting her back into lively circulation out of a love affair is something that calls for considerably more finesse and study; therefore the non-fatal method appeals to one who has true intellectual capacity.

Too often, however, gentlemen are seared into paralysis of reason when contemplating a change of feminine pasturage by Herr Nietzsche's apt observation that woman learns how to hate in proportion as she forgets how to charm. Others have put it that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

The chilled former lover subconsciously gets a frightening hunch of the diabolical fury of his whilom siren. In her uninhibited moments she has suggested that anyone who comes between them would be subjected to all tortures of the Inquisition. Then the threats are gratifying to the gentleman who is in full flush of rapture, and he regards them as entirely hypothetical. But when it later occurs to him that he is the one who is coming between the girl and himself, he fears that she wasn't fooling.

Well, really why should he be

afraid? This is a free country isn't it? If he wants to switch to another girl, or to no girl at all while he is recovering, is there anything in the Constitution that says he can't? There is no rational explanation of the fear of farewell haunting the male as it does. It's a psychological weakness that has been insidiously implanted by a long campaign conducted by the best of female propagandists.

The love-sickened lady's attitude toward calling it all off is that penned by Mrs. Nicholson who used the nom de plume of Laurence Hope. In uttering a wail of the bereft lover Mrs. Nicholson asked:

*"Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway, far,
Before you agonize them in farewell?"**

The genuine and unmistakable masculine gender is exhibited in the farewell Brutus spoke to Cassius on the eve of battle:

*"For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made."*

Both Brutus and Cassius had oppressing intuition that they were going to be losers in the very near future, and under circumstances far more serious than those that a gentleman emerging from an infatuation ever feels when he is signing off.

There was no agony in Brutus'

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Continued on page 168



Animated Style While few seek extreme individualism in clothes, most men have nourished the hope of wearing clothes styled with sophisticated buoyancy and sincere propriety. It is a hope now fulfilled in Hammonton Park Clothes. See them at the leading store in your city displaying the emblematic style trophy. About \$50. to \$55. Many Hammonton Park Suits are tailored in luxurious KANMAK FABRICS



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MEMO TO BUSINESSMEN:

APPOINT THE ESQUIRE GIRL YOUR GOOD-WILL REPRESENTATIVE

USE THESE NEW Esquire Girl ADVERTISING CALENDARS

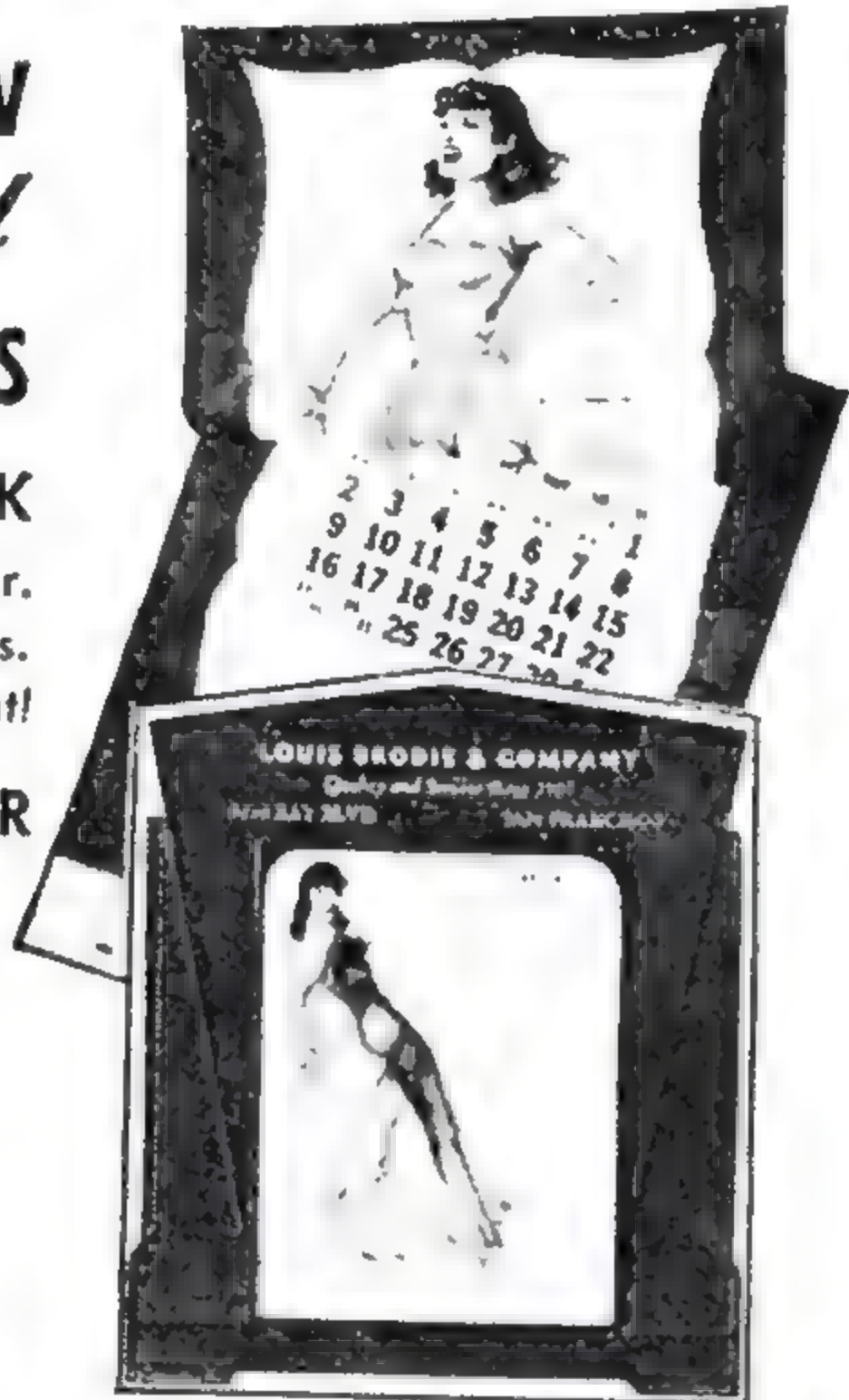
1947 ESQUIRE GIRL YEARBOOK

Wall-dominating year's calendar.
12 Esquire Girl color drawings.
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1947 ESQUIRE GIRL DESK CALENDAR

Features your advertising imprint in gold!
A different Esquire Girl for each month.
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YES — we are interested in the new Esquire Calendars. Send your representative with samples as soon as possible — we understand there's no obligation.

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DRINKS HAVE MORE LIFE WITH PIN-POINT CARBONATION

Your own taste tells you that ordinary club sodas . . . carbonated tap waters . . . can't compare with Canada Dry Water. Here are four reasons why:

- **Pin-Point Carbonation**—millions of tinier bubbles that keep tall drinks sparkling and lively to the last sip.
- **Exclusive Formula**—scientifically developed and laboratory-controlled to *point up*—not distort or dilute—the flavor of your drink.
- **Special Processing**—water used by Canada Dry is specially treated and multi-filtered to assure purity, balance and clarity.
- **Uniform Quality**—Canada Dry's superior quality is rigidly maintained from bottle to bottle, from day to day, the world over.



P. S. Mix with fruit juices for delicious home-made sodas.

Farewell, Fair One

Continued from page 167

farewell but as he had not been on "Rapture's roadway, far," with Cassius, it could be that Brutus looked at the matter stoically. He had nothing to lose but his life. If Brutus had been saying farewell to an irate lady he was leaving for keeps she would have had him mute in horror of hell-fire here and hereafter.

Now just why should there be agony in saying farewell to one former charmer out of a female human population of the world of approximately 656,000,000 above the age of consent? That is a mystery that only women might be able to shatter. The old sob from the melodramas, "I've given you the best years of my life," isn't the answer. The women who make the most furious and embarrassing protests against the departure of their once feverish male companions generally are those with a lot of good years still in them. They have learned from their departing playmates more about handling men than they ever taught men about the treatment of women. That's probably a reason men want to get away and learn something although they seldom are in an analytical mood when making a break for liberty. Anyway, it is an alibi, and a fellow is always trying to alibi himself into a graceful farewell.

But as a matter of fact men never are analytical about women until it's too late to do anything but be reconciled to destiny.

The braggart glibly relates that he projects his independence by having as his policy toward the lovely ones he smugly believes must have designs upon him; "Feed 'em, fool 'em, and forget 'em." As many times as that has been tried, the only part of it that ever works with any reliability is the feeding. Fool 'em? Dumb dames fool smart guys much easier than they fool male dummies. Forget 'em? Only if the lady is willing. Otherwise she can haunt a stray male longer than an elephant can remember.

If the heat has been on, no gentleman can ever merely say good-bye and get going simply because he's regained his normal temperature. He may be able to pick up a new love by wolf-whistling, but he can't dismiss the old one that easily.

He'll learn—if he hasn't already—that parting is such sweet sorrow to a Juliet because she knows her man will be back to her soon. But only by the continental method is a scene written where a Romeo is taking a walkout because he is tired of love, and is able to make his exit as an heroic and triumphant character. ‡

Continued from page 102

FLEX-LET

Expansion Watch Bands



• **AMAZINGLY FLEXIBLE!**

• **ALMOST UNBREAKABLE!**

Only Flex-Let Bands feature Tru-Rivet Construction*...which enables them to take the roughest, toughest treatment without breaking. Every Flex-Let guaranteed one year!

Handsome, too! At all reputable jewelers in 10 Kt. gold, gold filled or non-corrosive stainless steel, \$8.95 up. Get one today.

*Patent Pending

Expands to slip on and off in a jiffy. Fits all wrists comfortably.



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KING MEANS BEST IN EVERYTHING



A Golf Scene, painted especially for the Brown-Forman Collection by Harrison F. Miller



BROWN-FORMAN'S

KING OF PRE-WAR WHISKY*



KING

BLENDED WHISKY

A de **LIGHT** ful climax to any sport — Brown-Forman's King of pre-war Whisky — from Kentucky! Enjoy its smooth mellowness, coupled with full-flavored, satisfying taste! Then you'll know why more and more are asking for Brown-Forman's King Whisky at their favorite club, bar or package store!

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
At Louisville in Kentucky

*The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof



CALL FOR LOAM BROWN

Drawing by H. K. Runnette

This young briefcase-toting executive has a good number in his suit of Loam Brown, a new shade hot off the looms. He takes it in an unfinished worsted with etched stripes. The suit is made with a three-button jacket and peaked lapels, a style

detail which caught on in London and is seen more and more in the States. With it he wears a greyish-brown snap-brim hat, tan broadcloth shirt, green-and-silver-checked tie, green socks and brown straight-tipped shoes. Down the side are suggested

alternate accessories, which go a little more formal, beginning with a brown Homburg hat. In this second set the combination of greens and browns is reversed and comes up with a bluish-green broadcloth shirt and copper-and-buff-striped tie.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

**RIGORS OF EL SALVADOR HUNT
FAIL TO FADE
DAN RIVER'S SPUNRAY**

Speaking of Spunray*—Dan River's great sport shirt fabric—here's one man's experience with it:

"... took this shirt along on a three weeks' vacation trip which included hunting through practically unexplored parts of El Salvador . . . The shirt was exposed almost constantly to burning sun or soaking tropical rains. It did not shrink nor did it experience any fading . . . it continued to look brand new."

That's Spunray* for you. 50% rayon, 50% cotton. Good looking at the start, equally so at the finish. Ask to see it next time you buy comfort shirts. Dan River Mills, Danville, Va.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Spunray

COMFORT SHIRTING

Washable without Special Care

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SHOES

AERICAN GENTLEMAN Shoes are outstanding on the American scene . . . famous for their custom-like smartness—their fine craftsmanship, superb fit and comfort. Illustrated, left to right, The TONAWANDA and The TOBIN. Write for name of nearest dealer.

AMERICAN GENTLEMAN DIVISION • Craddock-Terry Shoe Corporation • Lynchburg, Virginia

Dude Guide's Lament

Continued from page 101

among the fallen spruces. My mount, a jugheaded cayuse I was riding only because he couldn't be trusted with a pack, daylighted me with the first jump, and after that I rode all over the saddle, clinging to anything I could get my hands on. Dead ahead loomed a spike-armed windfall, its weather-whitened branches sharp as broken bone. In a desperate effort to avoid impalement, I grabbed the cheek of the bridle to see the horse's head around, but only succeeded in throwing him just before we crashed into the tree. The muck swooped up and smacked me in the face, and a thousand pounds of cayuse came down on my left leg. My eyes were filled with mud and the fear-maddened horse was trying to kick my head off. I couldn't get away because my left spur was fouled in the latigo.

"Johnny!" I yelled. "Where are you and that damned bear?"

"I'm over this-a-way, pardnuh," Johnny called happily from somewhere close behind me. "I think the bear is right around here, too."

That was precisely what I was afraid of. I managed to free my foot by pulling the boot off, and rolled clear of the horse's lashing hoofs. As I stood up, wiping the mud out of my eyes, Johnny's rifle banged three times, and

Johnny said, "Oh, brother!" ecstatically. The grizzly, it developed, had rolled into an alder clump, less than thirty yards from me, and had fetched up there against a boulder. It was dragging itself toward me when Johnny finished it.

Frank, the assistant guide, came limping through the brush, hatless, his shirt torn half off his back. He said he didn't know where the cook was; the last glimpse he had of him he was headed due north through the timber at a high rate of speed, with both arms clamped around his horse's neck and a prayerful expression on his face. We gloomily surveyed the wreckage, and Frank said he estimated we should have the outfit in traveling shape again within three or four days, provided—and he glared at Johnny—no more doggoned upsets happened. But Johnny was so happy he didn't hear him. It was his big moment as a sportsman. He had killed a mountain grizzly.

I didn't bawl him out. Maybe he thought this was what always happened when you killed a grizzly. Maybe he thought it was just routine. I don't know. As I said, Johnny is a typical dude. So I humored him and let him enjoy his few seconds of glory.

Recalling the Johnny debacle

Continued on page 174



VAT 69

- the finer-tasting

Scotch Whisky!

"Quality Tells"



SEEN IN THE BEST PLACES WALES CADILLAC "A STITCHLESS WALLET"

It makes the rounds of the smartest spots . . . because the Cadillac is constantly seen with men who insist on the finest. A streamlined new quality wallet by Wales . . . of superb chameleon goat, with no visible stitches to mar the beauty. Equipped with a secret pocket.

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Dude Guide's Lament

Continued from page 173

reminds me that very few dudes realize how much they are humored by their guides. For example, there was Cruse, a camera fan I took into the Wood River country one fall for white big-horns. Cruse was never satisfied with a camp site. In every other respect he was a thoroughly likable guy. He would sleep anywhere, he didn't care what he ate, his horse and saddle suited him, and when it rained he didn't act as if I was responsible for the weather. But in the matter of locating camps he was a headache. He would sit around, dreamy-eyed, gazing at the peaks, the clouds, and the shape and color of the country, while we unpacked and put up the tents. He would watch us unload the panniers, set up the camp stove, stack the saddle rigging, unroll the sleeping bags, and fetch wood and water. Then he would decide he didn't like the composition of the scene.

"Rusty, it's really impossible," he would say. "Take a look through the camera finder yourself. Now, if we moved the tents fifty yards to the right, we would have that white peak and the big gnarled spruce for color and balance."

I had to give the cook and the wrangler a raise to prevent them from quitting, but we continued to move the tents. After two weeks, the crew and I were studying composition ourselves out of sheer self-protection, and once in a while we actually succeeded in locating a camp to suit Cruse. The pay-off came when we returned to town. I had telephoned ahead to the hotel for rooms, and when Cruse and I arrived at the hotel after attending to some business at the depot, we found the cook and wrangler on the doorstep surrounded by our baggage.

"What's the trouble?" I asked. "Didn't they reserve the rooms?"

"Oh, shore. They saved the rooms for us, all right," the cook said. "But we figured what the hell's the use packin' all this gear up to 'em, when Cruse'd be along any minute an' we'd jest have to pack it down again and move the damned hotel somewheres else."

A dude named Hawkins convinced me one autumn that it never pays to underestimate the capacity of a dude for producing surprises. When I met Hawkins in Seward, he told me he wanted a seventy-inch moose head, nothing smaller. If it developed we couldn't find a bull with a seventy-inch head, okay; but he wanted the hunt arranged with such a head as its sole objective. Hawkins didn't explain why he desired a seventy-inch moose head to the exclusion of all others, but I thought I knew why, and was sympathetic. I assumed that on a previous hunt he had taken a head that was sixty-five inches or better in spread, and so felt there

What do you know about-



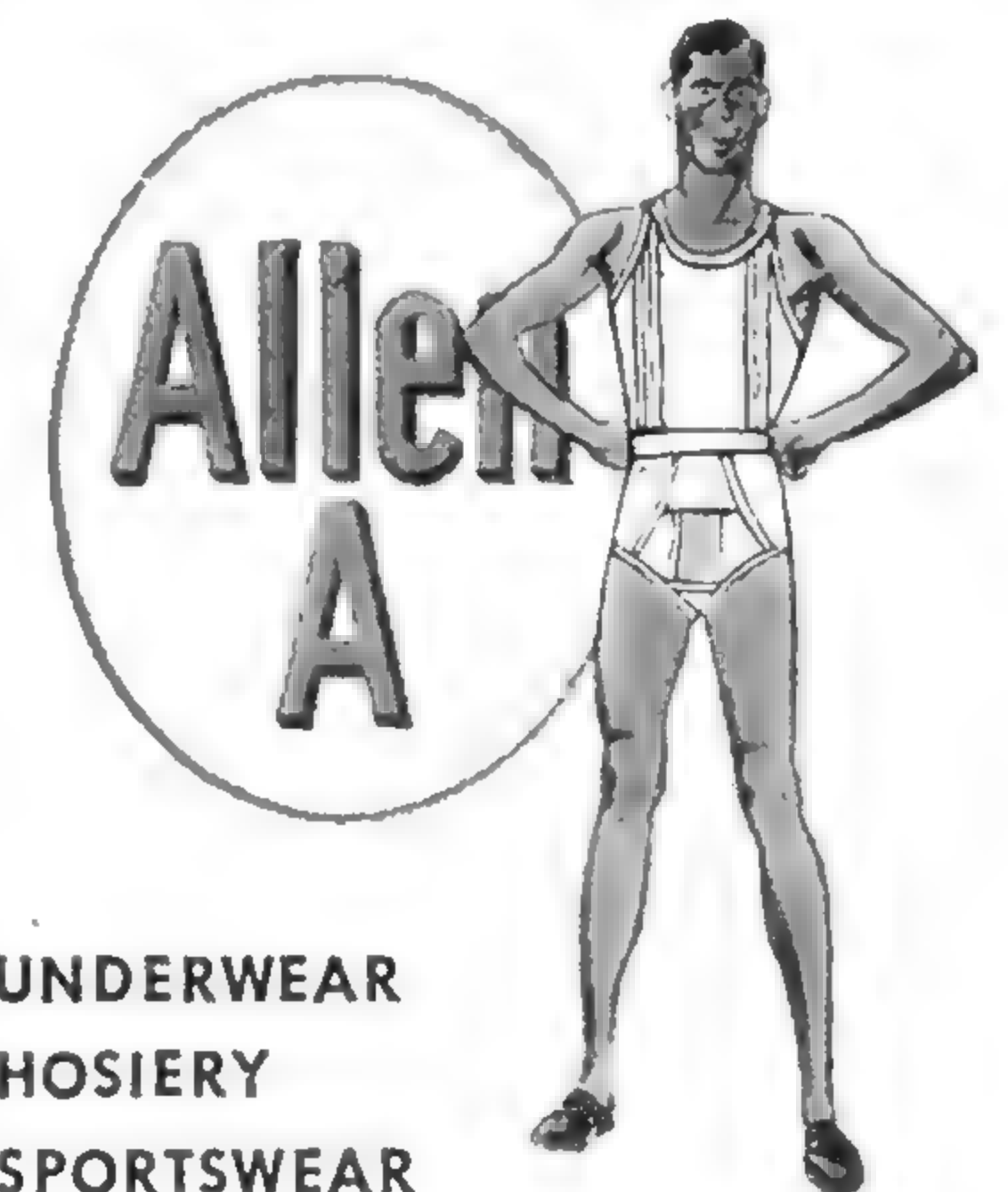
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Winkle. Took one look at the underwear of his day and said, "Good Night!" Meant it, too. Spent twenty (20) years dreaming about comfortable underwear like Allen-A's. Oh, how he hated to get up in the morning and discover Allen-A's were still only a dream!



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was no point in killing another bull unless it had a larger head.

Of course, seventy-inch moose heads are extremely hard to find, even on the Kenai where the world's heaviest and widest antlers are grown. During the next three weeks I showed Hawkins upward of one hundred bulls. He would examine each animal carefully with his binoculars, purse his lips, and ask me what I thought of the head. I would estimate the spread and the number of points, and Hawkins would sigh regretfully and say, "Nope, I guess not. We'll hold out for the big one." I admired his tenacity and wondered why there weren't more dudes like him. I never in my life worked harder for a dude. We were out from daybreak until dusk each day, and often when a stalk looked as if it were going to be a long, difficult one, I would tell Hawkins to sit down and rest while I closed in for a look at the animal. I ran myself ragged; I'll bet I lost fifteen pounds. Toward the end of the hunt, I had reached the point where I estimated moose antlers in my sleep. I was haunted by the notion that perhaps my eye wasn't what it used to be, and that somewhere during the hunt I might have passed up the head we were looking for.

Hawkins was showing the strain also. He had lost weight too, and his feet were sore, and I think he was homesick. He would spend hours telling me about the home he was building back in Connecticut, until I knew the plans almost as well as he did, from the rumpus room in the basement to the den and trophy room for himself.

On a chill, frosty morning, when Hawkins had only two days left to hunt, we rode across a little saddle-bag pass at the head of Chickaloon River, and went down into a great burn patched with spruce and autumn-painted aspens. The sun had just lifted over the peaks when I caught the heliograph flash of a bull's antlers in a point of spruce a half mile ahead. We rode as close as we could, and then tied the horses and went on afoot. As nearly as I could tell, there were about twenty moose in the narrow strip of timber, and most of them were bulls. It was difficult to make an estimate of their antlers, because they were in dense high-bush cranberry brush, and you seldom could see both of a bull's antlers at the same time. They were just out of the velvet, and the upper surfaces of the palms and beams were bone-white, and so highly polished that they reflected the sunlight with mirror brightness.

There was one bull, a roan animal with a "muff" under his throat but no "bell," who looked small under his antlers, and this was a good sign. The absence of a bell was a good indication too. I don't know why it is so, but very few heavy-antlered bulls have a bell. Maybe it freezes off, or is torn off in fighting, or simply disappears with age. Anyway, the big ones don't have a bell, and

Continued on page 176

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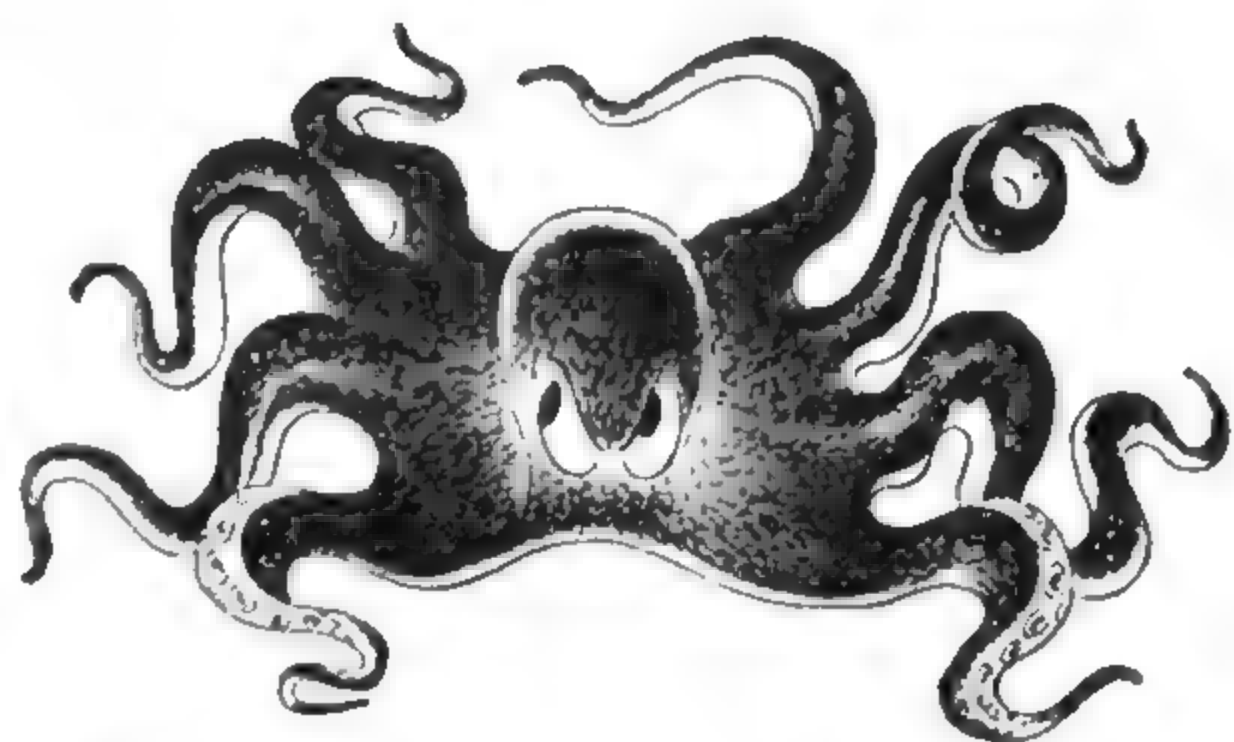
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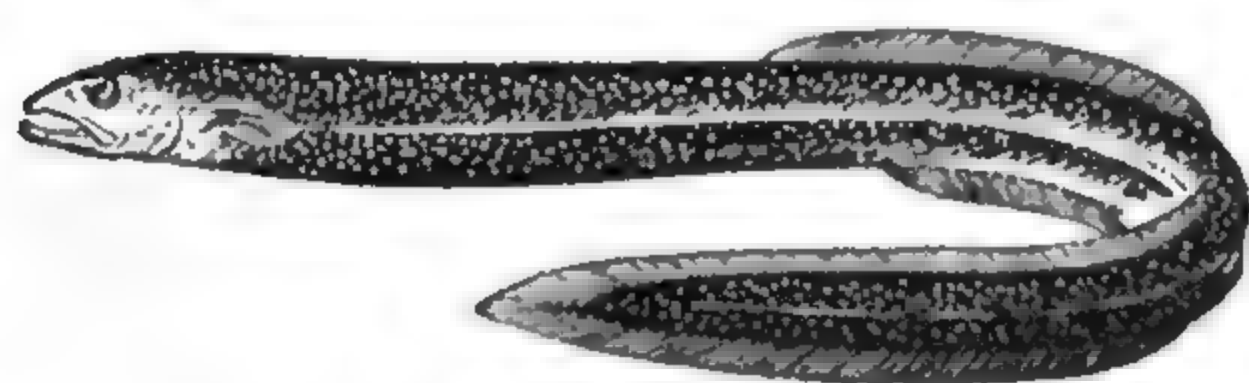
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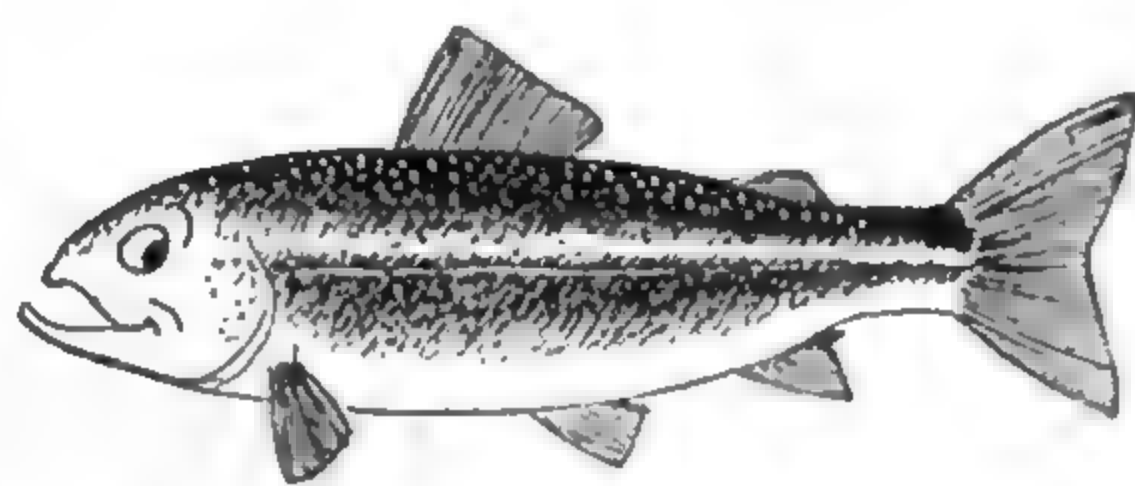
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Dude Guide's Lament

Continued from page 175

this bull didn't have one. So we made a stalk for him. We had the wind, and there was good cover, and by this time Hawkins had made so many stalks that he could get over the ground with a minimum of noise. I was afraid one of the cows might spot us and cause trouble, as cows are infinitely more alert than bulls during the rutting season. But some of the younger bulls were trying to court them, and they failed to hear or see us.

The roan bull's head still looked good to me. He was a patriarch, all right. The beams came straight out from his skull, and the palms lay flat, without turning back too much, and I thought I could make out some freak points on the rim of the palms which could easily result in four or five additional inches of spread. I took my time and applied every rule of thumb I knew, and finally decided it was probably a seventy-inch head. So I told Hawkins to take him.

"Are you positive?" Hawkins whispered, putting me on the spot.

I said I was positive, and Hawkins slipped his safety latch and held on the point of the bull's shoulder, and fired. The bull dropped as if struck by lightning. We went over to the carcass and I got out my steel tape. We stretched the tape across the antlers, holding it scrupulously at right angles to the skull. The two freak tines I had seen gave the head a seventy-inch spread. Of course it was luck; no guide in the world could estimate a head that closely. But Hawkins didn't know it was luck, or at any rate, he didn't know the percentage of luck in it. He thought it was a wonderful performance, and he was the happiest dude in the north.

On our way back to the railroad, I asked him what he intended to do with the trophy—whether he was going to give it to a museum or keep it in his home.

"Why, I thought I told you about that," he said with an expression of surprise. "In the den I'm building at home, I had the architect leave a niche above the fireplace for a moose head. This trophy is going to hang in that niche, of course."

I thought for a moment, then asked, "How wide is the niche?"

"There was some discussion about that," Hawkins admitted. "But I finally instructed the architect to make it seventy inches across. I told him I would ask you to find me a head to fit it."

A dude named Matt once demonstrated that it is possible for a hunter to have too much confidence in his guide and not enough in himself, and thus place the guide in an extremely unenviable spot. Maybe that sounds complicated, but let me explain. Matt was a chap who doted on research. He thrived on statistics and averages. When Matt came

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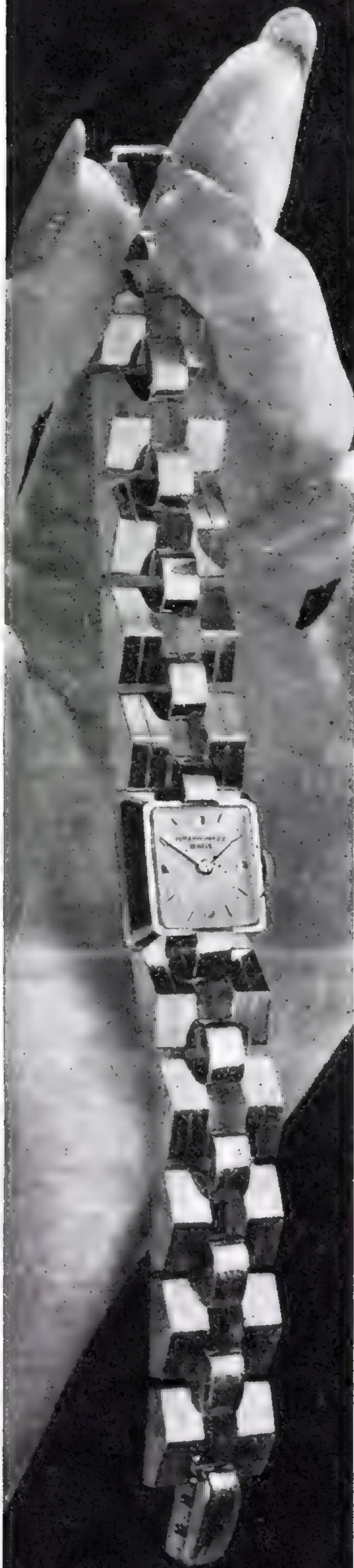
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north he told me he wanted a good *ovis dalli* sheep head, and when he said "good" he knew exactly what he meant. He had memorized the book of record heads. He had visited most of the museums. He had held conferences with everyone he could find who had ever killed a white big-horn. He could rattle off the case history of the record and the record-crowding heads—complete with data as to terrain, time of year, time of day, age of the guide, physical condition of the hunter, altitude, weather. I never found out why he selected me as guide. I think I was afraid to ask.

Matt wanted a ram whose horns would measure fifteen inches in basal circumference. I was reasonably confident I could arrange this for him, as I intended taking him into the Chugach Alps where the rams have uncommonly heavy horns. Their horns are not as long as those in other ranges, thirty-eight inches being the length of the average trophy head, whereas in the Chickaloon and White River countries the average length is forty inches; but you can count on a fifteen-inch basal circumference in the Chugaches if you have any luck at all. So I told Matt I thought he was a cinch to take the head he wanted.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll bet you fifty bucks we don't get a head that big."

Somebody had told him that the way to put a guide on his mettle was to make a tough request and then bet the guide he couldn't deliver. I took the bet. It was pretty apparent that in his research he hadn't included the Chugaches. We packed to the head of Carpenter Creek, and camped in the last spruces under the glaciated scarps of the main range. While we were putting up the tents I spotted a band of young rams lying eight hundred yards above us. It was a good sign, for it meant this was not a doe range. I knew that since the young rams were on the lower slopes, the old fellows with the heavy heads would be mastheaded on the tops of the peaks and the high ridges, waiting for the first snow and the beginning of the rutting season.

On a white sheep hunt in ragged country like this, seldom visited by hunters, you get your best breaks soon after your arrival, before the rams get the scent of your camp and see you moving about below them. Once you alarm them, they move back a couple of ridges, and then you have a mean job getting to them. So Matt and I were out before daybreak next morning, headed for the high hanging basins above camp. There had been a light snowfall here, and patches of snow still clung to the rocks above us, which made it difficult to locate the sheep. The weathered snow was almost exactly the same tint of cream-white as a ram's coat, so that you had to look for form and movement rather than color. We scanned the looping crestlines and the savagely splintered crags with our

Continued on page 178

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**Dude Guide's
Lament**

Continued from page 177

glasses until our eyes ached. Finally, moving farther into the basin, we suddenly saw a band of twelve large rams lying on a strip of meadow below a moraine dump. The wind was in our favor, and some huge tumbled boulders afforded us plenty of cover for a quick, easy stalk. When we were within two hundred yards of the animals, we settled down to the task of appraising their heads.

Estimating the dimensions of a ram's head is a meticulous business. Your eye sees only the diameter of a horn, yet the dimension that counts is circumference. Approximately a third of an inch of diameter will make a full inch of circumference—and an inch of circumference will make the difference between a fair trophy and a record-breaker. Trying to estimate diameter within a third of an inch at several hundred yards is a task which has caused many guides to swear they will give up dude-wrangling forever.

There were two wonderful rams in the band—big sheep, sleek and summer-fat, with clean, amber-colored horns. I knew I had never seen better heads. I was so excited that I had trouble holding the sixteen-power binoculars steady. I thought I must surely be mistaken, yet my best judgment told me that one of the rams had at least a sixteen-inch head, while the other was seventeen inches or better. The tips of the horns in each case came an inch above the eyesockets, which in this area meant they were about thirty-nine inches long. In short, there were two record-breaking rams here for the taking. I waited until I could control my voice, then pointed out the big ram and the runner-up. I told him both heads were better than fifteen inches, but didn't tell him how much.

"I'll make them get up," I said. "They'll stand looking at us a few seconds before they start climbing. That'll be your chance."

I stood up and took a few steps toward the sheep. They saw me instantly and bounded to their feet. For a moment they stood motionless, staring at us, then one of the younger rams shook his head and struck the ground a sharp blow with a front hoof. As if this were a signal, the two big rams started walking side by side across the grass in the direction of the cliffs. They were in step and so close together that you had the impression they were wearing an invisible harness. I said, "Remember—the big one is on the further side." At this point the smaller rams stampeded. They streamed across the grass, a scramble of snow-white bodies, their horns clashing together. The two big rams wheeled to join them, and this placed the big ram on the near side.

Matt fired, and to my dismay,



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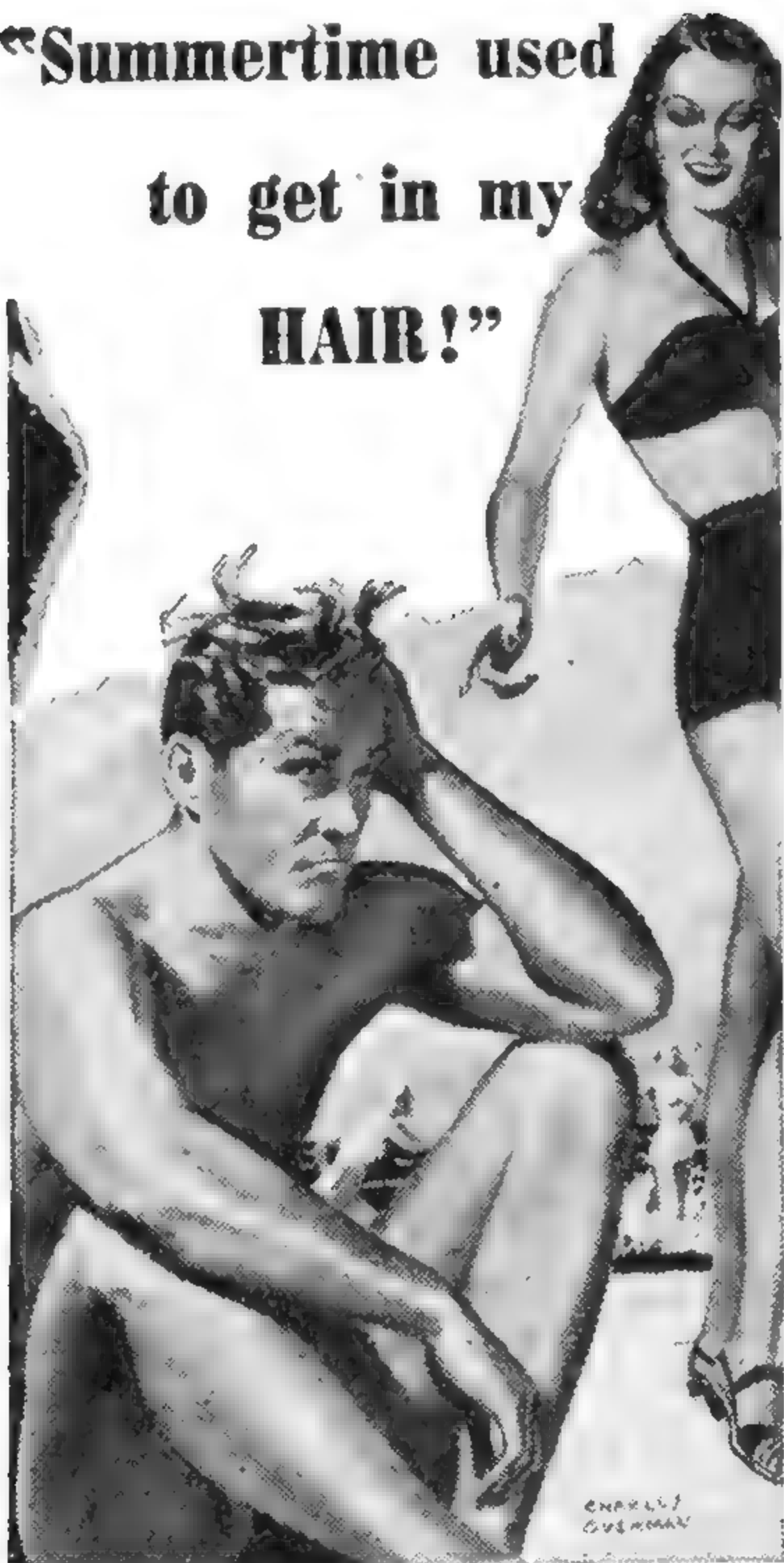
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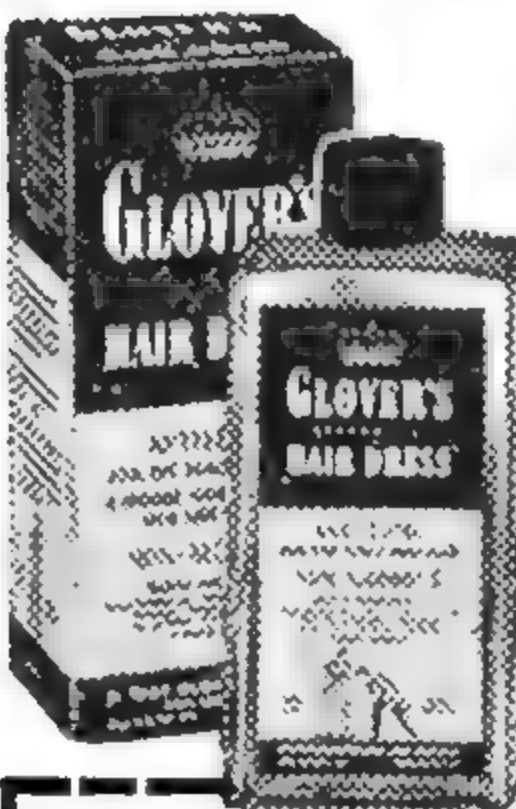
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I saw hair fly from the shoulder of the lesser of the pair. "Take the other one, too!" I said. I realized that when the rams turned it had confused him.

But Matt had had his chance. The big ram crowded in among the others and it was impossible, as the band fled pell mell among the rocks and washes, to get a clear shot at him. I didn't know what to say. We had just lost the finest sheep head I had ever seen, but there didn't seem to be any point in telling Matt this. He had taken a fine trophy, better than he had ever hoped to take, and if he knew what a terrific boner he had made it might spoil his triumph. So I kept my mouth shut. We went over to the dead ram and put the tape on his horns. They were thirty-nine and one-half inches long, and sixteen and one-eighth inches in basal circumference—a record, so far as I knew, for the latter measurement.

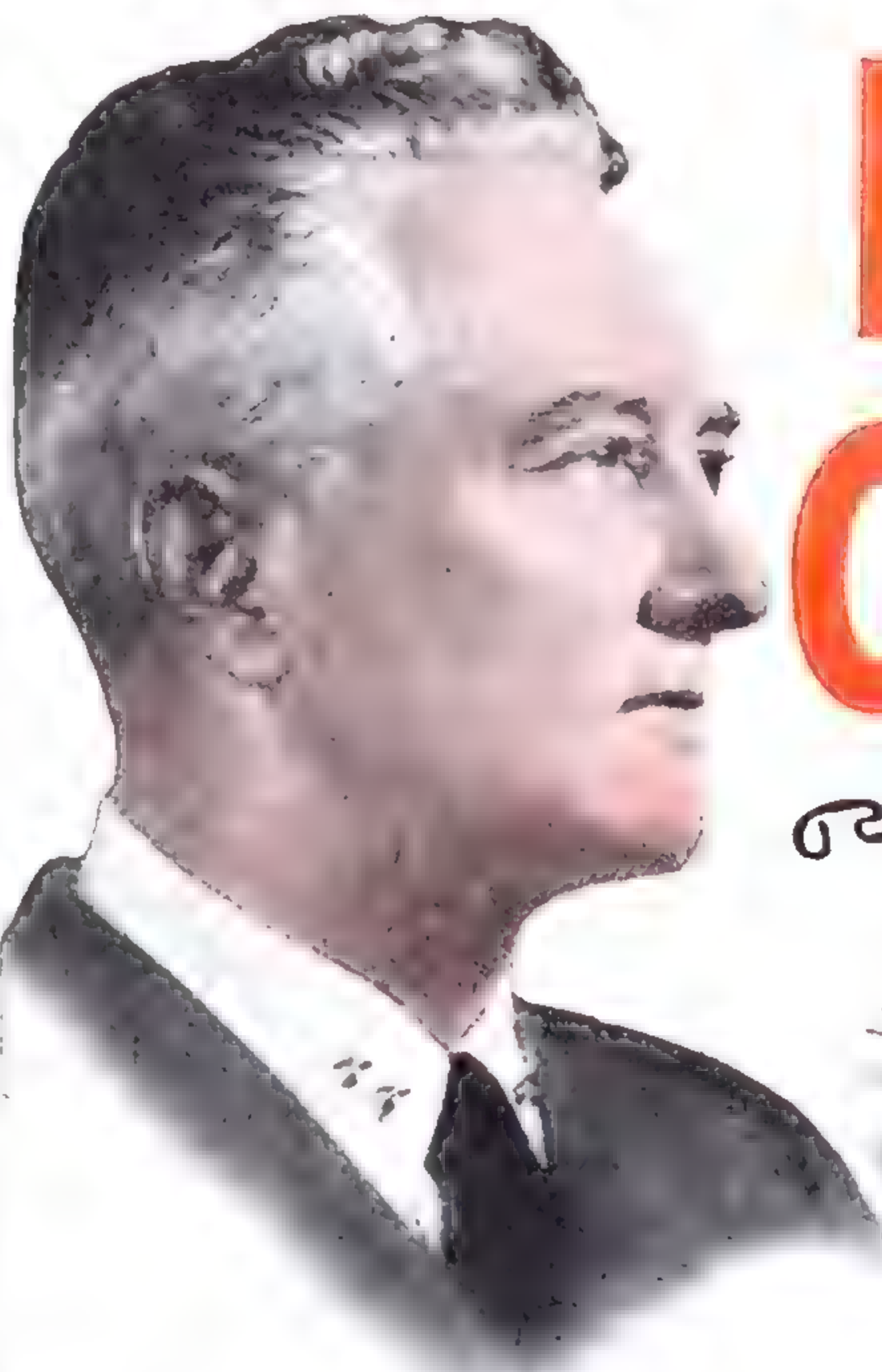
Matt was delighted, and acknowledged his debt of fifty dollars, but I noticed on the way back to camp that he was unusually preoccupied. Finally, he said, "You know, Rusty, I have a confession to make. Before I came on this hunt I put out a lot of effort to learn something about white sheep—and as a result I almost made a terrible mistake back there on the mountain. I thought the other ram, the one that got away, had the better head, and for a moment I was going to go against your judgment and take him. I'm certainly glad now that I didn't. I realize the mathematical chances of two record heads being in the same band are so one-sided as to rule out the possibility altogether."

Every guide has told himself, at one time and another, I suppose, that he has experienced the worst, and that no matter what fantastic things dudes might do to him in the future, they could only be repetitions. Then he discovers that his education has only begun, that the resourcefulness of dudes is infinite. As an illustration, consider something that happened in the Nelchina country during a hunt I made with a dude named Wally. We were after woodland caribou, and had camped at timberline in a wide willow-grown creek flat. A hard frost had killed the redtop grass, and because of this our horses tried every night to retreat back through the passes to their home range, where they knew the pasturage was better. Weary of walking after them every morning, I decided to keep a wrangling horse in camp. The one I chose was a venerable white gelding named Windy. The trouble was that Windy resented being tied. Moreover, he was lonesome for the other horses.

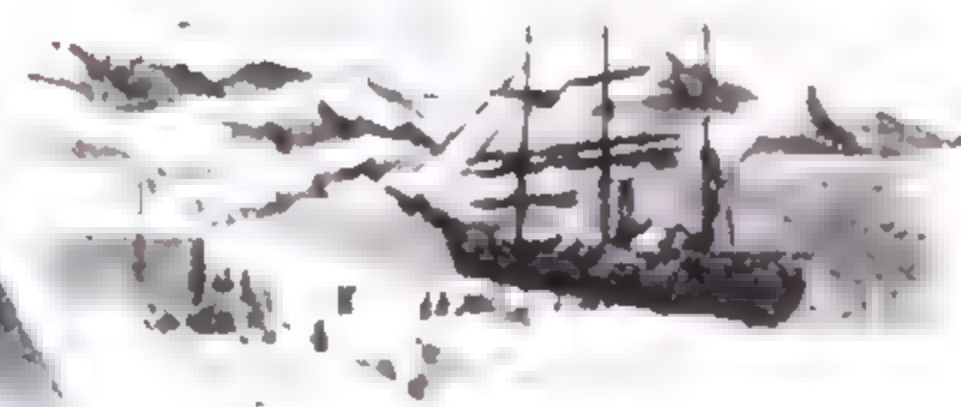
So, in the middle of the night, Windy began informing the countryside of his state of mind. He whickered, pawed the ground, snorted, and strained at his halter shank. Sleep was an impossibility unless you were accustomed to the lamentations of wrangling horses,

Continued on page 180

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Dude Guide's Lament

Continued from page 179

which Wally wasn't. He tossed in his sleeping robe, and cussed, and got up once to throw a stick of firewood at Windy. Windy continued to whicker, and he had a voice like a fire siren. At last, unable to take it any longer, Wally got up, slipped on his pacs, and went out to move the horse out of camp. I was asleep, but I vaguely heard him say he would take the slumber-destroying so-and-so down the bars somewhere and tie him there.

An hour or so later, I woke up very suddenly. It had just occurred to me that I hadn't heard Wally return. I lit a match. Wally wasn't in his bed. I dressed in a hurry. I had a dude lost somewhere out in the misty, fog-hung valley, dressed only in pajamas and pacs, and I was scared. I built up the campfire and began firing my rifle at thirty-second intervals. I put water on to heat and got out the first-aid kit. I broke out a flashlight and tried to follow Windy's tracks on the bars. But the flat was cut up with horse tracks, and I didn't have any success at all. I kept firing my rifle, and scouting both up and down the bars trying to find where the dude had tied Windy. I imagined all manner of dire things. Wally had fallen into a prospect shaft; Windy had kicked him and he

was lying unconscious somewhere in the willows; a grizzly had battered the daylights out of him. I was worrying myself sick.

But dudes are indestructible. Just as day was breaking over the summits, Wally walked into camp. I ran over and grabbed him and asked if he was all right. He seemed surprised by this show of concern.

"Nothing the matter with me," he asserted. "I took that damned horse into the timber and tied him, and then I missed camp on my way back and went a couple of miles downriver before I realized what I had done. Got a cigarette?"

That wasn't all of it, though. It just couldn't be. Wally stated presently that it was a good joke on him, but he couldn't remember where he had tied Windy. He had been pretty sleepy when he led the horse out of camp, and it was dark, and he guessed he hadn't paid much attention to his bearings. I scouted the timber five hours before I found Windy standing resignedly in the depth of a thicket. By this time our pack horses had back-trailed fifteen miles through the passes. I found them at dusk. It was midnight before I finished eating my supper and crawled into my sleeping bag.

Dudes are wonderful. ##

Continued from page 101

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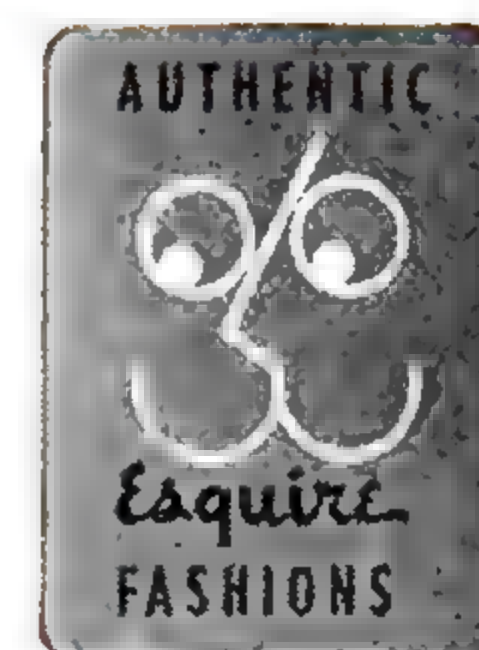


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Christopher C. voyaged in search of silks and madras, and didn't find them. But if he had waited for today's transatlantic planes, Columbus would have discovered Ameritex*! For the newest achievement of Ameritex Fabrics is a luxurious madras shirting. The yarns are vat-dyed and colorfast, the stripings are blended in rich good taste, and the cloth is Sanforized—shrinkage less than 1%. And Nelson Paige has tailored it with the creative style-feeling and precision that make this the finer shirt you've been looking for! Superbly made in Philadelphia by Mylish, Mann & Drucker.

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TWEEDS ON THE BOOKS

Drawing by J. N. C. Fenton

In the halls of higher learning, tweeds are still the all-time favorite because of their casual ease and wrinkle-resisting virtues. And plaid tweeds, such as that blue-and-red-overcheck sport jacket job, lead the wolf pack. This undergrad also takes to more

color in his wool tie and it all totals okay since he puts a plain blue shirt under it. His tooled-leather Western belt holding up his good grey flannels is a natural for this sort of informal comfort. His friend with the pipe wears a more conservative tweed

outfit. His blue herringbone suit, white Oxford shirt, foulard bow tie and snap-brim grey felt hat could get around off the campus as well as on, but he shows that he's true to the crew with his Argyle plaid wool socks and moccasin shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



A pretty sharp laddie was Sammy O'Rile
He always insisted on next Season's style...

But the shoes that our Sammy considered so neat
Tormented his toes and blistered his feet.

Then poor Samuel learned, yes Sammy got hep
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Now Sammy steps out —
ah, folks, what a sight!

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Style for *every* season, plus a kind of out-of-this-world comfort
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THE MATCHLESS BOURBON OF OLD KENTUCKY

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Horatio Alger, Jr.

Continued from page 80

Readers. Sex never reared its hideous head in any of his books, though, according to his biographer, Herbert R. Mayes, Alger had had an amorous adventure or two . . . one with a cabaret singer, another with a married woman. In the latter affair, the woman eventually tired of Alger and from that disappointment he is supposed never to have recovered.

It's Mr. Mayes' conviction that Alger wrote books for boys because he couldn't write books for men. With that theory I don't hold.

Except for his few brief amorous excursions, Alger was really the hero of his books. It has always been a theory of mine that no author writes "down." There are good writers and bad writers, but I believe that every writer is doing his best at the time of composition. If Alger had written down to his young public, he never would have become the immensely popular writer that he

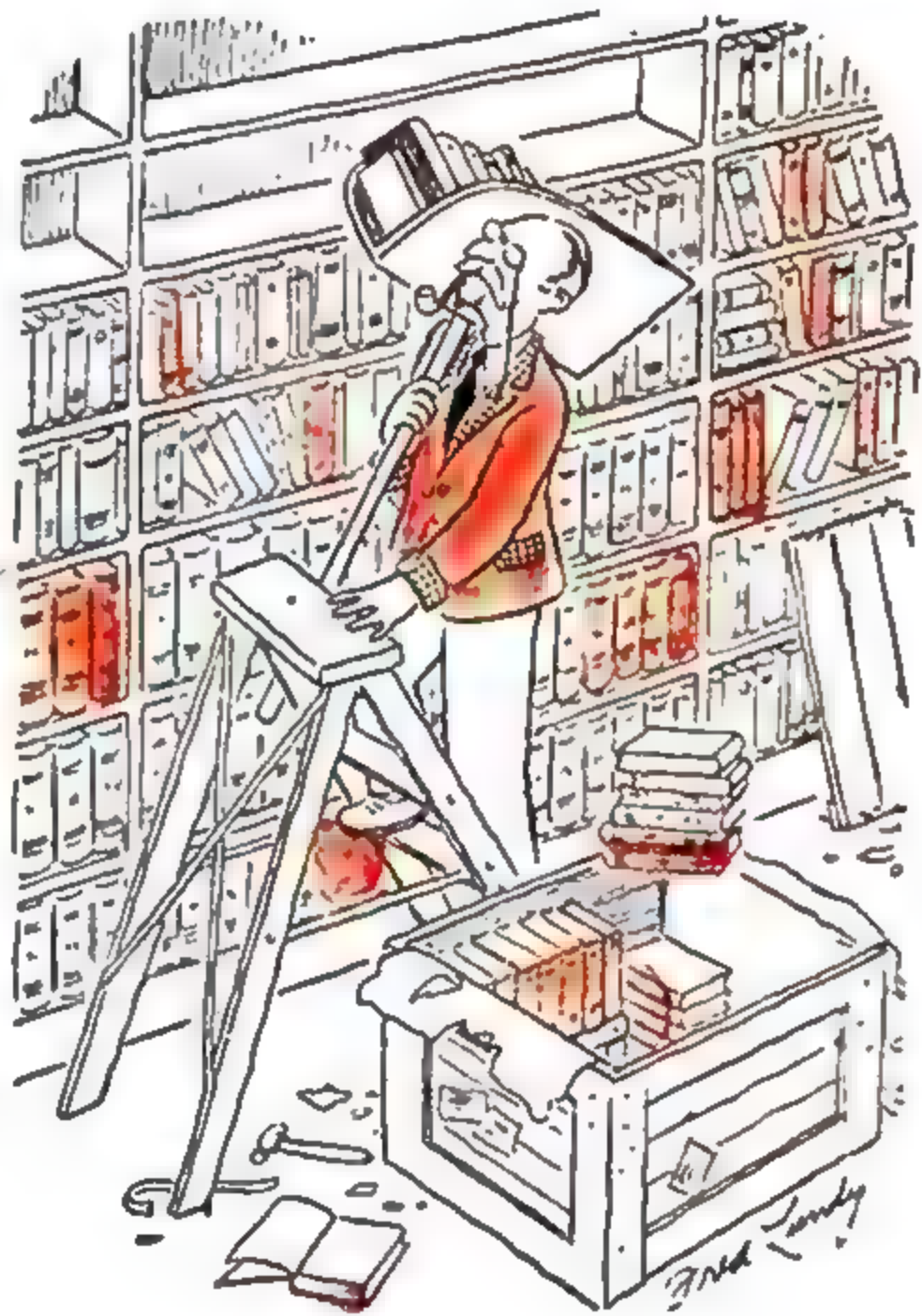
was. True, he was ambitious and, as the comedian always wants to play *Hamlet*, so Alger always wanted to do something Big. He never did. He was a bad writer, though his readers probably didn't realize it. I confess that I can still read an Alger book—I read

a lot of them for what writers call Getting into the Mood.

It may be forgotten that Alger, a Harvard man who knew his French, his Greek and his Latin, was a great boy for that part of American history which concerns itself with the obscure man becoming prominent. He wrote a boy's life of President Garfield: *From Canal Boy to President*. He

wrote the story of Abraham Lincoln: *The Backwoods Boy*. One of his heroes was Daniel Webster, glorified in *From Farm Boy to Senator*. He was, in fact, such a Webster fan that his *Sink or Swim* begins with a quotation from Webster, although neither the boy

Continued on page 186



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Arctic FEATHER & DOWN CO.
SEATTLE 4, WASH.

Horatio Alger, Jr.

Continued from page 185

who recites it nor Alger gives Webster credit:

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote!"

"These words were declaimed in a clear ringing voice from the platform of the Vernon High School. The speaker was a boy of fifteen, well-knit and vigorous, with a frank, manly expression and a prepossessing face. His dark, intellectual brow, as he faced his schoolmates, was one of ease and unconscious grace."

Harry Raymond, the Alger hero who spoke Webster's stuff, had Webster's "dark, intellectual brow," but when I read the book, I thought that Alger himself had made up the high school oration.

Alger was a courageous, crusading minister at heart. In *Phil the Fiddler*, he lashed out against the padrone system of working young children, particularly children of Italian immigrants, in New York. As a result, his life was threatened, but he wasn't intimidated. Through his book and the efforts of many other men, the New York legislature passed the first law aimed at preventing cruelty to children.

His hatred of poverty, his real sympathy for underprivileged boys, caused Alger to help in dozens of cases of need. Often, I suppose, he was gypped; I doubt that he ever said no to a touch. No businessman, he sold most of his books outright for only fair prices. Otherwise, I can't see why he did not die wealthy.

I cannot find exact sales records of the Alger books, singly or wholly. Unofficial estimates range from 120 to 125 million copies... at a cost of one dollar and twenty-five cents a volume. Now the books are banned in many public libraries and have never made an appearance on the bookshelves of most youthful readers.

Alger was a good man who wrote of boys not as they are, but as he thought they should be. Thousands of boys wanted to be like his heroes when they grew up to the remote age of sixteen, for all were worthy and handsome in spite of grimy face and patched (neatly by widowed mother) pants.

Popularity like Alger's has been defined as a triumph of mediocrity. I don't know. Popularity and genius may be related, but Alger's subcutaneous brothers also were no geniuses: Stephen Foster, Henry W. Longfellow, George F. Root, Zane Grey, Charles K. Harris and Irving Berlin. But everybody knows their writing or their music.

When all the Alger books are republished, I shall get the whole lot of them, ostensibly for my youngest boy, who may not want to read them instead of going to a rotten old movie, but I am sure I can tempt him to reread *Ben the Luggage Boy* any night when the homework is unusually irksome. #

Continued from page 80



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1 oz. White Creme de Menthe,
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Voodoo, Shango and the Black Arts

Continued from page 71

the foot of the altar. He then mumbled a jumble of words in a singsong tone, stood up, rubbed four black, jagged-edged stones in the palms of his hands and rolled them out over the star as though he were shooting craps. Suddenly one of the stones came to a stop, and then another, and both stood suspended on a jagged point for a few seconds before rolling over.

"The sign of the Obi," my friend whispered to me. The priest mumbled some more words at the altar, after which he informed me that the spirits had spoken and assured him that my problem could be solved. He then left the hut and returned with a young man in his late teens who proved to be the sorcerer's apprentice. In the manner of a doctor and an intern, they discussed my case at some length. They finally came up with a plan to direct a spirit into the woman's soul which would cause her to lift the phonograph and drop it on the floor, thus putting the machine out of order. The séance wound up in assurance that the spirit would work on my problem at once.

In a sense, the story from here on is not sensational. The records did not break, nor did the phonograph, and the woman remained sound of mind and body. But she never again, to my knowledge, played a recording of jazz music. After three days of silence I called on her. She mixed a couple of rum drinks, and as we sipped them I suggested she play the phonograph. Later, she said. And it wasn't until after the third drink that she rose, chose a record, and out of the phonograph came the soothing strains of *La Paloma*!

Of all the black phenomena of Obeahmen and other conjurers, the zombi is perhaps the easiest to explain. I have never met nor have I seen a zombi, but I have met those who say they have, and a number of reputable writers and explorers can show you snapshots of zombis which they claim to have taken. It is my opinion that zombis do exist.

The followers of Vodun believe that the more artful bocors and houngans have the power to hypnotize a victim and cause him to simulate death. He is then buried by his relatives and shortly thereafter disinterred by the sorcerers, who administer an antidote that revives his consciousness. The victim is then promptly hypnotized again and cast into a state somewhere between life and death, with all memory and sense of identity gone. Having become a human robot, he will obey every command, and as all the power of his mind has gone into his body, he has superhuman strength.

The above is the Voodooists' own explanation for zombis. Some scientists explain the phenomenon by citing the power of secret drugs. In 1935, there appeared a book called *The Empire of the Snakes*,

Continued on page 188

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huge free-spirited handsome
cakes of mild rich bath
soap—box of 4—\$1.00



Voodoo, Shango and the Black Arts

Continued from page 187

by F. G. Carnochan and Hans Christian Anderson which cast some light on the question. While exploring Africa in search of primitive methods of immunization against snake bite, Carnochan had come upon a drug of mysterious quality known as kingoliolo. Its origin was a bushlike plant with long, narrow, glossy-green leaves and cable-like roots that produced a powder that was said to turn men into marionettes.

Carnochan related the amazing tale of a young Negro who had a drug called yaralunul rubbed on his tongue by the chief sorcerer. The young Negro was ordered to place his tongue—which must have been inordinately long—on a wooden stool. A nail-like thorn was then driven through the tongue into the stool and the young man was ordered to stand erect, lifting the heavy stool with his tongue. The Negro showed no signs of suffering as the stool dangled from his tongue.

Carnochan later presented samples of the powder to a medical college for analysis and experimentation. He also did a little experimenting upon himself, taking a small dose and reporting that while he maintained consciousness, the part of his brain that governs the motor nerves became paralyzed. The Negro's condition was that of a zombi, and Carnochan had become a zombi in part.

Vodun and Shango, which must have in the neighborhood of five to six million followers in the West Indies, are not separate religions. Their separate identities arise mainly from the fact that they call the same things by different names. Early slave traders brought shiploads of African Negroes from different sections of the continent, so that few could understand the language of the others, and there would be less danger of rebellion. As a result, different names and spellings of the same names and things are to be found throughout the West Indies, even among homogeneous groups of people. Obeah, which we have already discussed, is not a religion. It is necromancy, or black magic. Virtually all Voodooists and Shangoists believe in Obeah, and, as we shall see presently, the arts of black magic enter into the ceremonies of Vodun and Shango. For that matter, so does Christianity.

Around the altars of the Vodun and Shango god-spirits and the Priests of Obeah, there hang oleographs of several Christian saints, St. Michael in particular, and St. Patrick and the Virgin Mary. For example, the Voduns' pagan Venus, Grando Erzilio, has become blended in their thinking with the Virgin Mary. The natives, who attend Christian churches regularly, are taught that the Virgin Mary is the spiritual essence of all that is good in womanhood:

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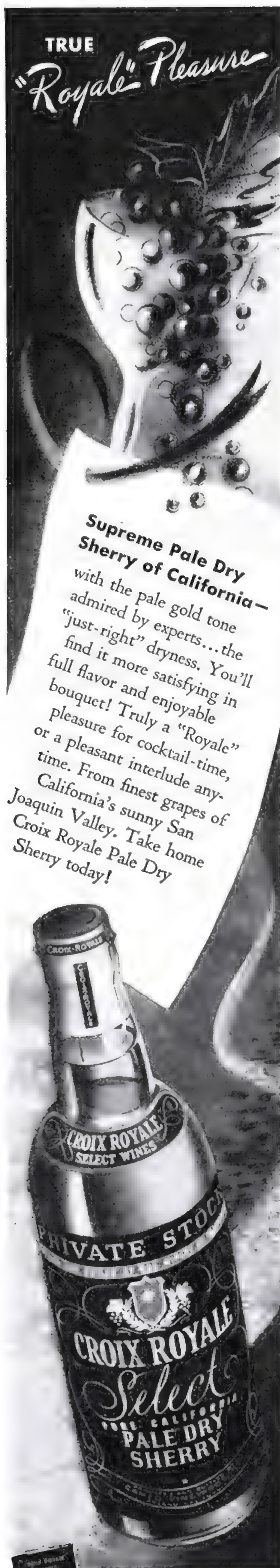
Personna is made of premium steel...hollow-ground for extra keenness...rust-resistant for longer use. Spend a little more to get Personna...and get a lot more shaving comfort!

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therefore her picture is the reflection of the Spirit Grando Erzilio.

Shango adopted St. Michael, whose role is that of a bouncer and whose main task is to keep the Devil away. Just preceding the ceremonies that are to last three days and three nights, the Spirit of St. Michael possesses the soul of the Shango King. As St. Michael he waves a long, shining cutlass with which he duels the Devil and decapitates a goat and a cock as sacrifices to the spirit.

Sometimes the Shango King become St. Michael also becomes Astrogat, Prince of Darkness. Once when this happened, I witnessed a gory spectacle. Dawn had just broken over the top of a near-by mountain—the signal for St. Michael to make the sacrifice. My Shango friend and I arrived on the side of a hill, where the Shangoists surrounded their King become St. Michael, just as the goat's head rolled away from its body. But there was a cock yet to be sacrificed. St. Michael, his sword slashing the air, danced around the headless goat, then turned to the squawking cock and decapitated it with a single swipe of his blade. The gasps of the Shangoists filled the air. They knew immediately something I did not know: that Astrogat had struck and now possessed the soul of St. Michael. Under the spell of Astrogat, the King, an enormous, wonderfully-built Negro, grabbed the lifeless body of the cock, the blood still squirting from it, and thrust its shredded neck into his cavernous mouth. He then danced into the Parley (the temple of worship which in Haiti is called the Tonnelle) where three men beat furiously on tambours and a fourth rattled shac-shacs.

His dance mounted in frenzy and came to a climax when he fell to the ground choking, and then appeared to lose consciousness. He was carried to the houm-for, a room adjoining the Parley, and left there to await the departure of the Prince of Darkness.

Suddenly a wrinkled old woman, an octogenarian at least, leaped to her feet from a bench on the far side, screamed, shook her body and undulated her arms, collapsed and lay on the floor squirming and moaning. Two men rushed to relieve her of her shoes, as is the custom at such moments. Then she leaped back on her feet, no longer an old Negress but Osang, fire coufé, magically lithe, now swaying, now abandoning herself to the mad dance, whirling and stomping to the beat of the tambours. She caught up a burning candle and held it under the palm of her hand. Then she held it against her cheek, and throwing up her skirt, she put the flame against the curve of her thigh and the calf of her leg, and jumping erect, thrust it into her mouth, all the while dancing to the beat of the drums. She eventually made her exit in the manner of St. Michael become Astrogat.

Throughout the day the Powers came and went and the Shangoists
Continued on page 190

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Voodoo, Shango and the Black Arts

Continued from page 189

passed around carafes of rum and danced. Following dusk, the first of the Powers to strike was Ajaja, Spirit of Water. Her entry produced the most remarkable exhibition of dancing it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

I had observed the girl earlier, her scarlet dress clinging tightly to a shapely body. Now, stripped of her shoes, she raced across the Parley to the drummers, knelt and placed her head against the base of the small drum, Congo, and then the next in size, Amalay, and then against the base of the large drum, Mama, swaying on her knees all the while. Then she jumped to her feet, placed a clay jug filled with water upon her head and abandoned herself to the beat of the tambours and the shac-shacs. The jug remained beautifully poised atop her swaying head, and not a single drop of water was lost from the jug until she went from one person to the other and offered us sips of the celestial water. She was a symphony, a fairy-queen come to earth—now an animalistic enchantress, now a charming danseuse.

There are as many god-spirits in Vodun as there are in Shango. Besides those already mentioned there are Damballa Oueddo, Master of Heaven; General Anglesseu, the Bucket of Blood, who might be described as Astrogat's counterpart; Papa Legba, Guardian of the Gates, and numerous other African gods. Finally, the Vodons of Haiti have one god known only to Haitians, our old friend Papa Gedenibo, the plebeian loa.

As in the Shango ceremonies, the loas of Vodun "possess" their worshippers, and through them have their say. In Haiti it is called "mounting." The mounted is called a "horse," and the first thing one mounted cries out is "Parlay cheval ou," Creole for "Tell my horse..." Papa Gedenibo usually has plenty to tell his horse. He mocks the officials of Port-au-Prince, fires satirically bawdy jokes at them, and cracks wise at the expense of the upper-crust Haitians. Ex-President Elio Lescot is not the first man he has helped to topple from power. Whenever the mass of Haitian peasants and workers rise up against their government, Papa Gedenibo, or Guédé as he is sometimes called, has a hand in the making of Haitian history.

Decidedly, Vodun, Shango and the arts of black magic have a future just as they have a past. The legislators can legislate against them, and the educators can educate against them, and while certain obviously absurd superstitions may disappear, the hard core of West Indian belief in these religions will remain so long as they cannot be explained out of existence.

And Papa Gedenibo, in one form or other, being immortal, is good for eternity. ‡

Continued from page 71

WHEN YOU'RE ALL SET
TO PUT OVER A BIG DEAL...



AND YOUR WHISKERS
ARE SPROUTING LIKE
CROCUSES IN APRIL....



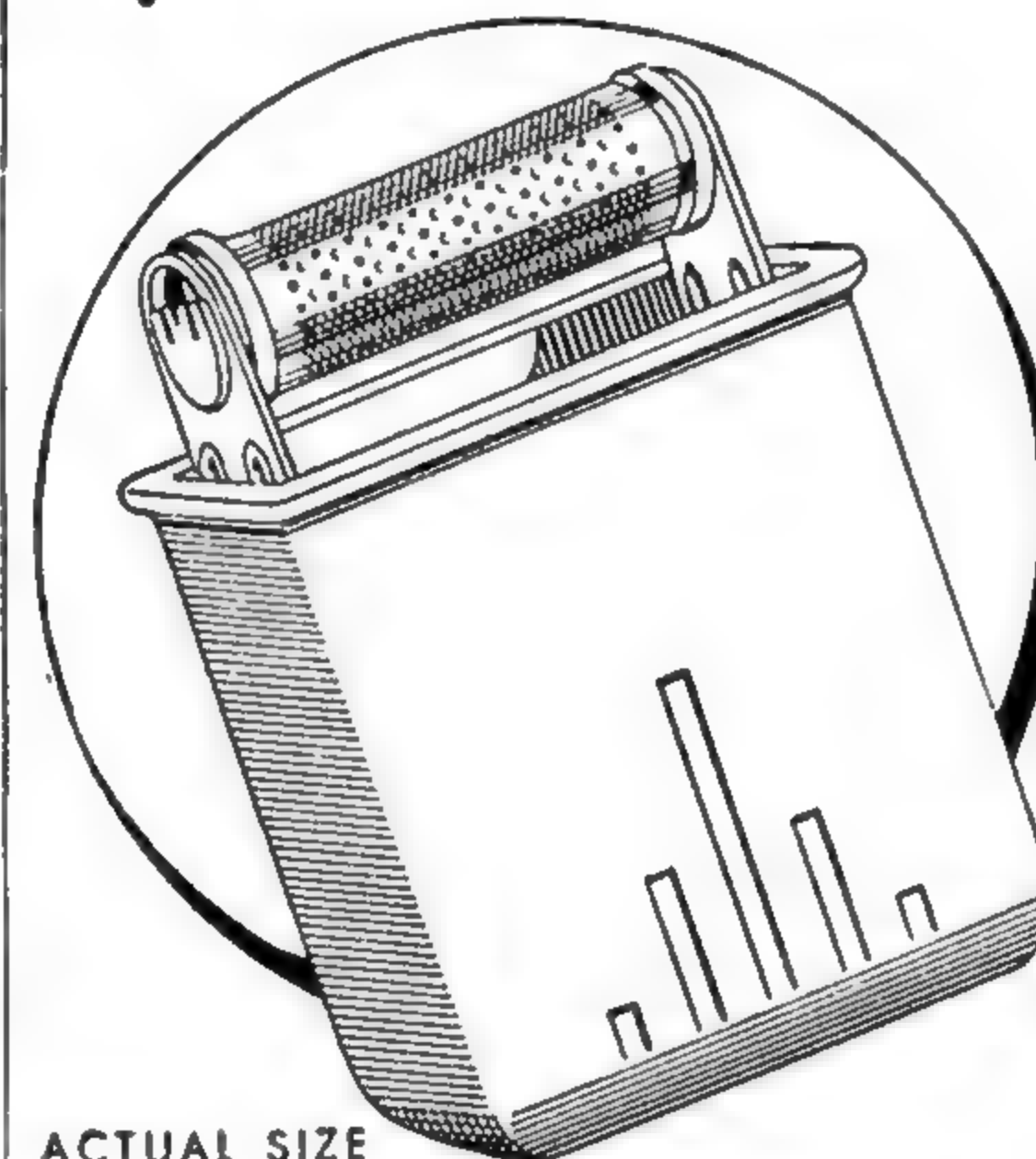
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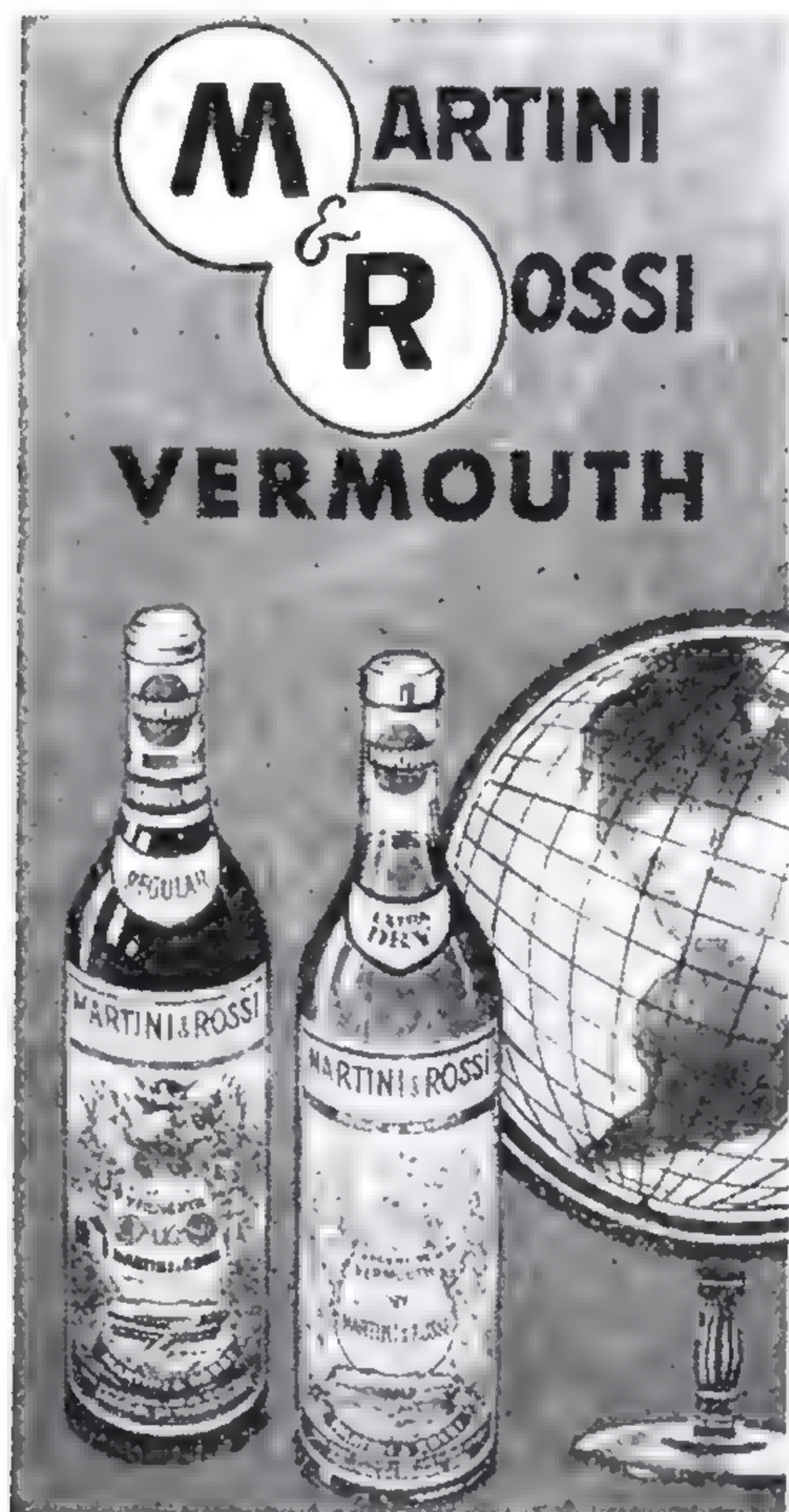
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PRODUCT OF THE ARGENTINE

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

Esq. offered for adoption

I have a rather peculiar request to make of you. I have been subscribing to Esquire for ten years now and I saved practically all the issues from 1936 until the war started, as part of my personal library. I stored the copies away during the war years but now that I am out of the service I am still not settled in one place and shall probably continue in this predicament for some time to come. It will not be possible to move the magazines around with me and I would like a suggestion from you as to some fitting disposition to make of them. Of course the magazines could be turned in for scrap paper but they mean more to me than that and I believe they might to some serviceman. I shall appreciate any suggestions you make.



DELL LOYLES
Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida

EDITOR'S NOTE: Frequent appeals for back issues of Esquire from servicemen have met with generous response from our readers. We know there are many soldiers, sailors and marines stationed in foreign lands who would welcome offers like the one printed above. We are, therefore, glad to open an exchange of addresses for potential donors and receivers of back issues of Esquire.

calling GI writers

I am working on a series of anthologies in connection with the war in the Far East and its aftermath. Three of the books have been completed, and, up till now, they have consisted entirely in contributions from the British Forces. I hope in the next and subsequent issues of the books to introduce some American service writing from men who have seen service during and after the war in India, Burma, Malaya, the Pacific Islands, Japan and South East Asia generally.



The material can consist of poems, short stories, reportage or extracts from private letters; cartoons and sketches. The short stories can be of any length (up to about 6,000 words); travel notes and descriptive writing can be of a similar length. I value most a fresh, democratic approach to Far East events and problems, and an awareness of the effects both of service life out there on the individuals who took part in it, and of the impact of Allied services on these backward areas.

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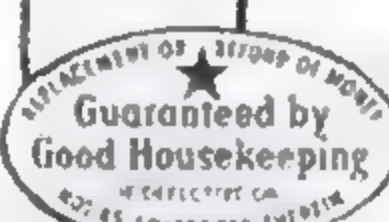
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America's First Gin

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.

The Greeks Have a Taste for It

Continued from page 89

amazing thing about Pappas' place is that, despite the volume of business handled there, it looks more like a hash house in the hinterlands of Georgia or Wyoming than a famed tourist resort. Coat hooks line the wall of the main dining room. A big fuel-oil heater centers the floor for hurrying waitresses to circle on each trip from the kitchen. A couple of art calendars, one bearing a female figure, hang askew from the coat hooks, and a portrait of President Truman in full color occupies a prominent place on the cream wall. Cases of empty beer bottles fill spare corners, a battered high chair waits wearily for its next yelling occupant. The array of OPA ceiling prices, which nobody bothers to read, is plastered on one wall. But despite the lack of Doric columns, tablecloths and flowers, the patrons of the Riverside Café say they like it for the "atmosphere."

A waitress conscientiously types out fifteen menus a day, mostly from habit, because nobody ever uses them. The Greek patrons know what they want, and the tourists have to have each dish explained in detail anyway.

Often at Pappas' the formalities are dispensed with altogether and a customer will fetch his own silverware, cut his own bread from the oversize loaves two feet long, and yell through the window how he likes his beef stew with potatoes. The self-service idea extends even to the bar, where you may open your own bottle of beer or fix your own chaser.

"We want you to feel at home, honey," says ample "Momma" Pappas. Everybody calls her "honey." She runs her own curio store next door while not in the restaurant. "Everybody does what he wants to. We don't put on a fancy show because our customers would leave if we did." There have been plans for a super-Greek restaurant, built like a sponge boat and with nets and diving suits hanging around, but protests of old-timers thus far have discouraged the new enterprise.

Although the diners may be sitting in stiff formality, munching and conversing in low tones, the discreet hubbub changes to a supercharged roar when the divers come in. "They are so picturesque," buxom matrons murmur as they watch, goggle-eyed. And it's true there are many characters in the sponge fleet.

Best-known is Rummy Frank, who when sober is one of the fleet's best deck hands. When he is ashore, however, Rummy Frank makes the rounds of cafés and bars, soaking up the high-powered Mustica, 100-proof Anaset, beer, anything that gets in his way. Before the night is over he'll wind up at Pappas' to perform the Evzone dance, Zebekiko, with a knife. At that time he be-

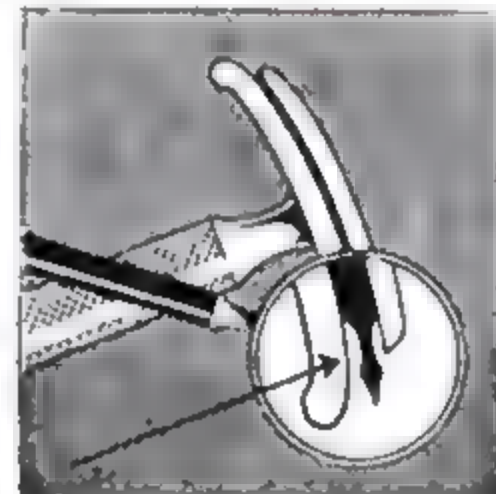
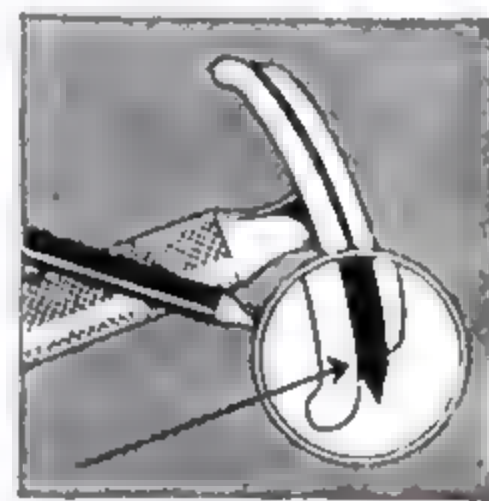
"I knew there'd be a better blade someday..."



.. and now there is- PAL HOLLOW GROUND

On the Pullmans, at fishing camps, in the clubs—shaving conversation these days seems to be all about Pal, the wonder blade.

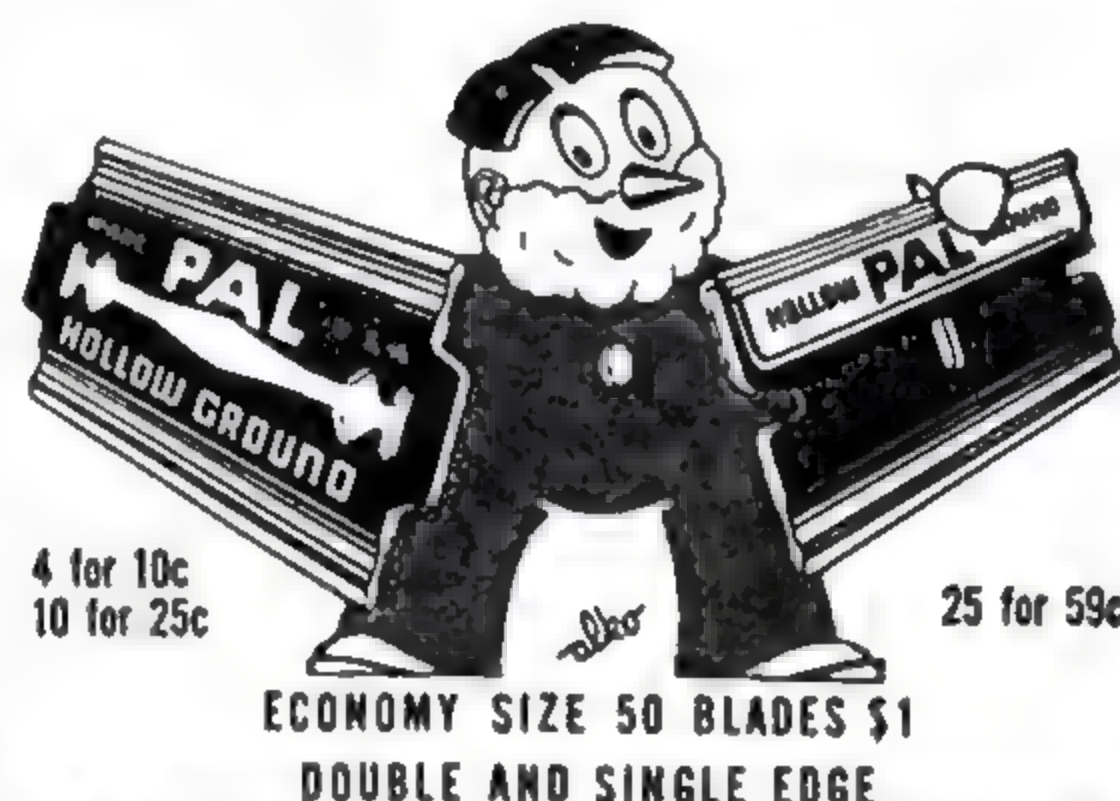
You see, other razor blades are ground like a pocket knife, and the edges are rigid in the razor ➤



➤ But Pal blades are different—Leather Strapped and Hollow Ground like a barber's razor, and edges are flexible in razor.

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MADE BY **Plymouth** OF BOSTON

comes a bladed whirling dervish.

It starts when somebody puts a nickel in the bilingual juke organ and plays one of the Greek dance pieces like *Eleni-H-Zondochira*—Helen, the divorcee—or *Apopse-an-Thellis*, which is intriguingly translated as *Tonight If You Want*. Rummy Frank suddenly puts down his glass of Mustica, darts into the kitchen, and returns momentarily with a two-foot-long butcher knife used to carve roast lamb. Then the show begins.

Whirling, bobbing, ducking, Rummy whips around a hastily-cleared circle. The brandished knife blade looks like a Fourth-of-July sparkler as it swishes in the light. The seaman's rubber boots beat a muffled, thudding tattoo on the floor, punctuating the stringed wailing of the orchestra.

Stamping feet and clapping hands in offset rhythm, other spongers at the back table applaud their comrade as the knife suddenly rides between clenched teeth in pirate style. A fascinated woman spectator screams as Rummy dashes the giant blade into the floor and revolves in tight circles around its still-trembling handle. Then with a final flourish the knife suddenly returns to the air in frenzied flashes and is tossed to the salad counter. Rummy Frank staggers to the battered bar to toss off his remaining drink, and the dance is over. No spectator ever has been injured during this exhibition, although once Rummy cut himself.

Another of Pappas' "characters" is picturesque Costas Petusis, whose double-forked greying beard gives him the appearance of a Bible prophet. Old Costas, partially paralyzed, stands by a soapbox most of the day outside the restaurant, his long curls flowing from under an ancient cap. He sells parking spaces to visitors unable to find a vacant spot on Dodecanese Drive and poses graciously for artists as long as the painting doesn't interfere with his parking-lot trade. Occasionally he will leave his soapbox to hobble into Pappas' for a glass to fortify his vigil, and once a facetious painter got a sketch of him in this pose. Costas didn't like it.

Then there's "Pop," known as the beachcomber, who lives in a resurrected old cabin cruiser that once sank in the Anclote River. Salvaged and hauled ashore, Pop's home on the opposite bank is visible from Pappas', its string of weather-beaten laundry flying like signal flags above the dilapidated cabin hulk. A confidant of generals, governors and garbage-men alike, Pop holds court in the Riverside Café almost nightly. Once in a while he falls overboard on his rowboat trip back to his nautical home, but each time so far he has been fished out with no loss of life or aplomb.

Wealthy Joe Knight, who treats every serviceman in the place, always signs his checks at Pappas' with the picture of a cat. The banks refuse to honor a check on his account unless it is signed with

Continued on page 194


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PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Greeks Have a Taste for It

Continued from page 193

the double circle and pointed ears.

Another wealthy patron comes to Tarpon Springs from his Chicago home every year to enjoy the sunshine and Greek food. Known only to the habitués as "Scotch Greek," he occasionally will pull out tattered newspaper clippings. The clippings tell how he raises flowers and distributes them free to the ill and shut-ins of Chicago.

Perhaps the oddest character of them all, however, is grizzled, paunchy Louis Pappas himself. Now fifty-seven, Louis Pappas still does most of the cooking, so is seldom seen in the front of the restaurant. But the black-handled swinging door into the kitchen is the open-sesame to any of his friends. And many push back to talk amidst the clatter of dishes and the aroma of stews and roasts. Mostly it is just conversation, but sometimes it is an emergency. Earnings from the sponge trip may have been lost in a dice game and could Louis extend credit until the next trip? Louis readily nods his head. Illness may have stricken the family, and could Louis help with the doctor bill? Again Louis nods. Once "Poppa" Pappas removed his apron, left his kitchen, and rushed in his car to Tampa to carry a stricken sponger to the Pappas family doctor. Many are the bills for 500 dollars and more he has torn up and forgotten, although this has not been so necessary since the high price of sponges—twenty dollars a pound—brought prosperity to the lowliest deck hand.

But main attraction of the Riverside Café is Pappas' daughter Bertha, shapely Diana-like Bertha, whose engagement to Tony Houllis provided the excuse for the most lavish party the little restaurant had ever undergone. Poppa Pappas roasted four lambs, two pigs, dozens of pompano, and erected Greek salads by the hundred. That night 300 friends reveled until the tiny hours, downing quart after quart of Mustica and clearing the camellia-covered tables of every vestige of sugar-coated almonds, olives, goats'-milk cheese, potato salad and a host of other items.

Like most other Tarpon Springs children of Greek parentage, Bertha attended public school during the daytime and went to the little Greek school in the evening. When she grew older, she became the belle of the Greek community, serving as Miss America of the annual Epiphany celebration parade five years in a row. So when she grew up, it was only natural she should marry one of the heroes of the Epiphany celebration—the young man who captured the golden cross after it had been tossed into the chilly waters of Spring Bayou by the bishop of the Greek Orthodox church. The one who retrieves the cross is sup-



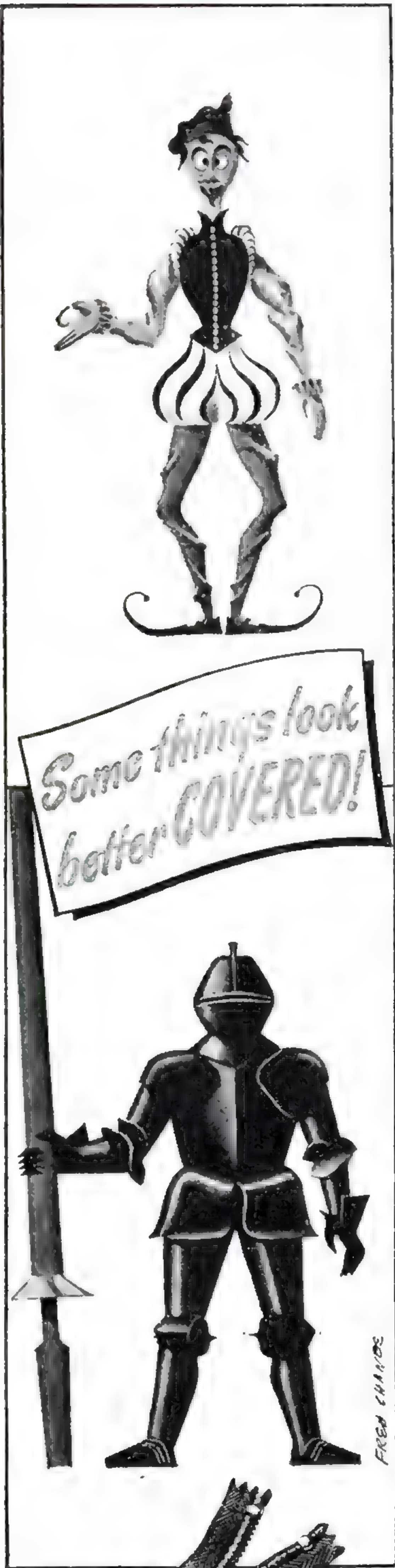
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posed to have good luck, and so Tony Houllis won Bertha Pappas.

When Bertha's brothers and Tony were called into service during the war, the task of running the Riverside Café's dining rooms fell to Bertha. More practical than some, Bertha soundly berated her father for his open-handed distribution of profits, and now only the needy find free food at Pappas. "Somebody who needs food is all right," she told him, "but no more barflies."

Her biggest trial has been the day of days—Epiphany. Then thousands upon thousands of visitors throng the narrow streets to watch the colorful ceremonies, and afterward everyone heads for the waterfront to enjoy a Greek-styledinner. Disentangling her illusion veil from the shoulder eagles of a colonel in the parade was nothing like the rush to get to the restaurant in time to help serve the milling crowds, standing in line for two blocks. One year she was so chilled by the exposure in her flimsy costume on the wind-swept raft where the bishop stood that she went to bed for three weeks with influenza. But the rest of the time she survived one ordeal in time to start another. One year, while short of help, she persuaded the other members of her court to help her, so guests were treated to the rare sight of Miss America, together with Misses England, Russia, Greece and China in flowing gowns—waiting tables.

Poppa Pappas was well-prepared for a big rush, but he had no room for all the food necessary to feed the waiting hordes. Salads were stacked on every shelf, flour barrel and table in the kitchen. In the dining room customers were sitting on table edges, on beer crates, on the bar—they even were eating off the top of the stove. Some carried their plates into the back yard, gulping their viands amid the drying sponges and weathering coral stored there for Momma Pappas' curio shop. The Roka just beginning to shape up in the little garden was trampled, and the goat was so humiliated milk delivery was delayed.

That was the time to see Louis Pappas in real action, turning out his salads individually with production-line speed. First he placed a ball of potato salad on a carpet of lettuce leaves, then stacked lengthwise slices of cucumber lean-to style against the potato heap. Ripe tomatoes, reddened on the vines of his 160-acre ranch two miles away, were quartered and placed between the cucumbers. Sliced rapidly, chunks of avocado pear were flipped into place, and then tiny green onions were leaned perpendicularly against the structure. By this time it seemed the unwieldy vegetable edifice could contain nothing more, but Pappas was only half through. Boiled egg slices next were neatly plastered against the sides. Greek cheese, known as *Feta*, was mingled with black olives, Salonika peppers, Greek

Continued on page 196



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The Greeks Have a Taste for It

Continued from page 195

watercress, and laid gently onto cracks and corners. Now Louis picked up two ginger ale bottles, one filled with olive oil, the other with specially seasoned vinegar, and began dousing the six-inch-high creation like a barber giving a three-dollar shampoo.

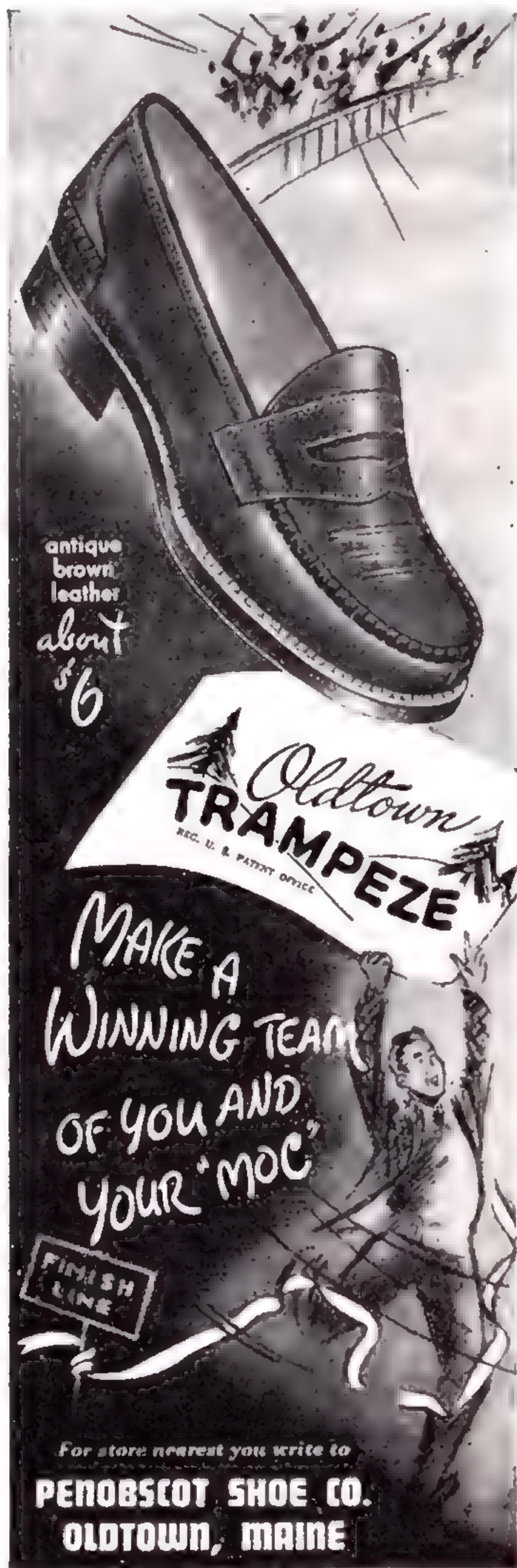
As it may be three months before Pappas repeats a special dish on his menu, you may be counted fortunate as a diver retrieving the golden cross if you partake of his stuffed dishes. Ground beef forms the basis for the stuffing. Braised with butter, the meat is mixed with chopped onions, mint, garlic whiffs, parsley, raw rice and condiments, and cooked in beef stock.

Meanwhile Louis pops back and forth scooping out ripe tomatoes, green peppers, Greek squash, or most any vegetable in season, and washing fresh cabbage and grapevine leaves. Then comes the stuffing process, a task as delicate as rolling a cigarette with one hand. The cooked meat and rice combination is dropped on the cabbage and grape leaves and Pappas tucks in each end before rolling each leaf in a little cocoon. More of the cooked mixture is poked into the scooped vegetables. What the waiter bears to the table then may be described only as a food painting in brilliant hues of red, green, yellow, brown and orange. The colors may be changed, but the flavor is improved by addition of a hot sauce of lemon juice, beef stock, whipped eggs and cornstarch that has been already cooked. Plus decorations of cheese, olives and parsley, the dish will work up an appetite in a man who has eaten a full meal only five minutes before.

It may be that you just want a bottle of beer and something to fill in the corners. That's where Louis Pappas' fried shrimp comes in, and he sells 400 pounds of them a week just for this purpose. Rolling the peeled Louisiana shrimp lightly in flour, he drops them into a deep pan of olive oil and butter. Bare moments later he lifts them brown and curled onto a platter, perhaps to be served with a small salad and cheese. Sometimes he fixes them with the "jackets" on, when he dumps the whole shrimp into salted water. The miniature lobster, especially beloved by the beer boys, is then peeled by finger and consumed to the tail, which serves as an individual handle.

After you've gorged yourself in the Greek manner, you may want to take a stroll along the sponge docks to "shake it down" as one rotund visitor put it. You'll goggle at the elderly Greek bent almost double, his head supported by a sling strung on a pole strapped to his back. He's an old diver, stricken once by the bends when he came up from deep water too fast. You'll look with interest

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at the names on the sponge boats—craft like those that plied the Aegean in the days of Christ—which have been christened *Gen. Papagos*, for a Greek hero of World War II, *Poseidon*, for the god of the sea; or *Evdokia*, for some diving captain's sweetheart.

Maybe you're not too full to drop into one of the little Greek pastry shops, dusty and unpretentious, but nonetheless selling exotic baked goods from recipes of Turkey and the Middle East. Perhaps the pastry house will be the International Inn—so named because Proprietor George Paraskevas is a Greek born in Egypt, who was naturalized as an Australian, and who now runs a Turkish establishment in America.

Paraskevas' specialty is Baklava. His wife prepares the two-inch thick pastry daily in the family kitchen. Working on a canvas table, she rolls and spreads rubbery dough into thin strips as sheer as cigarette paper. After spreading five sheets of this incredibly thin dough in a baking pan, she pours in a quarter-inch of chopped almond or walnut meats, then spreads five more sheets of crust. It takes about nine layers of nuts and fifty sheets of dough before the pan is filled. Now she pours over the top a mixture of cane sugar and honey, and sits back to wait while the top browns in the oven. Cut in diamond-shaped mounds, the Baklava is then put in the window to lure knowing passers-by.

Back along the waterfront your ears may be assailed by the loudspeaker of a guide, inviting you to board a boat and watch a diving exhibition in the Anclote River. A little farther on you may hear another booming loudspeaker with a droning voice urging you to see color movies of the life of a sponge diver. This will be the voice of Johnny Gonatos, a diver featured in a recent newsreel, who made 16,000 dollars last year from his combined diving activities and curio-store sales.

You will be amazed by the number of the curio shops—twenty-two at last count—lining the zig-zag streets and displaying coral, sponges, divers' suits, ship models, Mexican pottery, Hawaiian grass skirts and Florida shell souvenirs—none made by the spongers but all good money-raisers.

As you pass back by Pappas', you may hear a loud thumping and laughter echoing from the diningrooms. Curiosity overcomes you and once more you are back inside, watching as a crowd of spongers stomps and claps in Greek ecstasy. Instead of Bing Crosby or Betty Hutton, the juke organ once more is booming out the strange yet intriguing strains of string music like *Zacharopolastis-Zahapuplaethe*, *The Candy-Maker*. Before you know it, you will be out there too, joining hands and bouncing—even though you may not be doing just the right steps. Louis Pappas' is not the fanciest place in the world, but no one has ever complained of boredom. #

Continued from page 89

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A-O Calobar Sun Glasses absorb both infra-red (heat) rays and ultra-violet (sunburn) rays. Their scientifically compounded lenses admit plenty of "seeing" light while guarding against blinding light. Mounted in Ful-Vue frames, A-O Calobar Sun Glasses provide the last word in style, comfort and convenience.

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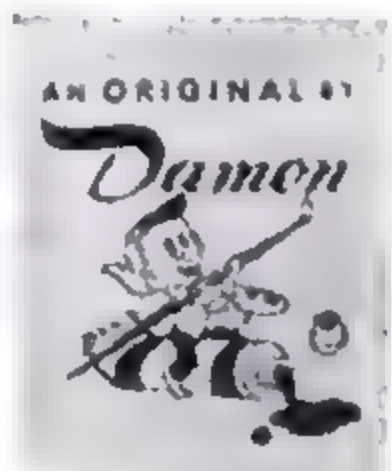
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SKYLINE PANELS

Brilliant variations of the panel motif...perfectly proportioned in beautiful contrasting or blended colors. "Originals by Damon" from \$2 to \$5... "Originals by Manay" from \$5 to \$15.



DAMON CREATIONS, INC., 160 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16

The Salon of M. Aristide

Continued from page 47

posure, "something to make my contours more memorable?"

"Even if it makes you less beautiful?"

"Yes," she said passionately, "that is nothing, as you say, nothing at all."

She pleaded with him in silence. At last he nodded to Arnaud.

"Take her back there," he said, "and give her a little of the MacRory."

A sigh of relief passed through the room as the lithe figure of the bank president's wife disappeared.

"That was difficult," said a young man.

"And dangerous," added M. Aristide, "she has the temperament of the tigress. The appointments, if you please..."

Once more he studied the book.

"Here," he observed, looking them in the eye, "is the most difficult case of all. She is a girl you all know. She is good, not bad to look at, fairly clever. There is nothing out of the ordinary about her. In the old days we would have flattered her that she might be, by some miracle, exceptional."

"That's how most of them are," said a young man, "and they don't pay very well."

"Once," said M. Aristide, "we would have gone to a great deal of trouble to invent a personality for this girl. In our new system of sincerity we shall do no such thing. It took us some time to realize that, in this most artificial of all worlds, harsh honesty is now the most profitable policy."

The girl who entered had nothing but normalcy to distinguish her from others of her sex.

"Observe," remarked the master, "that the normal is the most vulnerable."

She hesitated at the perfume counter where vials beckoned to the blonde, brunette, mother and murderess in woman.

"What do you think I need?" she asked M. Aristide

"Nothing."

"I mean, what perfume do you think best suits my personality? I'm sick of the old kind."

"For you," he said, "anything will do. Choose the one you think defines your character."

She sniffed one bottle after another, dabbed with the stoppers at the back of her hand, and like a cat bent her nose to her own changing smells.

M. Aristide watched her in silence. At last he spoke. "Is there anything you like?"

She lifted her confused eyes, and, encircling the pile of bottles as though protecting her own cubs which some intruder was trying to get, said, "I like them all."

M. Aristide leered at her pleasantly, and in that moment the master's face mirrored the golden glow of the promised land he could see before him once again, rising slowly through the mists of the East Side. #



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A Party for Grodnik

Continued from page 107

to the one you had," put in Mrs. Courtney Beemer. "Some of his tenants asked him up to dinner and he had a miserable time, too. But you know, he did the cleverest thing; he took a little of the fortune he'd made off rents and fixed up his apartments. His tenants were so grateful that they gave him a plaque which he wore on his watch chain until he died!"

The others all added their bit and after a while the hints got pretty strong. It seemed to us that Grodnik was getting the point. A couple of times he said, "Oh, dear," and "Do tell."

When this had been going on for a couple of hours, Kroker said, "Well, folks, I had planned for us to make good old-fashioned was-sail with possets but the milk has gone sour, so it's no go, unless some of you have fresh milk."

We all shook our heads and said no, our iceboxes were no better than his; our milk was all sour too. Just then Grodnik focused his eyes and muttered, "My dear Kroker, did I hear you say you're going to serve possets?"

"No, Mr. G., I said I was going to serve possets, but the goddam milk is sour."

Grodnik jumped to his feet. "Possets!" he cried ecstatically. "Oh, how that takes me back. When I was a poor graduate student it was my favorite drink. I haven't had one for thirty years. There is in the posset the romance of Shakespeare, Bully Dawson and Good Queen Bess! Let's have some. Please, let's."

"But the milk..."

"A pox on the milk! Spirits in milk curdle it anyway. I used always to mix them with sour milk. Shall we have some?"

Kroker, grumbling, retired to the kitchen and mixed a batch of possets. After he had served them we choked down a little of the stuff and tried to get the conversation back to apartment repair. But Grodnik wasn't interested. He quaffed off round after round, reminiscing, between swallows, about his graduate days. Mrs. Kroker was still catching those looks, but they weren't misty any more, they were prurient. Once he leaned over to her and said, "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium?" And she said "No."

By eleven o'clock, Grodnik was stinko, so Mytzy and I hauled him to his feet and started easing him outside. He couldn't have been as far gone as we thought, though, because when he passed near poor Mrs. K., she jumped a foot and said, "Wooo!"

The only pleasure we got out of the whole futile mission was the knowledge that the possets had made Grodnik sick for three days. He never mentioned the party, nor did he make any repairs. Strange old man. ##

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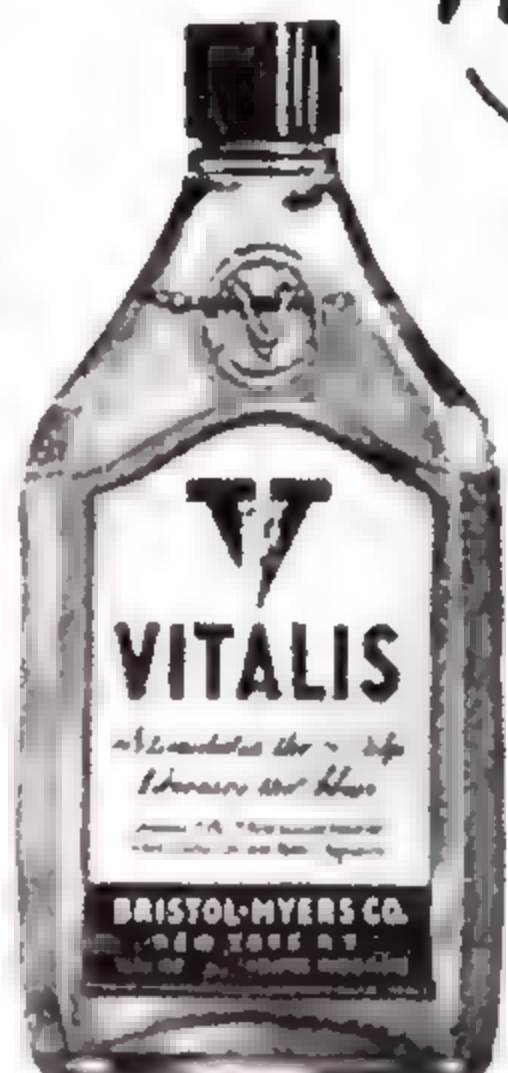
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The Match King

Continued from page 105

as he continued to build and build he needed more capital. To deceive customers with the illusion of his solidity he began making huge loans out of money that did not exist. Never, however, did he spread himself thin as did the German Stinnes. He was first and always a matchmaker, but a matchmaker who tried to make the glow of a match shine like a torch.

Never content with partial control, he struggled for absolute ownership, and to do this he had to create the financial monster which finally ate him up.

But even more fantastic than the empire he created was his personality. His formula for success was based on three factors: silence, more silence, and still more silence. This sphinxlike quality was only one key to the man. Kreuger, on the surface, epitomized some of the finest qualities of Swedish manhood: clean-cut manner, irreproachable integrity, great height, reserve and dignity.

He spoke softly, listened to other men, but said little himself. He seemed to lack personal ego. He had little vanity. But perhaps his most important characteristic was the confidence he inspired in other people. Always he seemed a dispassionate spectator, a man removed from pettiness and intrigue, and as a result the world and its institutions bowed before him. He had a vast knowledge of world affairs, a lucidity in argument. A definite personality, he was an unknown quantity. No one knew the real Ivar Kreuger.

Time and subsequent events have shown that Kreuger was a split personality. At the same time that he was callously manipulating men and money, he would employ his suavity and charm in the highest political circles. As he loaned fabulous fortunes he would contrive to balance his books. In Kreuger were Jekyll and Hyde, the beauty and the beast. But until his death the beast in the man went undetected.

In his heyday Kreuger was so trusted that men with whom he was conducting business transactions deemed it unnecessary to call in auditors to check the K&T books. A word from the matchmaker was as good as a contract. Because he had the confidence of all men, he could treat them as toy soldiers. Surely he knew the weaknesses of the satellites who fawned upon him, but he concealed his scorn and capitalized on their sniveling trust. Wisely he gave to each man that which he held most dear—power, position or prestige. Contented workers made good workers, and Kreuger kindled with kindness, and used them as puppets in his giant drama.

Kreuger was basically unscrupulous—devoted to the formula of quick acquisition. For two decades he paid dividends out of capital, and then had to increase

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that capital to make good his losses. Men have tried to prove that this was a sad mistake, that Kreuger, while misled, was fundamentally honest. But the record stands, and his Machiavellian tendencies are evidence of the fact that he knew what he was doing.

The reasons for his criminal activities are debatable. But as time passed it became necessary to give the public confidence in his tremendous machine, and so he had to keep faking records and loaning unbacked capital.

At thirty-two, having proved himself a master builder, he decided to become a giant in the match industry. To achieve his purpose he erected a great center. In the middle of Stockholm he built a mammoth four-story building surrounded with iron gates. Palace-like, the institution was bordered by giant marble columns. Inside the building was a fountain embellished by a figure of Diana done by Carl Milles, at that time a close friend of Kreuger. The building was quiet, reflecting its owner's personality.

On the second floor of this regal establishment was Kreuger's office. The carpets, tapestries and woodwork were done in a brown color scheme. Kreuger's desk was always kept immaculately clean. To the left of that desk were some half-dozen telephones—enabling Kreuger to keep in touch with his factories throughout Europe and America. There is a story that in his desk was a hidden telephone. When businessmen were in his office, he would push a button and this phone would ring. Then he would carry on detailed make-believe conversations with princes and potentates as the businessmen looked on, deeply impressed.

His home, like his office, was beautiful and elaborate. He had a fine collection of Rodins and a number of works by the Swedish etcher, Sorn. On one shelf he kept a valuable collection of ebony and gold elephants which probably dated back to the time a Swedish woman offered him a small ebony pachyderm, informing him it meant good luck. Years later when the Kreuger collection went on sale, this same woman retrieved the same little elephant.

Kreuger loved comfort and the good things of life. He owned five or six estates around Stockholm—one of which was a lovely island. Here he kept three yachts, and the fastest speedboat in Sweden. Once he met two American women at a luncheon, and invited them to tea that afternoon at his island home. That spring Sweden had suffered an especially cold season, and no flowers were in bloom. Kreuger, seeking to impress the flower-loving Americans, combed every greenhouse in Stockholm, and when the ladies arrived his walks were lined with freshly transplanted rose bushes.

Kreuger flitted over Europe and America as easily as most men journey from Chicago to New York. He had his own plane, and in it he flew to his apartments in

Continued on page 202

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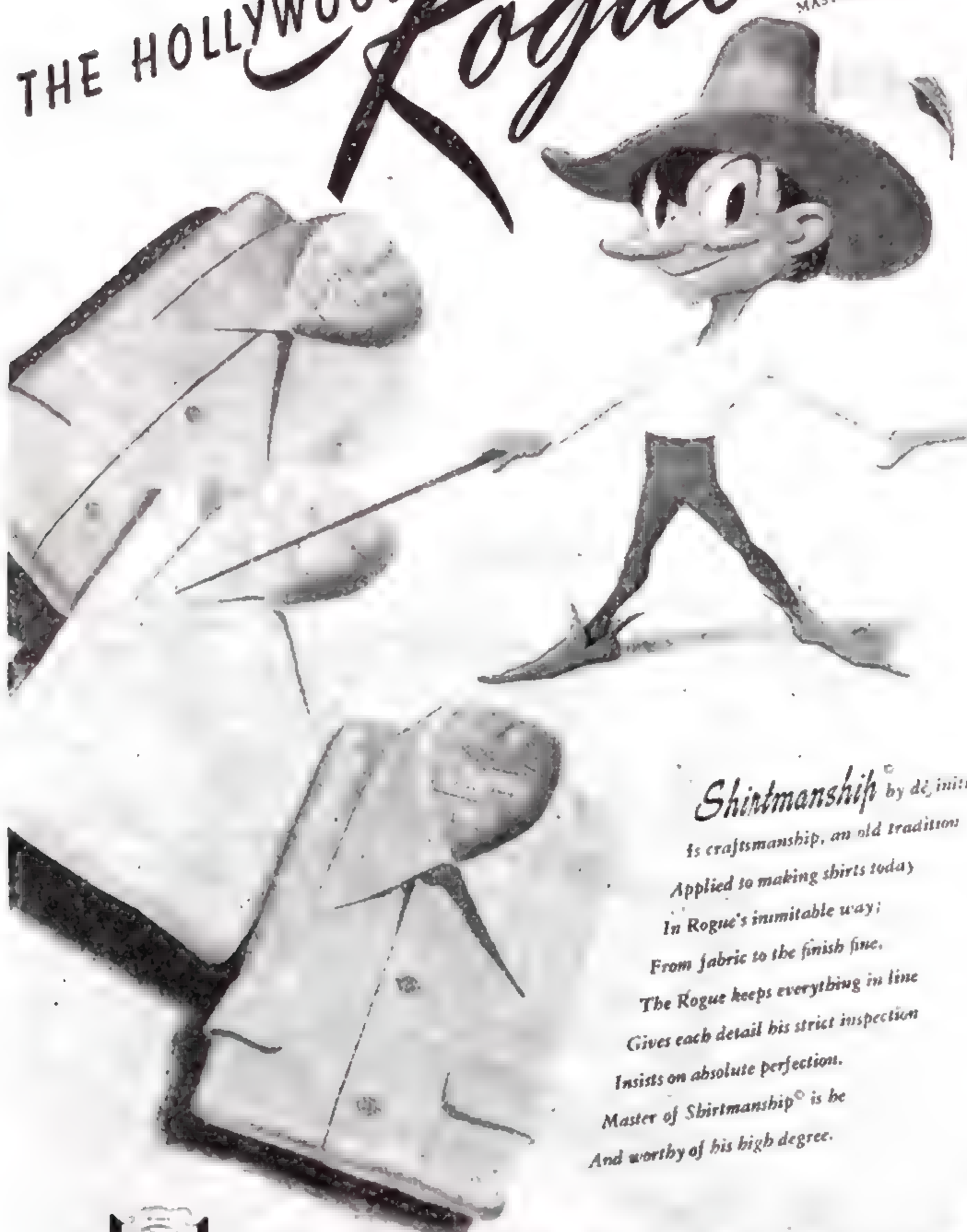
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The Match King

Continued from page 201

Paris and Berlin. Each of these establishments was complete with butler and staff, and it was not unusual for Kreuger to drop in for a quick lunch in London or an evening in Paris. His international life was well enhanced by his ability to speak in many tongues. In New York he spoke fluent English. In France, Germany and Russia he charmed the natives in their own languages. In addition he had a thirst for knowledge of world affairs, industry and economics. Much of the study and deliberation on these matters went on in his "silent room." The only other person who had a key to this room was the janitor. No one disturbed the master under any circumstances when this door was closed.

Kreuger had a fine memory. He could remember the weekly fluctuations of a given stock. He could recite Tolstoy, Rhodes, Ade and the popular Mr. Dooley.

There was very little of the sentimentalist in the matchmaker. He had hardly any feeling for his family with the exception of one sister, Britta. Although he had always been the favorite child, he walked alone most of his life. This lone-wolf quality probably could be traced back to Kreuger's tremendous drive and his struggle to get ahead. As a youngster he had struggled for leadership among his playmates—stooping to any measures to reach his goal. Once he forged a key to get inside his bolted school building.

This aloneness persisted all of his life. Kreuger never married. Toward society he was cold and indifferent. Anti-social and shy in crowds, he seldom went to dinners or fancy affairs. In his dress as in his thoughts he was fastidious. Sweden still recalls the time he appeared on an indoor tennis court, clad in a bowler hat, black pants and patent leather shoes. Hardly the togs of a sportsman, but it set him apart as did his silence and his wealth.

Woven into Kreuger's personality was a streak of real decency. An American reporter and photographer willingly admitted this. The newspapermen had been ordered to Stockholm to get pictures and a story. The pictures were taken, but Kreuger told the reporter he was very sorry that he could not give any textual material until another correspondent he had previously granted an interview released his story.

But Kreuger kindness was less noticeable than Kreuger resourcefulness. Typical was an incident, occurring when K&T were putting up their buildings. Kreuger offered a bonus to each man if the building was completed ahead of schedule. To facilitate their speed, he saw that the buildings were heated night and day in the cold Swedish climate. Kreuger's shrewdness also paid off during World War I when German chemical supplies used in the manufac-

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ture of match tips were cut off. He created his own chemical companies, and carried on independently of the Germans. This same shrewd quality was apparent when Kreuger employed in his factories the barons and counts who refused to accept him socially.

He built his industrial octopus by a series of bold maneuvers. At the end of the last war when money was scarce Kreuger went to the Scandinavian Credit Bank. He told them that although his business showed a profit, he needed sixty million kroner to develop his overseas match businesses. As usual the money was given for his word. In Belgium, India, Czechoslovakia, Austria, the markets where competition was heaviest, he established a policy which eliminated the middleman and controlled these markets under his Swedish dominated sales agencies and 160 branch factories.

Then Kreuger and the Bryant & May Company formed the British Match Corporation. He joined with the largest company in Japan and secured control there. This process was carried out on a world scale. But what Kreuger needed vitally was a great amount of liquid capital. The cash in Sweden was not sufficient, so in 1923 he organized the International Match Company in the United States. This giant 128-million-dollar corporation handled a great portion of the match king's foreign assets and financing of such projects as the seventy-five-million-dollar loan to France, and it was from this reservoir that money flowed out over the world.

In 1925 Kreuger created the Swedish American Investment Corporation which helped finance much of the ore, bank and paper properties. Although a big portion of this was financed by American capital, all control was on home soil. Kreuger's loans for match monopolies won absolute control in Poland, Peru, Greece, Ecuador, Estonia, Hungary and Romania. In other countries he had the controlling power, if not the absolute monopoly.

In the period from 1918 to March of 1932 the match king obtained from the people and the banks some 2,718,000,000 kroner (at a par of twenty-seven cents). He reported his earnings as 1,179,000,000 kroner but the record shows that they were closer to 151,000,000. This misstatement was possible because men had confidence in him, because he had autocratic powers, because he worked in secrecy, and because the officials he commanded showed him great obedience.

In 1927 Kreuger offered Poincaré the tremendous loan of seventy-five million dollars. After much debate the Chamber of Deputies accepted it, and at the time it was the biggest loan ever made. For it he was awarded the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

In 1929 the American public went Kreuger crazy. Everyone, including Herbert Hoover, was impressed with the Swedish in-

Continued on page 204



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The Match King

Continued from page 203

dustrialist. This was Kreuger at his height. He could speak with princes and kings on world finance, he could charm with loans, he could captivate with his culture.

What were his expressed beliefs? To correspondent I. F. Marcosson he said, "The chief test of any business organization must be its usefulness to society—the primary duty of big business is to effect economy in the manufacture and distribution of its goods—to give public part of the benefit of such economy, but—the other part of such benefit should go to the shareholders." These were strange words for one who left stockholders penniless.

With the onslaught of the depression and the era of money shortage, Kreuger found himself in a complex situation. He had to continue his practice of doling out loans. To have retracted this policy would have meant a serious threat to the balance of international and industrial operations. Two other things pressed on him: the Russian match, the only one he had never acquired, was underselling his product and he was forced to take losses to meet the price cut. And he was compelled to make his largest loan to Germany in the desperate hope that he might salvage his position.

In 1931 when Wall Street could no longer handle him, he planned an exchange of stock between his telephone company and the American company, International Telephone and Telegraph. He was looking for eleven million dollars in collateral. Mr. Behm of the IT&T was skeptical and would not enter into a deal with Kreuger. Kreuger needed the money immediately. To ward off his European obligations, he forged 100 million dollars' worth of Italian bonds. Despite this fantastic transaction, his annual report to stockholders that year was a very optimistic one. Jittery and uncertain, Kreuger remained as ever, superficially calm.

At that time the *Saturday Evening Post* was anxious to get his opinion on the affairs of the world, and although Kreuger knew that time was pressing him to the wall, he consented to the interview. Shrewdly he knew that it would take at least five weeks for the *Post* to get on the stand after the scheduled interview was completed. Probably he figured that in this interim he could get back home and take his life before America was reading this, his last word. At dinner in New York during which the industrialist feasted on *soufflé à la Kreuger* he seemed calm and the only unusual thing about his behavior was that he smoked during the meal, contrary to his custom. But, as ever, he seemed nerveless and placid as he prophesied the bank holiday and Roosevelt's moratorium. In his last week in New York, as he talked on world affairs, he gave no indication that he was contem-

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Kreuger sailed for home on March fourth. A week later he was in his third-floor Paris apartment in the Hotel du Rhin. After a short rest he went out to buy a Browning pistol and a box of cartridges. That evening his bookkeeper arrived and reported to Kreuger that he could not find the record of interest on the Italian bonds. Kreuger said that the interest had been paid and accounted for in his personal books.

A short time later the telephone rang and arrangements were made with his American underwriters and the president of the bank of Stockholm for a meeting the following morning at eleven o'clock. The end was drawing near. The auditor, the bankers, the investment men were bearing down. Next morning at ten o'clock his secretary and his chief assistant told him that the men were waiting at the hotel for the meeting.

When they departed, Kreuger laid down on his bed and shot a bullet through his heart. Because of Briand's funeral, the police were slow in arriving. It was Saturday, and when the news was finally released, the New York Stock Exchange had closed for the day. On Sunday the world first heard that the master puppeteer was dead. The Swedish king walked away from his dinner table. Parliament was called for an emergency midnight meeting. The Bank for International Settlements met. The world was stunned. Crowds walked the streets of Stockholm with bowed heads and muffled voices. The flags hung at half-staff. The great Viking conqueror was gone.

He was still a hero. It was not until April eighth that a specially-appointed commission found him a gambler, defrauder and crook. Then came tales of blackmail and love affairs. The losses reported by the most authoritative sources were almost the size of the Swedish national debt—360 million dollars.

Strangely enough the world remembered the living Kreuger, the great Scandinavian hero. Many who lost their securities and their homes through his manipulations could not think of Kreuger as a villain. To his countrymen in particular he was the pioneering Viking. To them the scandal belonged to the country as well as to the man who was synonymous with it. This sentiment was well expressed by a banker who said, "Kreuger has ruined me and my bank. But I cannot hate him. I still think he was a charming and lovable personality. As a delightful companion I shall miss him to the end of my days."

So ended the career of the man with the slight stoop, the swifty walk, the singsong quality in his voice. The end of the man who had made the match the most highly organized of all world monopolies. So died the match king who never carried a match in his pockets—one of the great enigmatic figures of the twentieth century. ‡

Continued from page 105



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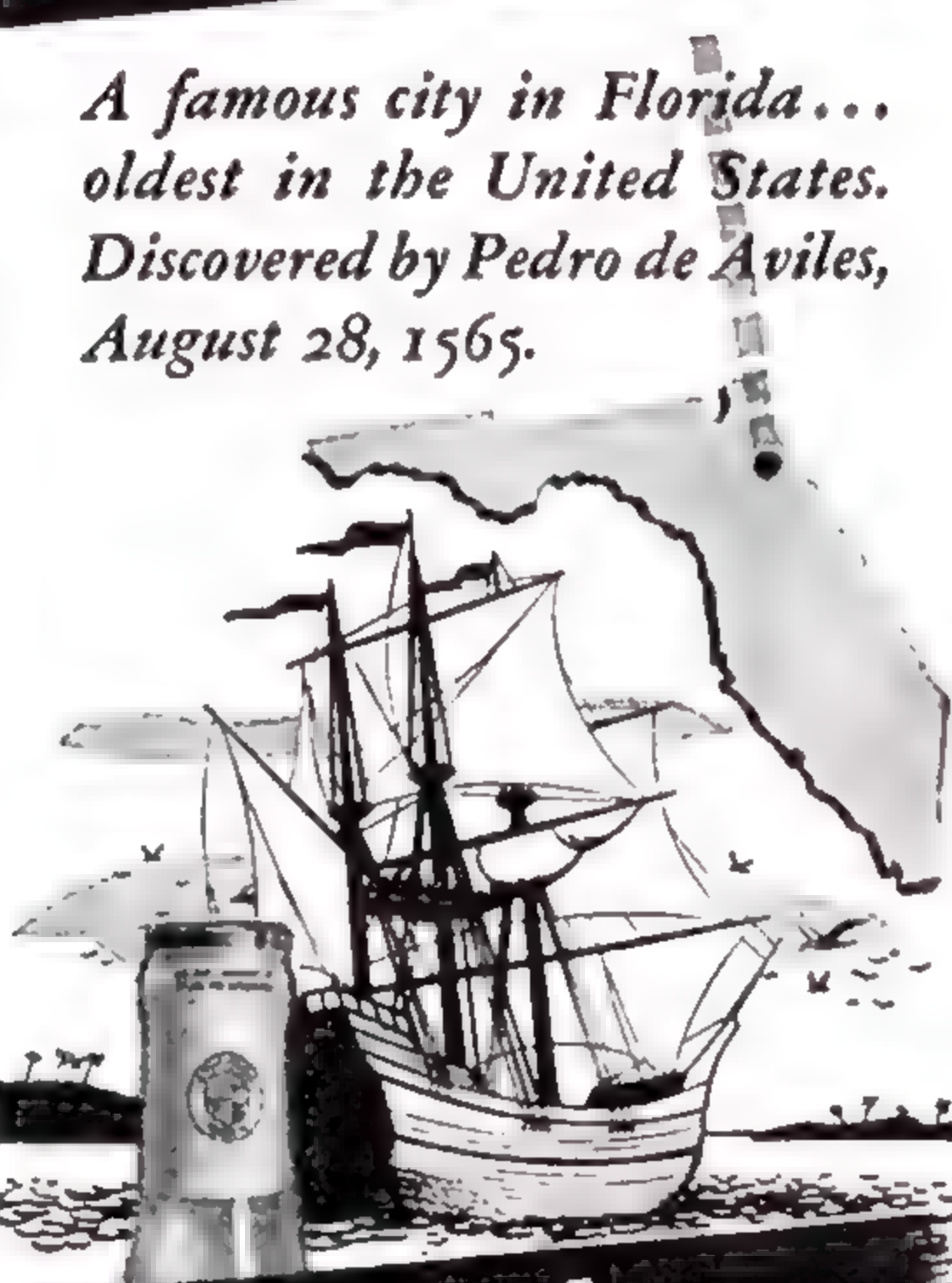
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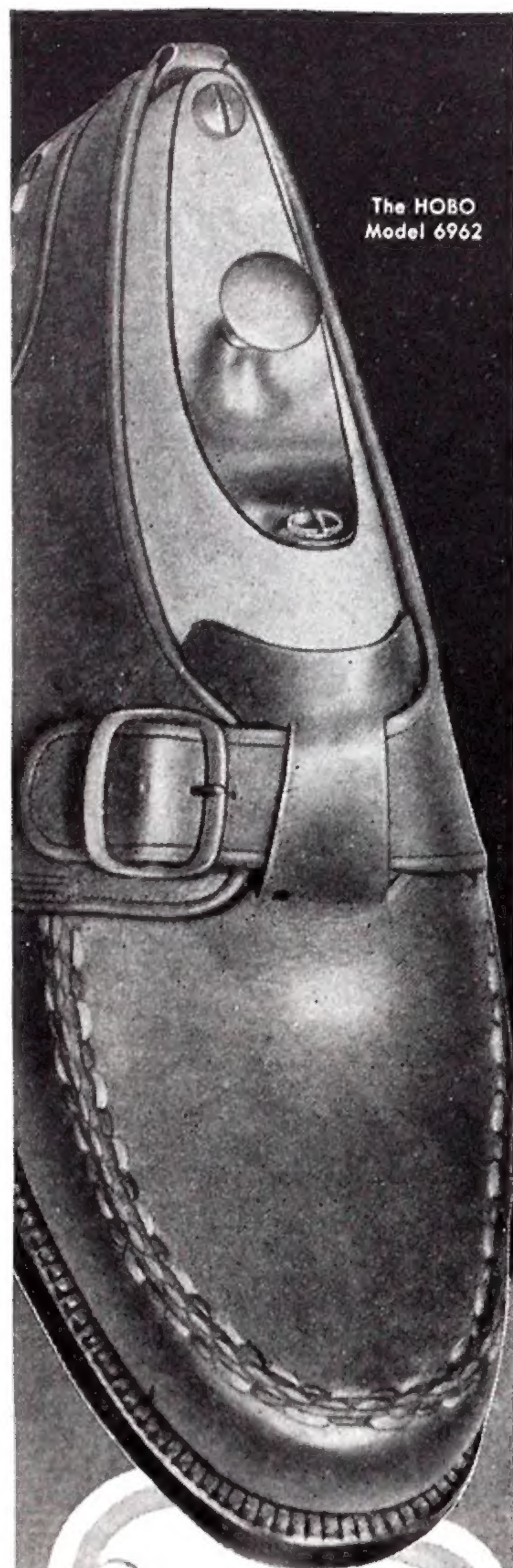
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